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Australian
PENTHOUSE
THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN
JANUARY 1980

OUR BLOODY NATIONAL SYMBOL: SLAUGHTER OF KANGAROOS

SPRAYING TO KILL: HERBICIDES AND CANCER

SPECIAL SECTION: SCIENCE AND THE EIGHTIES, INCLUDING AN INTERVIEW WITH THE WORLD'S FIRST CLONED MAN, AUSTRALIA'S JOBLESS GENERATION, ECSTASY IN SPACE, UTOPIAN ECONOMICS AND THE MICRO EXPLOSION

PLUS DON CHIPP
RICHARD NEVILLE &
MARTIN SHARP
ALL AUSTRALIAN PETS

Come to Marlboro Country.

Come to where the flavour is.

LEO BURNETT 2.056

Australian
PENTHOUSE®
The International Magazine for Australian Men/January 1979

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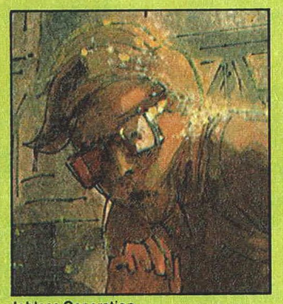
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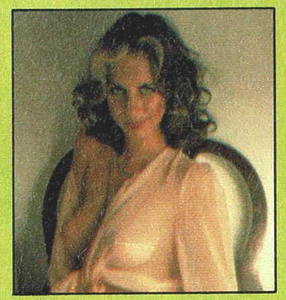
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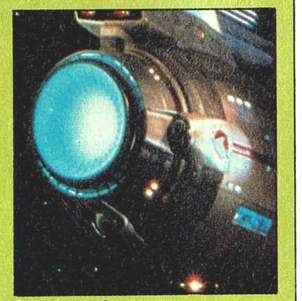
Battle for the Stars

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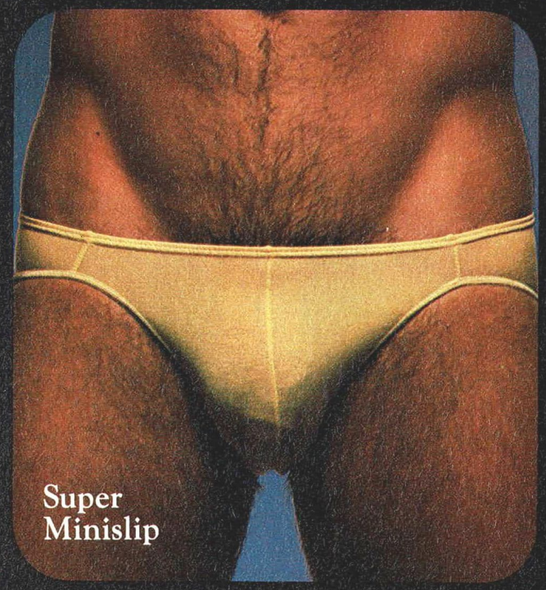
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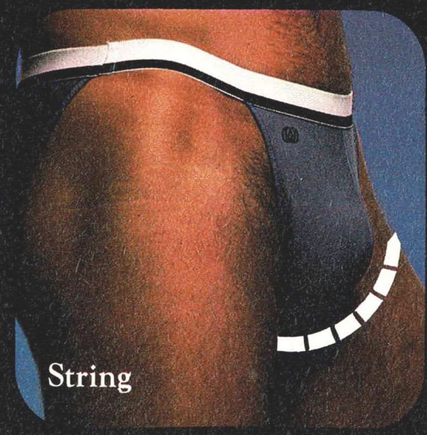
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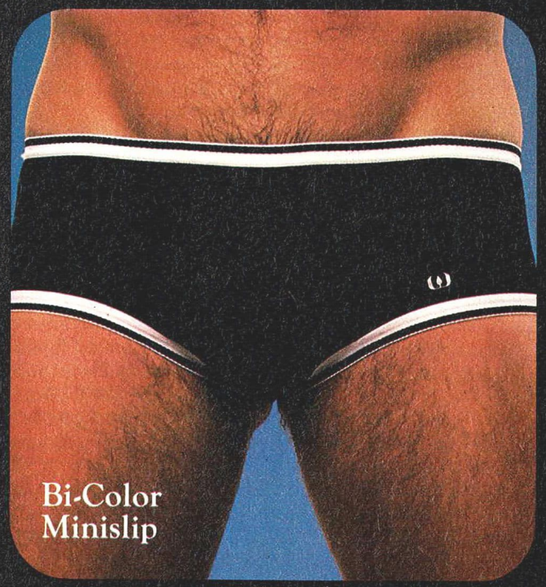
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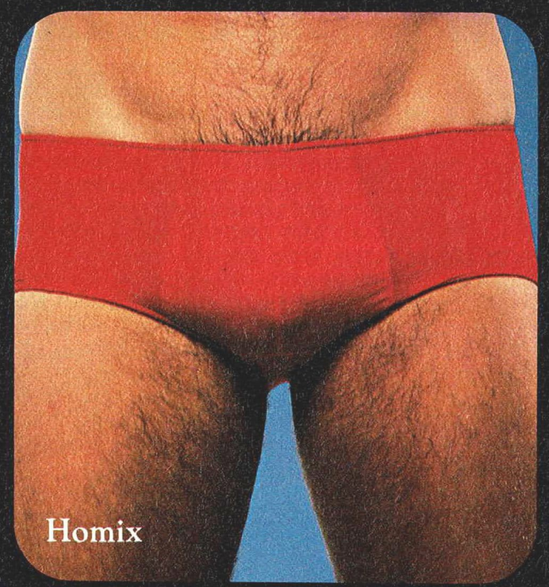
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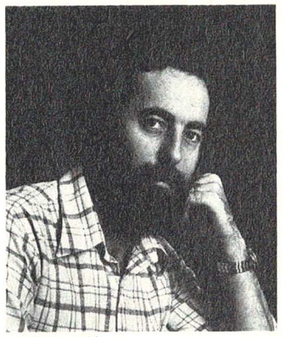
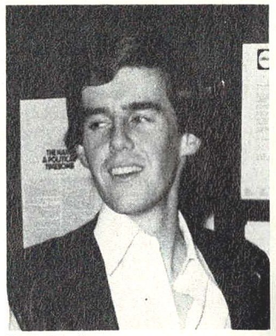
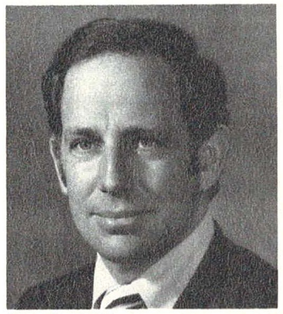


John Hampshire

Philip Fitzpatrick



Martin Riordan



Shann Turnbull

Charles Sobhraj, Richard Neville

Don Chipp

Adrian Tame

HOUSECALL

The Eighties are upon us. Are you ready? The Seventies will go down in history as a period when politics lost its honor, when the economic systems went into an inflationary maelstrom, when the jobless became a generation, when industrial militancy became de rigueur, when the social systems fell into unprecedented turmoil, and when leadership became the most needed and yet elusive element of the decade's closing years.

In this issue *Australian Penthouse* presents a special section, **Science and the Future**, which spotlights some of the issues facing Australia — and the world — in the Eighties. We kick off with a fantasy pictorial, Space Ecstasy, photographed by **Gary Isaacs**, directed by **Lyle Nagel**, and featuring Sydney model twins (clones?) **Helen** and **Ann Willoughby**. Senior editor **John Hampshire** then takes us through the maze of developments in the microprocessor industry. Micro technology is not greatly understood by the majority of us, yet it affects all of our lives already and by the end of the Eighties will have been responsible for probably the most massive changes to society in any single period of history. And it is being developed at an astounding pace. Hampshire has been researching the subject for months, yet in the three weeks from the time he began writing until he checked final proofs, he had to update sections of his article four times!

But the changes in the Eighties will not be limited to tiny chips of silicon or other such inanimate objects. Senior editor **Phil Jarratt** saw the youth riot at Newcastle's Star Hotel in September as more than a booze-induced blowout. His report on the Jobless Generation is a disturbing account of the future facing what was once called a nation's most prized asset — its youth.

In the late Seventies the space epic movie became a sure-fire formula for box office success. This year we get two multi-million dollar space films — *Alien* and *Star Trek — the Motion Picture* — and we preview them in a special pictorial.

Shann Turnbull is a Sydney management consultant who believes he can guide us on a path out of the economic quagmire of the Seventies. He regards social capitalism as the only formula for world financial stability in the next decade. Conventional economists often do not readily embrace his ideas, but he is undeterred as he explains in this issue. Turnbull, son of a former senator, Harvard graduate, pilot, bushwalker, car racer and bon vivant, wrote the book *Democratising the Wealth of Nations* outlining the theory and practice of social capitalism and has recently been an adviser to the United Nations, the World Bank, Australian governments and universities.

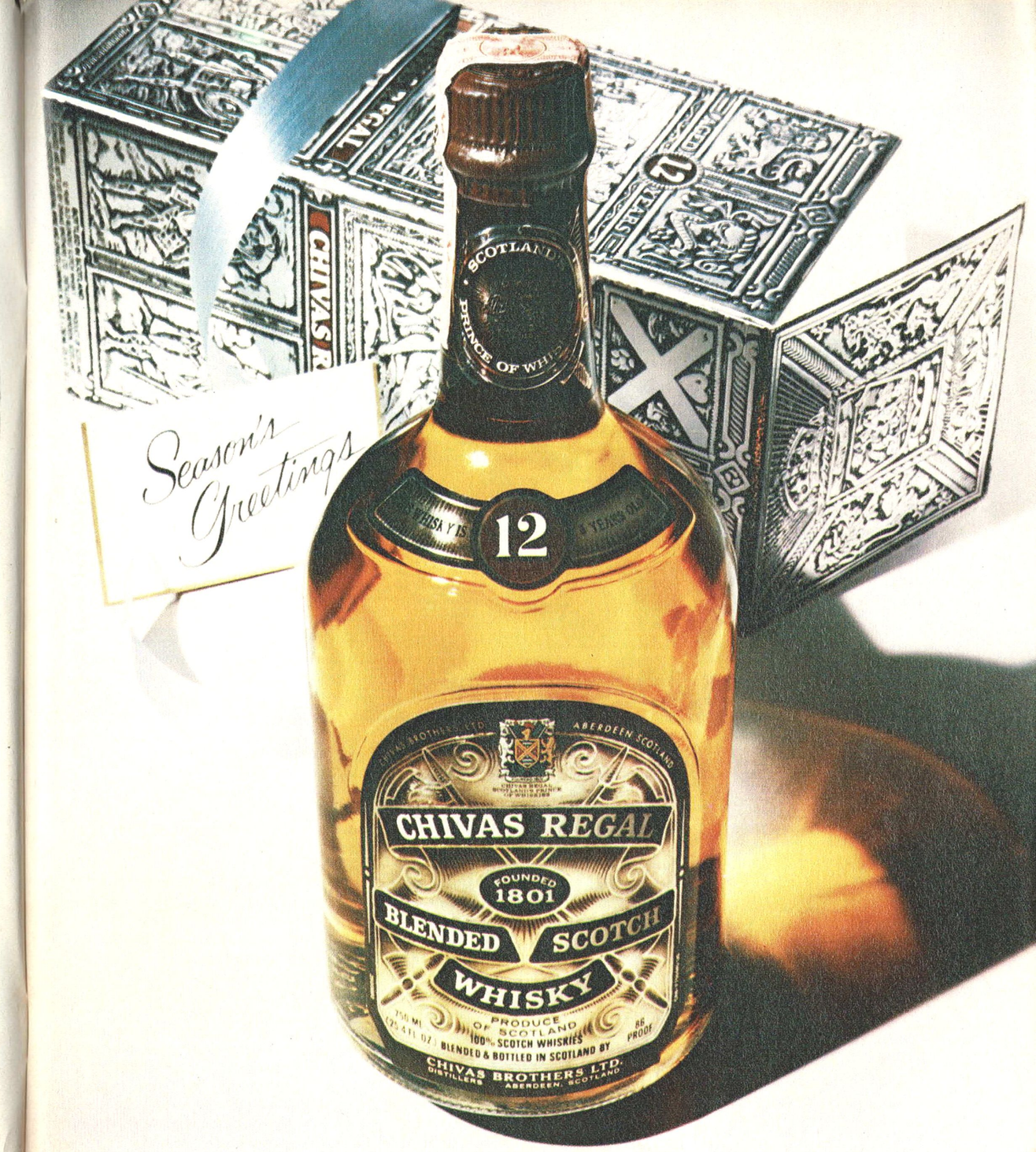
We close the special science section on one of the most extraordinary events of the Seventies — the purported cloning of a rich American businessman. When Pulitzer prize winner **David Rorvik** wrote the book *In His Image* in 1978, he was denounced as a fraud and a hoaxer. Yet no one has been able to prove that the millionaire Max and his child do not exist. Rorvik returns to the fray in this issue with A Conversation with Max, where the pair discuss the developments and future of genetic engineering.

The Victory Roll, an amusing story about an Australian Walter Mitty, is our fiction this month. It was written by **Philip Fitzpatrick**, who is an ethnologist/anthropologist with the SA Department for the Environment's Aboriginal and Historic Relics Unit.

Our report on the slaughtering of millions of kangaroos beginning on Page 122 contains several horrific pictures, depicting the brutality of this so-called "industry". Staff writer **Martin Riordan** and freelancer **David Richards** pose many serious questions about the future of our national symbol. **Adrian Tame's** investigation into the continued spraying of the deadly herbicide 2,4,5-T illustrates that many of our governments don't give a damn about the people they are alleged to represent.

Richard Neville (of *Oz* fame) and former Sydney journalist **Julie Clarke** travelled the Overland Route to Europe at the time a French-Vietnamese named Charles Sobhraj was cold-bloodedly murdering tourists in South-East Asia. In this issue we begin an exclusive two-part extract from their forthcoming book *The Life and Crimes of Charles Sobhraj* (Jonathan Cape). It is illustrated for *Penthouse*, by **Martin Sharp**, also of *Oz* fame.

There's more: **Senator Don Chipp**, leader of the Australian Democrats, comments on *Australian Penthouse* and the censors, **Kelly Russell** (who works for the Army!) appears as our Pet of the Month photographed by **Paul Abel**, and **Mike Giddens** makes his first appearance as a Pet photographer with his pictorial of Melbourne's 18-year-old **Kerrie Williamson.**



All your Christmases have come at once.

SGM37

Australian
PENTHOUSE
THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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JANUARY

PENTHOUSE FORUM

In which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of *Penthouse* — its contents, its aspirations and its areas of interest. **Letters should carry name and address** (in capitals), but these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of *Penthouse*. Send to Penthouse Forum, Box 4084 GPO Sydney, NSW 2001. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Party favors

When I saw the pictorial of luscious Lillian Gasinskayay in your first issue I could not help but recall the time I met a beautiful young Russian girl named Natasia.

It all happened at a party, thrown by a friend called Michelle, at her parents' house, which is a two-storey terrace.

There were about 20 or so couples at the party and all went well for the first few hours, with most of the people mixing and talking or dancing to the music.

Carolyn, my date, introduced me to Natasia who was standing alone. We all sat down together and began talking. While we were chatting I noticed that the room had emptied a little, but thought nothing more of it until I noticed a "very friendly" couple coming down the stairs.

The penny fell. Natasia had noticed them, too, and our eyes met for a couple of seconds. Quarter of an hour later Carolyn was asked for a dance, and after she was on the floor Natasia gave me a knowing smile.

I winked, and we moved upstairs arm in arm. We tried a couple of rooms but they were all locked, so I ushered her into the bathroom, bolting the door behind us.

I turned on the light and wrapped my arms around her lovely body, which was covered by a full-length silky dress which clung to her like a second skin. My hands slid down the gentle curve of her back and slipped beneath her dress. To my surprise and delight I found she wasn't wearing any pants.

I grabbed her arse, and as we broke from our passionate kiss Natasia's hands fell from my neck on to my hips. "Just for you," she whispered as her hands undid my trousers. She undressed me completely and as we stood facing each other I began kissing her throat and neck, moving on to her large firm breasts.

Natasia eased the straps from her shoulders and her dress fell to the floor. She stepped back, knelt down and picked up her dress, running the smooth silky material over my aroused member. She then laid a soft moist kiss on it, taking me into her mouth. She worked on me rhythmically, and as I came I pushed myself deep into her while her long fingernails dug into my arse.

After a rest we changed positions, with Natasia on her knees, her gorgeous pussy curved toward me.

I eased myself into her and Natasia started moaning and pushing back harder against me. My hands were fondling her beautiful breasts and as I moved I could feel that Natasia was about to come. I thrust harder and harder, all the time kneading her lovely tits, and as I felt her stiffen she drew a deep breath and climaxed.

Seconds later I came, too, and we collapsed on the floor exhausted. Later we had a cold rubdown, dressed and returned to the party. — *L.C., South Australia.*

Lover unknown

Until recently, my fantasy of making love to a total stranger seemed as if it would never be fulfilled. I'm 18 years old and engaged to a wonderful but rather sexually ignorant guy named Doug. I love him deeply, but I just can't seem to express my desires to him. He is also very conservative when it comes to sex, and though I enjoy our relationship, there doesn't seem to be enough variation from the most common sexual acts.

One day I went to the shop to buy a newspaper and a few other items I needed. My purchases were rung up by one of the most gorgeous male specimens I had ever seen. He was wearing extremely tight-fitting jeans, and I couldn't help noticing the bulge in his pants. I remarked that he was new in the area and he told me that his name was Paul and that up until then he hadn't seen any action.

We talked for a few more minutes, and I

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All letters should be signed and carry name and address (in capitals), but these will be withheld by the Editor on request or at his discretion.

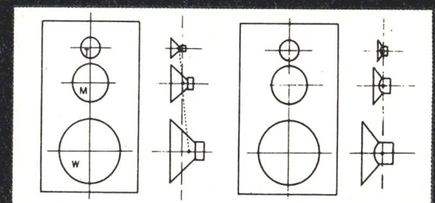
Sony gives it to you straight

When the Sony engineers developed the three-way range of speaker systems they did so with one simple principle in mind.

The end result must be as close to the original programme source as possible.

And as one might expect, Sony have come up with the answer.
And Sony's unique answer was the Plumb-Inline speaker arrangement.

Quite simply it means that each speaker unit is aligned so that its sound wave origins, rather than its front edges, are at an equidistant point from the listener.



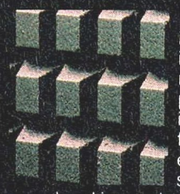
CONVENTIONAL SPEAKER ARRANGEMENT

PLUMB-INLINE ARRANGEMENT (POSITIONING THEORETICAL SOUND WAVE ORIGIN IN A STRAIGHT LINE)

As you would expect from Sony, the results are superb. Frequency response across the entire audible range is smooth, stereo imaging and presence are improved and sound is clear and transparent.

In fact Plumb-Inline is only one of the many features of the Sony three-way speaker system.

It also features the A.G. (Accoustical Grooved) Baffle Board.



The baffle board has great influence on sound, especially in the mid-to-high frequency range. It not only weakens presence, but makes musical instruments and vocalists fuzzy. Sony's A.G. board effectively works at eliminating such influences, clearing sound and improving presence.

As a further development the system also features Computer-Assisted Design.

Here the Woofer, Mid-range and Tweeter Driver have each been designed based upon repeated listening tests and through the application of NASTRAN - a computer programme originally developed for the U.S. space programme and first used in the Apollo Project for studying vibration patterns under rapidly changing stress conditions.

These very real technical advances result in greater reality and presence through the reproduction of magnificent natural sound. Which is why people choose Sony in the first place.

Sony G-series and V-series speaker systems are available from around $300 to just under $900 each.

SONY®
AUDIO

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left because Doug was picking me up in about an hour and a half. I had to get ready for my date with Doug, but before showering, I flipped through the newspaper to see if my girlfriend's engagement announcement had been printed. While doing this, I came across a scrap of paper that said: "If you're bored and looking for excitement, come back to the shop." It was signed "Paul".

Hardly able to control my excitement, I quickly showered and did my face. I put on my tightest pair of jeans and the lowest-cut top with no bra. I ran out of the house, telling my flatmate that I was going back to the shop for something I had forgotten and that if Doug arrived before I got back, she should tell him I'd be only a few minutes and to wait for me there.

I arrived at the store, and Paul's knowing smile gave me every reason to assume he was pleased to see me. He locked the doors and put up the "back in 30 minutes" sign. He then took my hand and led me to the back of the shop where we proceeded to undress.

Compared with Doug, Paul was very well built, and I proceeded to give Paul the most fantastic blowjob of his life. While doing this, he looked after me with an expertise I had never known existed. As I mentioned before, Doug is a little sexually ignorant and not very proficient in the art of oral sex. We came together, but I couldn't seem to get enough of him.

With my deft fingers teasing him, Paul was soon erect again and we screwed for what seemed hours but couldn't have been more than 15 minutes. Paul had to re-open the shop and I had to get back; so we quickly dressed and parted.

I made it back home just minutes before Doug arrived. The knowledge of having fulfilled my fantasy of making love to a stranger and the fact that Doug had no idea of what I had been doing excited me all over again.

Since then Paul and I have had many great times. Though he is no longer a stranger, I will always be grateful to him for the many enjoyable hours he gives me.

Doug and I will be married when he graduates from university. Then he will be home for good, and I know Paul and I will have to part ways. Until then I have Paul during the week and Doug on weekends. So I really believe I have the best of both worlds. — *Name and address withheld.*

Summer adventure

I'm 23 and have been told that I'm a beautiful female. Since the age of 16, when my main features started to develop, I have been a real teaser.

Everywhere I go men look at me, and I have had no trouble pleasing my ever-hungry sexual appetite.

Last summer I had an experience in Queensland which I would like to share.

It was an amazingly hot day so I decided to put on something cool and at the same time go on a bit of a teasing expedition. I put on a pair of really short cut-offs that clung to my arse, and even turned me on just looking at myself in the mirror. On top I wore a white cheesecloth blouse, without a bra so that my 36-inch boobs showed through quite clearly.

I decided to go down to the local cafe and grab some breakfast. While I was waiting I noticed two guys were staring at me. They were really quite spunky, and I began wondering how well built they were. Anyway, one of them nudged the other and then both of them came over and sat at my table.

They began talking to me and commenting on how spunky I looked. Before I knew it one of them had his hands on my legs. I was getting really hot and nearly had an orgasm there and then.

His hand moved up my thighs, then slowly moved between my legs. I didn't resist and quite happily spread my legs. Soon both of them were pawing me under the table, so I suggested they sit on either side of me. They obliged, then one of them said they had a panel van outside, so we left the cafe and drove to a secluded spot.

As soon as we parked we all stripped down and I got my first glimpse of them. One of them was very well built. I just couldn't wait to have it inside me, so I lay down and spread my legs, but they weren't ready to take me then. One of them started nibbling my nipples while the other had his head buried between my legs. It was sheer heaven.

I had orgasm after orgasm. Up till now I didn't even know the guys' names. Jeff was the well-hung one and his mate was Pete.

Jeff placed himself at my mouth while Pete worked with his fingers and later entered me. Then we tried all sorts of things until we finally all came together.

Later we went our separate ways, and I went out on the hunt again for another guy. — *E.M., Adelaide.*

"It looks like jock itch."

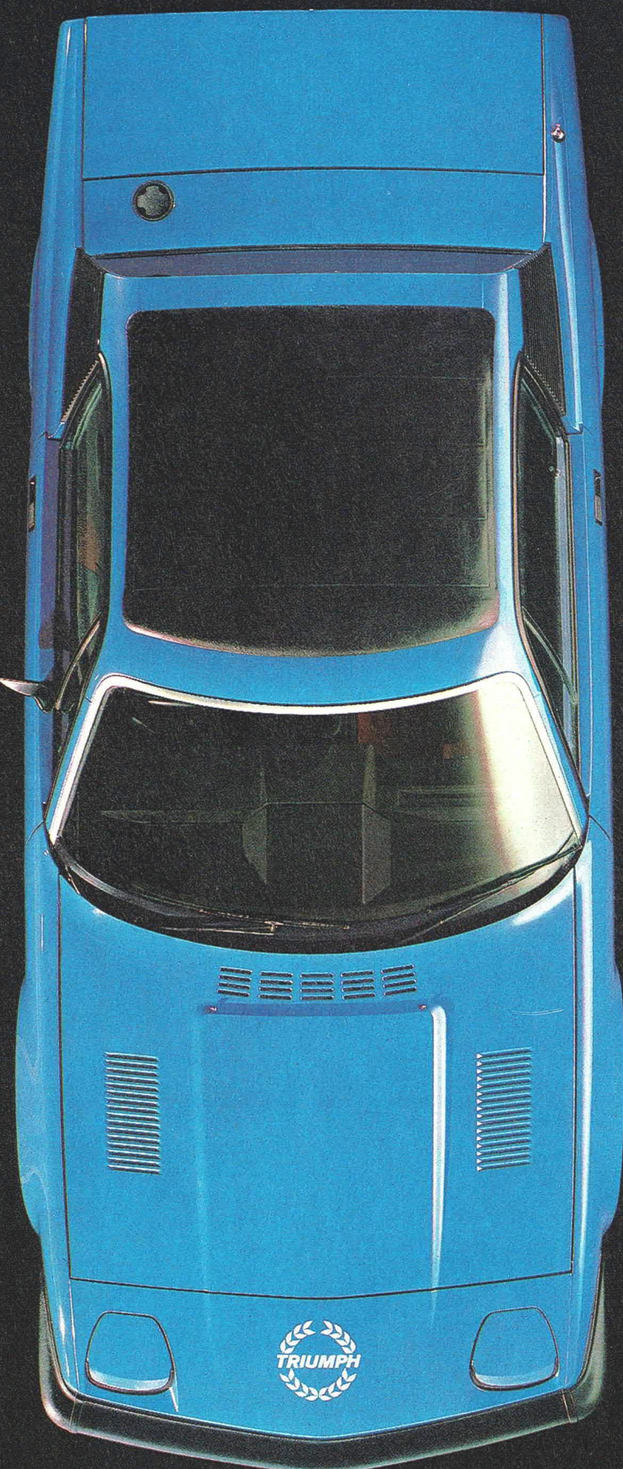
Afternoon delight

I never thought I'd be writing to Forum, but I had to share the most amazing afternoon of my life.

It was a usual Saturday afternoon in the summer. I was sitting out in the backyard with my flatmate and a friend of ours, getting some sun and drinking some wine. It was really a gorgeous day, but none of us had the energy to go out anywhere. It's a good thing, too, or we would have missed the adventure of our lives.

About three that afternoon we heard the doorbell ring over the noise of the stereo. When I made my way to the door, I threw it open to find the three most adorable girls I'd ever seen. The tallest, a blonde who looked about 20, told me that my friend's car was blocking her driveway and she wanted to get out.

I invited the three into the backyard



TURNS CORNERS LIKE IT TURNS HEADS.

If you wish to pass through life with all the charisma of a grey cloud on a rainy day, then the TR7 is not for you.

Like it or not, its wind cheating wedge shape has a hopelessly magnetic effect on innocent bystanders.

And while the body curves alone are enough to unsettle the chemistry of young ladies, it is the way our body handles the curves which will grab the undivided attention of the other half of the population.

Car and Driver came closest when they said, 'Like flying on the ground'. Yet you can still get over 9.4 litres/100km (30mpg)* from our 2 litre OHC engine. America's Motor Trend rated its cornering power in the same league with Ferrari Dino and Lotus Europa.

And with our 5 speed gearbox you may never tire of the thrill of re-enacting the Road and Track G-Force Test in which TR7 out-performed Alfetta and Porsche 924.

Triumph TR7. Someday you may settle down. Until then, don't settle for less.

TRIUMPH TR7

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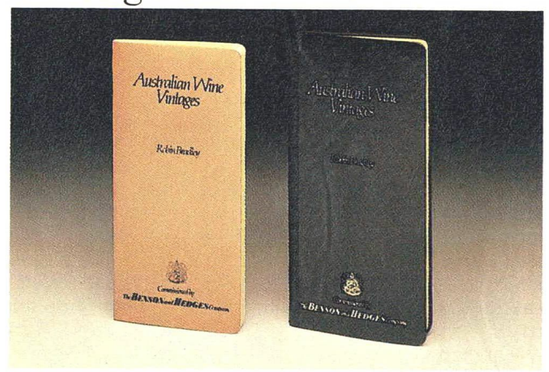

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BENSON and HEDGES

When only the best will do.

so that we could get my friend to move the car. As I followed them up the stairs, I watched the three most perfect behinds peek out of their shorts.

When Barry and Greg saw these three beauties walk into our backyard they nearly flipped. Sitting in the sun and drinking naturally made us a little horny, and these three looked like a dream come true.

Barry, always a quick thinker, asked the girls if they'd like to have some wine with us. They looked at each other shrugged, deciding they didn't have to be anywhere in a hurry. We introduced ourselves to the girls, and they told us their names. Lisa, the one I had spoken with at the door, was tall, with small, perky breasts to match the perfection of her arse. It was easy to see that she was braless, and the cool breeze kept her tiny nipples erect.

Her two friends, Penny and Shar, were both a year younger and not quite as tall. Penny looked like a sultry little French girl. She had red hair and big, brown eyes. Her chest was a bit bigger than Lisa's, and her bottom was every bit as nice. Shar, another blue-eyed blonde, was almost top-heavy, and we could see her beautiful cleavage exposed by her tightly stretched blouse.

We all drank a lot of wine, and it wasn't long before the girls forgot about moving their car. Penny sat down next to Greg and mumbled something about being afraid her legs would get sunburnt. Ever the gentleman, Greg quickly suggested he should apply some of our suntan lotion to help protect her. As he started on her sleek, well-formed calves, Barry and I went back to talking to the two other girls.

The next time we looked over, Greg and Penny were locked in a deep kiss, with Greg's hand finding its way to the leg of Penny's shorts.

The rest of us sat hypnotised, watching as Greg slowly worked his hand inside Penny's pants. We were really beginning to swell now, and when Lisa let out a low moan, I knew it was time to make my move.

As I wrapped my arm around her and pulled her closer, her shorts slipped down just enough to expose her tanned abdomen and a puff of the silkiest blonde pubic hair I'd ever seen.

When I put my hand on her breast and ran my thumb over her nipple, I felt her quiver and go limp. I quickly got her top off and was presented with a pair of little tits even nicer than her T-shirt had promised.

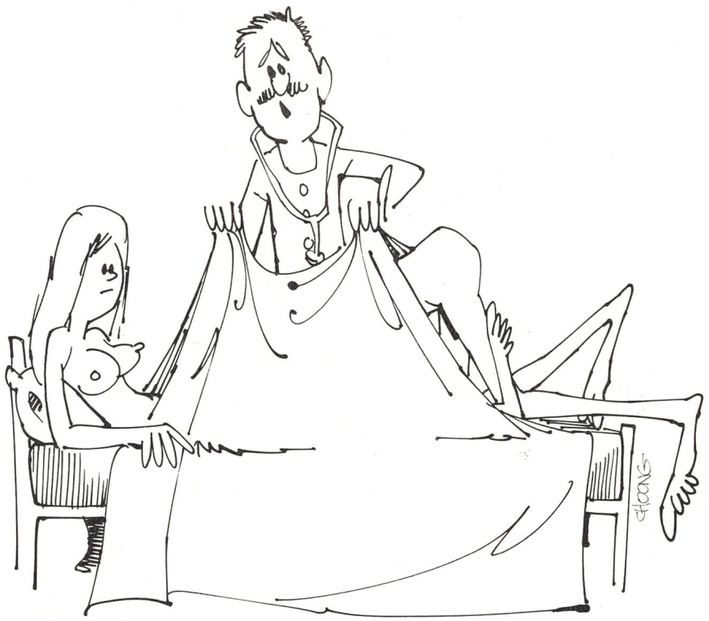
I quickly wrapped my tongue around her nipples and used both of my hands to get her shorts off.

When I looked up to see how my friends were doing, I could tell I was falling behind.

Ready to catch up, I spread Lisa's legs and entered her. I tried to make our love act last, but we were both so excited that we soon came.

We spent the rest of the afternoon and most of that evening together, and all six of us had to agree that it was the most delightful afternoon we'd ever spent.

Eventually, about nine that night, Lisa realised that she was supposed to have been home two hours earlier. Greg finally went out to move his car. Unfortunately, we've never seen any of these girls since, but whenever Greg comes over, you can bet he's sure to park in that driveway again! — *Name and address withheld.*



"I'm afraid it's lockjaw!"

Picture show

I am 35 years old and my wife is 30, tall, and has dark brown copperish hair. She is nicely built, with a lovely pair of boobs.

One night while visiting the city we took in a very sexy movie. During the show we both got very excited and I began playing with her tits while she played with me.

At the time she was wearing a blouse and a skirt which was slit up the front and buttoned to the waist. I unbuttoned the blouse and lifted her tits out of her bra and began playing with them.

We were seated in the back row and just in front of us was a guy about 18. I noticed him sneaking a look every now and then, and by this time my wife and I were really excited.

I began fingering her, and in between gasps I told her that she was being watched by a young stud up front. This really turned her on, so we worked out this little scheme.

At interval she went to the ladies' and took off her bra and panties, and I followed the young guy to the men's. I asked him if he had enjoyed the back seat show, and though he was nervous at first I told him that I didn't mind. Then I asked him if he would like to join us. At first he was hesitant but then he agreed.

When interval was over he joined us and it wasn't long before I had both of my wife's boobs in full view. The movie was sexier than the first half, and as I held up her right breast I whispered to him: "That's yours."

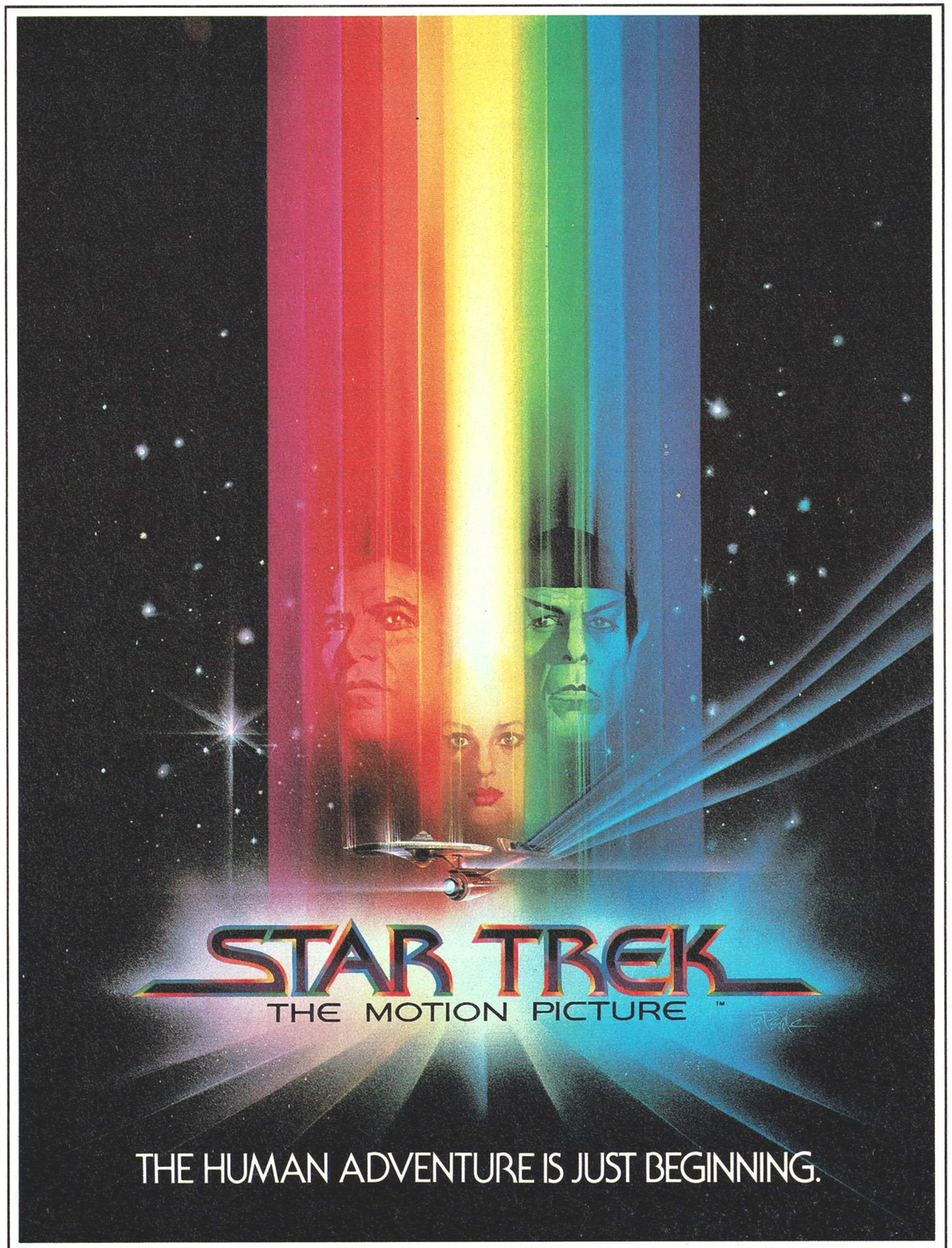
He touched her nipple and began moving his hand over her breast. My wife was breathing heavily and sounded as if she was about to climax. Then she leaned over to the young guy and told him that she wasn't wearing pants.

Soon his hand and mine were working on her while she played with us, and we all came within minutes.

After the show she asked the guy if he would like to come back to our motel for a threesome.

Back at the motel we all stripped and got into bed. My wife pleaded for the guy to enter her, and while I lay on the bed she straddled me and took me in her mouth. While she worked on me, he took her from behind and soon we all came together.

This was the first time we have ever



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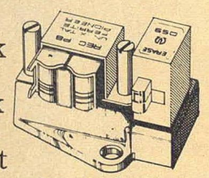

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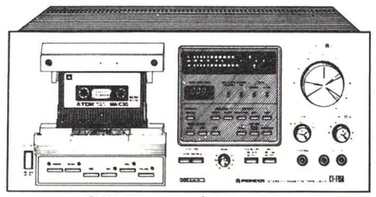

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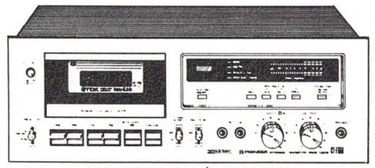

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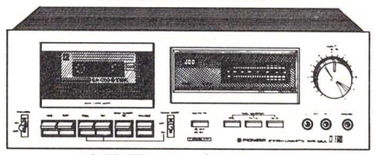

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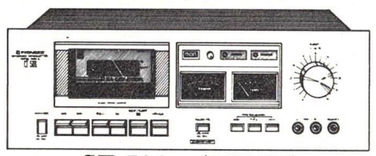

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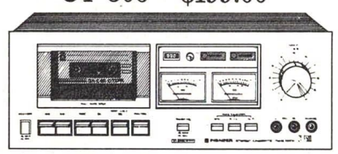

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included another person in our love-making, but it was so enjoyable we have decided to visit the city more often. — *Country Reader, Dubbo, NSW.*

Daring debut

I would like to tell you of my first sexual experience. It happened about a year ago. I was staying at a friends' place for the night and around 2am I got up to go to the toilet, passing my friend's mother's bedroom on the way.

As I went past she (I'll call her Julie) called me into her room and asked if I would turn on her bedside lamp. I went over to her bed, switched on the lamp only to find her naked. I caught a glimpse of her luscious body and began to get hard, and my erection pushed through the slit in my pyjamas.

Suddenly she undid the cord and my pants dropped to the floor. She then leant over, smiling, and took me in her mouth. She began furiously working on me and I came almost immediately. She then pushed the sheets away revealing her magnificent 39-24-36 body.

I was excited beyond belief. Julie then asked me if I'd come to bed with her. I began fondling her breasts while she played with my balls. She asked if I would make love to her, and as I slipped into her love nest I could feel the warmth. Within minutes I came in the most exciting orgasm I have ever had.

After a while I decided that I ought to return to my own bed before someone found us, but before I left she asked if I would go down on her. I obliged and moved from her sensual mouth,down her tummy to her pussy. She reciprocated by taking me in her mouth and we reached a glorious climax together.

Since then we have slept together many times, but recently we decided that it would be better if I spent time with girls closer my own age. However, as long as there is life in me I'll never forget my nights with Julie. — *K.B., Sydney.*

Friendly relations

I came to town from Lismore three months ago and moved into a flat with my cousin Judy. It was only a temporary arrangement until I saved some money for my own pad. Judy is divorced and quite pretty, with long brown hair and a 38-26-36 figure, which is pretty good considering she is 33. (She is 11 years older than I am.)

I got home a little drunk one night and she had to help me undress and get into bed. I was woken the following morning by Judy, wearing her short housecoat, with a cup of coffee for me.

I got out of bed to go to the toilet, and it was then she noticed that I was hard.

"Hmmm" she said as I made my dash to the toilet. When I came back Judy was in my bed and her housecoat was on the chair. I stopped in my tracks.

"I think it's time for a talk young man, now come on, in you get," she said. I slowly got into bed and caught a glimpse of her breasts. She placed her hand on my chest and started talking, her hand slowly moving down toward my erection.

Sliding my undies off she said, "I want you to make love to me, Barry," and then she ripped the blankets off us. And as she lowered herself on to me, I nearly exploded. I climaxed within minutes — too soon for her — so she moved up toward my face and pushed herself toward me. I nibbled her until she came.

Her eyes fixed on my limp rod, and she took me in her mouth till she had me ready again.

We changed positions and I eased myself into her. We went for ages, and after we'd come we lay in each other's arms before showering and moving into her double bed.

We sometimes sleep together for the night, and I must say that thanks to my cousin I've learnt how to handle a woman. — *B.B., Miranda, NSW.*

Big city welcome

Although I have lived in Sydney for some years now, I still recall with relish an experience I had when I first came to the city for a weekend. Accompanied by my friend, Bruce, we arrived in the "Big Smoke" and booked into a large hotel overlooking one of the Eastern beaches.

Having settled into the place we decided to get into a spot of serious drinking — Bruce, in particular, is a good judge of a schooner.

Like most beachside hotels, this one was frequented by a good number of young women, and two ladies in particular seemed very interested in us.

They were extremely well built and Bruce made the comment that it looked like we were about to have a holiday "on a dairy farm". We got to talking with the girls — Marge and Carol — but neither of us could keep our eyes off their boobs.

Having made polite conversation, Bruce and I adjourned to the toilet. As soon as the door was closed, Bruce told me that Marge had been feeling him under the table. With this added boost to my confidence I was soon hinting at Carol that my room was worth inspecting.

It was Bruce who made the first move however, suggesting that the girls come upstairs for a party. To my surprise they agreed. As soon as we entered Bruce's bedroom, it was all on.

The girls were very horny indeed, and soon we were at it — side by side. The girls were moaning in unison, begging us to go faster. Finally I came, but not Bruce. He kept at it for what seemed ages. Finally he came, too, with a roar which I still maintain was probably heard in Auckland.

Bruce and I had had our first "Big City" welcome. — *Charley, formerly of Dubbo, NSW.*

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PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse* — its aspirations and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Australian Penthouse, Box 4084 GPO Sydney, NSW 2001. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Keep it up

I have just finished reading your first issues from front to back. Great stuff, keep it up. I've been in more than ever controversial discussions this last few days over your articles and I love it.

I wish you all the very best for a very successful future which will be guaranteed. — *Gary Summers, Gymea, NSW.*

Proud Aussie

Congratulations on bringing out an Australian *Penthouse,* but please unlike the Australian *Playboy,* keep your magazine *totally* Australian and proud of it. If I want a US Pet of the Month, I will purchase the US edition. — *J. Curd, Scarborough, WA.*

Our policy is to present an Australian Pet of the Month every issue.

Shoe collector

I would first of all like to congratulate you on the quality and content to be found in your magazine. The various topics which were covered in the October and November issues have given me a chance to shake some of the sawdust out of my brain and engage in a few very interesting conversations with friends.

The interview with Sir John Egerton in the November issue really hit home. It's about time a magazine came along which stimulates ones mind as well.

The girls featured in both issues are really a sight for sore eyes, and it is in reference to one girl that I am writing.

The lady is Miss Joanne Latham featured in the November issue. The most beautiful girl in the world?! Maybe, but I'd hate to bet on it. However, it would be a fantastic job if one were given the task of locating her equal or better, as Miss Latham is most beautiful.

Now to the heart of the matter. I have what some might consider to be an unusual interest and hobby. I collect ladies shoes. Not only because I find them to be sexually exciting but because I think that many examples are really works of art and imagination; as much as any painting or sculpture. I might add that my lovely wife does not object and in some cases helps me obtain a pair.

I noted in the photos of the lovely Miss Latham the presence of a pair of sexy gold ankle strap spike heeled sandals which appear to be well worn and which may be nearing the end of their use lives as far as Miss Latham is concerned.

I would like very much to add these shoes to my collection. Will you please contact her for me?

The life cycle of ladies fashion shoes is very short at best and if I am to save these gold beauties I must move with speed.

If I can get the shoes, I'll frame the picture of Miss Latham on page 58 and hang the shoes off the frame — fantastic! — *Name and address withheld.*

Ah well . . . on our reader's behalf we did some fancy footwork but regret we cannot oblige. But for old times' sake, here's a picture of the object of his desire. Bless our soles!

Piercing

In the *Penthouse* Forum in your Queensland and Victorian edition (October) advice was given about nipple piercing. I read the letter with great interest because I am a piercing specialist and have much contact with experts in England, Canada and Germany.

Nipple piercing is much in vogue (and so is genital piercing) for the enhancement of sexuality. There is an informal international association of piercing fans and I assure you we have no sado-masochistic relationships.

Nipple piercing is quite safe, provided the operation is carried out hygienically by a knowledgeable person.

If any other inquirers would like to get in touch with me, I would be quite happy to provide them with information. With all good wishes for the success of your splendid magazine, which is also read by my wife and family — *Rev C. A. Swart, VDM, STC, Bentleigh, Victoria.*

Readers who wish to contact Rev Swart may write to us. They would also be advised to seek expert medical opinion.

Point taken

I am writing to raise a point about misinformation concerning the length of the erect penis. I have been a reader of the American *Penthouse* for a number of years. In the Forum columns, I have often seen that a male correspondent, while relating (always highly successful) sex exploits, casually mentions his "11 inch (27.5cm) prick", or "the 10" (25.25cm) prick of my mate". One can wait gloomily for young enthusiasts to try the same kind of thing in *Australian Penthouse.*

In articles and letters in various journals, sex research people explain that 6½ inches (16.5cm) is king-sized, and 5½ inches (14cm) average and certainly no cause for worry. The 10" and above (over 25cm) giants are almost sure to belong in the world of fantasy — or wilful lying!

Unfortunately, accounts of monster erect male members are commonplace and 27cm and over is possible. They can exist, but they are not owned by 99.99 percent of the male population! — *Name and address withheld.*

Egerton interview

Your interview with Sir John Egerton was highly stimulating in the journalistic sense — contentious and not dull reading. But mainly because of the abysmally low depth of thinking of a public figure such as Sir John Egerton. It was most revealing — surely the ALP did itself a service when it expelled him. The one point on which he was correct, that Queenslanders are different, was indeed exemplified by his quotations.

There are two significant factors which Sir John cannot comprehend, living as he does in Queensland. The first, (on his own admission, there are few non-British migrants there) is that most of our migrants are refugees from an 'ism' — nazism, communism, socialism, trades unionism.

They came to Australia because it did not seem to be an oppressive country. And they found the freedom and opportunity they hoped for. They are a breed of people totally and literally foreign to Sir

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It doesn't really matter as long as you enjoy the cigar.

...The ash. A good cigar will retain a certain amount of ash as you smoke it.

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...The outer wrapper. A Henri Winterman's Half Corona has a natural wrapper of superb Sumatran leaf. Mmmm.

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166/SA

John. Australia's future will be determined by the tenacity of the post-war migrants and their first generation children. Those peoples will not allow totalitarianism to take over this country. For the second reason — the fantastic resources available and awaiting development. Sir John fails to understand that in the last 20 years it was the maturation of that confluence of migrant intake and capital investment also from overseas that has brought this country to the threshold of becoming the most sought after country in the world to live in.

A further reason why this country will not become totalitarianism is because a new political party headed by Bob Hawke will isolate the trade-union left and the remnants of the ALP. The evidence behind that statement took place in the last Federal election when Fraser landed a thumping anti-trades union vote — the electors had no alternative but to vote anti-trades union.

Most of SirJohn's opinions were to me utter bullshit. Typical is his likening an island called Singapore with this country!

If *Penthouse* is going to bring us a monthly de-bunking of the great, then it will perform a much needed service to this country. You have my vote. — *W. Golightly, North Sydney, NSW.*

MOANS & GROANS

May I complement you on your appraisal of the sexual and political tastes and biases of young executives, civil servants and builders' labourers.

In Housecall of your first issue you made the claim that your publication would "tell it like it is free of the conventional wisdoms, political debts, vested interests messianic edicts which exist elsewhere". My that one could be so conversant with stale rhetoric so early in ones' publishing career. Nonetheless notwithstanding this amusing claim I pressed on to page 43. Alas, my worst suspicions were confirmed.

The familiar cliches and witless statements for which Max Newton is infamous were enough to inspire yet another law. For every mental action of Newton there exists an equally virulent gut reaction from which he, curiously, is spared.

No doubt your market surveys revealed that it is not just the butch fringe element of the RSL that is susceptible to this drivel. I enjoy intelligent journalism. I am annoyed by the sychophancy which prevails in the press of this country. If you honestly believe that material of this kind is free of conventional wisdoms, political debts etc, you suffer from delusion of the worst kind. See a doctor immediately. — *M.P. Brogan, Perth, WA.*

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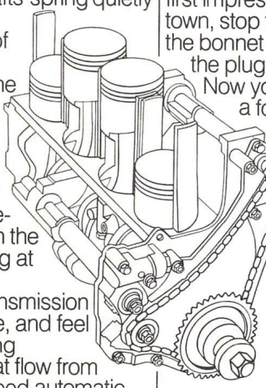

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Please send me _____ T-Shirt(s) at $7.05 each,
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My chest size is _____ inches.

I enclose cheque/money order for $ _____
Or pay by Bankcard/American Express.

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BANKCARD OR AMERICAN EXPRESS NUMBER

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Please make all cheques payable to Kaiser Stuhl Wines Pty. Ltd., P.O. Box 140 North Sydney 2060 and allow 28 days for delivery. Order early because stocks are limited. This offer is only available to residents within Australia.

KS 11/79

PENTHOUSE PSYCHOGRAPH

Test your self-esteem. Twenty questions to tell if you're conceited or defeated.

There's nothing like a chorus of Auld Lang Syne to bring on a bout of introspection. The new year has a way of prompting us to look at ourselves honestly. It's a time when we look back at the year past and ahead to the year to come, and ask ourselves questions like these: "Am I any good?" "Am I doing as well as I'd like to?" "Am I a total idiot?"

Your feelings about yourself are close to the surface during this part of the year; consequently, it's a good time to measure your self-esteem.

Self-esteem — our opinion of ourselves — plays a crucial role in our lives. It's a shock absorber that enables us to endure the rebuffs of the cruel world without falling apart. The man who lacks sufficient reserves of self-esteem operates under a severe handicap. It's bad enough if everyone thinks you're a zero, but if you think so, too, life can become unbearable.

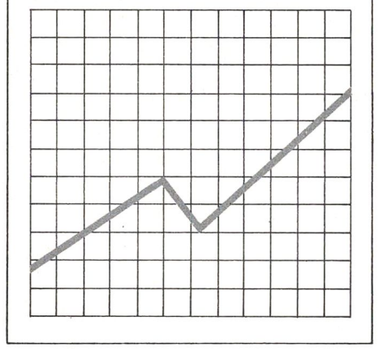
Early on, psychologists recognised the importance of self-esteem. William James, the father of modern psychology, explored the concept in *The Principles of Psychology.* James defined self-esteem with a formula.

$$\text{self-esteem} = \frac{\text{pretensions}}{\text{successes}}$$

That definition, or some refinement of it, continues to be used today. What it boils down to is this: our self-esteem depends upon how our image of our real selves compares with our idealised vision of what we'd like to be. If a man feels he has come close to realising his ideal plans for himself, he is likely to be high in self-esteem. If he feels he has failed miserably to achieve the goals he has set for himself, he is likely to be low in self-esteem.

Answer the questions on this psychograph quickly and honestly. There are no right or wrong answers. Your initial impulse is likely to be the most accurate.

DO YOU LIKE YOURSELF?



1. Here are two groups of activities. If you had to choose between them, which would appeal more to you?
   (a) football, beer drinking, muscle building, love-'em-and-leave-'em sex, new wave rock music
   (b) classical music, attending museums, wine tasting, politics, a strong emotional relationship with one woman

2. When you do a job, do you usually do it well?
   (a) yes, most of the time
   (b) sometimes, but it depends upon the job
   (c) no, I usually mess things up

3. Do you often feel that you're not making any progress in life?
   (a) yes, often
   (b) sometimes
   (c) rarely

4. If someone wanted to learn how to do your job, would you be a good model for him?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

5. Are most people more popular than you?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

6. When you were a kid, did you often want to leave home?
   (a) yes, all the time
   (b) sometimes, especially after my parents had become angry with me
   (c) rarely

7. Have you ever wished you were someone else?
   (a) yes, often
   (b) occasionally
   (c) rarely
   (d) never

8. Do you agree or disagree with this statement: "I have a lot of trouble making up my mind"?
   (a) agree
   (b) disagree

9. When you're in a locker room, do you generally keep your genitals covered as much as possible with a towel or your underpants?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

10. After you've been living with a woman for a while (or once you've established at least a semiregular relationship with her), do you feel comfortable going to the bathroom with the door open while she's around?
    (a) absolutely not
    (b) it would have to be a very intimate relationship; even then I'm not sure I'd be comfortable
    (c) once you've done everything

together in bed, there's no reason to get modest when you step into the bathroom

11. Do you agree or disagree with this statement: "I don't deserve most of the good things that happen to me"?
    (a) agree
    (b) disagree

12. Would you be more likely to agree or disagree with this statement: "I believe that, if I had to, I could cope with just about anything"?
    (a) agree
    (b) disagree

13. How shy are you?
    (a) very shy
    (b) about average
    (c) it depends upon whom I'm with: sometimes I'm shy; sometimes I'm outgoing
    (d) I'd say I'm an extrovert

14. How would you say you compare overall with other people of your age and background?
    (a) I'm at least as good as most, if not better
    (b) I'm much better than most
    (c) I suppose I'm about average
    (d) I'm probably worse
    (e) I'm definitely worse

15. Do you enjoy speaking in public?
    (a) yes
    (b) not particularly, but I'll do it when it's necessary
    (c) no, I hate it

16. You're sitting with a group of people at a party. A subject comes up on which you have an opinion contrary to that held by the others. The subject is such that if you voice your opinion, you will probably start an argument because the other people obviously feel very strongly about it. In addition, your opinion is likely to make you look stodgy and old-fashioned in the eyes of the trendy folks you're with. How are you likely to act?
    (a) I speak up and let the chips fall where they may; if my opinions anger people, that's their problem, not mine
    (b) if the subject is important to me, I'll speak up; if not, I'll let it pass; it's not worth causing trouble over something of minor importance
    (c) I'll probably keep quiet; I hate having people angry with me, and, besides, there's a good chance my opinion is wrong

17. Do you have a hard time giving constructive criticism even though you know it might help?
    (a) If I see a better way, I'll almost always offer constructive criticism even to people I don't know well
    (b) I'll offer advice to close friends or to people who ask for it, but I don't really like butting in
    (c) I rarely criticise anyone; people usually don't want advice

18. Do you think you waste a lot of time?
    (a) yes
    (b) I waste some time, but probably no more than most people
    (c) no

19. Do you think you're overly concerned with inner, personal problems?
    (a) yes, I often brood about my problems
    (b) I am, but not so much that I stop paying attention to the outside world
    (c) no

20. Take five minutes (and absolutely no more). Think of five sentences that would answer the question "Who are you?" Write down the first ideas that come to mind.

SCORING

Every answer on this psychograph has been assigned a point value. Find the point values of the answers you chose on the list below. Add them up for your total score.

1. a-1, b-5
2. a-5, b-3, c-1
3. a-1, b-3, c-5
4. a-5, b-1
5. a-1, b-5
6. a-1, b-3, c-5
7. a-1, b-3, c-5, d-1
8. a-1, b-5
9. a-1, b-5
10. a-1, b-3, c-5
11. a-1, b-5
12. a-5, b-1
13. a-1, b-3, c-3, d-5
14. a-5, b-1, c-3, d-2, e-1
15. a-5, b-3, c-1
16. a-5, b-3, c-1
17. a-5, b-3, c-1
18. a-1, b-3, c-5
19. a-1, b-3, c-5
20. Give yourself three points for each sentence that relects positively on yourself, two points for each sentence that is neutral or descriptive, one point for each sentence reflecting negative characteristics.

WHAT YOUR SCORE MEANS

The highest score on this psychograph is 110 points; the lowest is 24 points.

If you scored 83-110 points:

You show an extremely high level of self-esteem. People in this category consider themselves valuable, important, productive members of society. They have confidence in their ideas and assume that events will usually prove their positions to have been correct. People like you tend to be among the more creative, nonconforming folks in this world. They enjoy taking on challenges that other people avoid, and they don't become frustrated if it takes them a while to master new skills or areas of knowledge. They are often the innovative scientists or artists in our society. Because of their strong belief in themselves, they're not afraid to admit to unpopular opinions and are willing to take the flak that comes with publicly expounding unorthodox positions. Men like you enjoy sex for its own sake, not as a conquest or a notch on your gun belt.

Now for the bad news. Men with high self-esteem sometimes have a tendency to look down on other people and to devalue their opinions. They are often seen by others as brusque, impolite, blunt, and manipulative.

53-82 points:

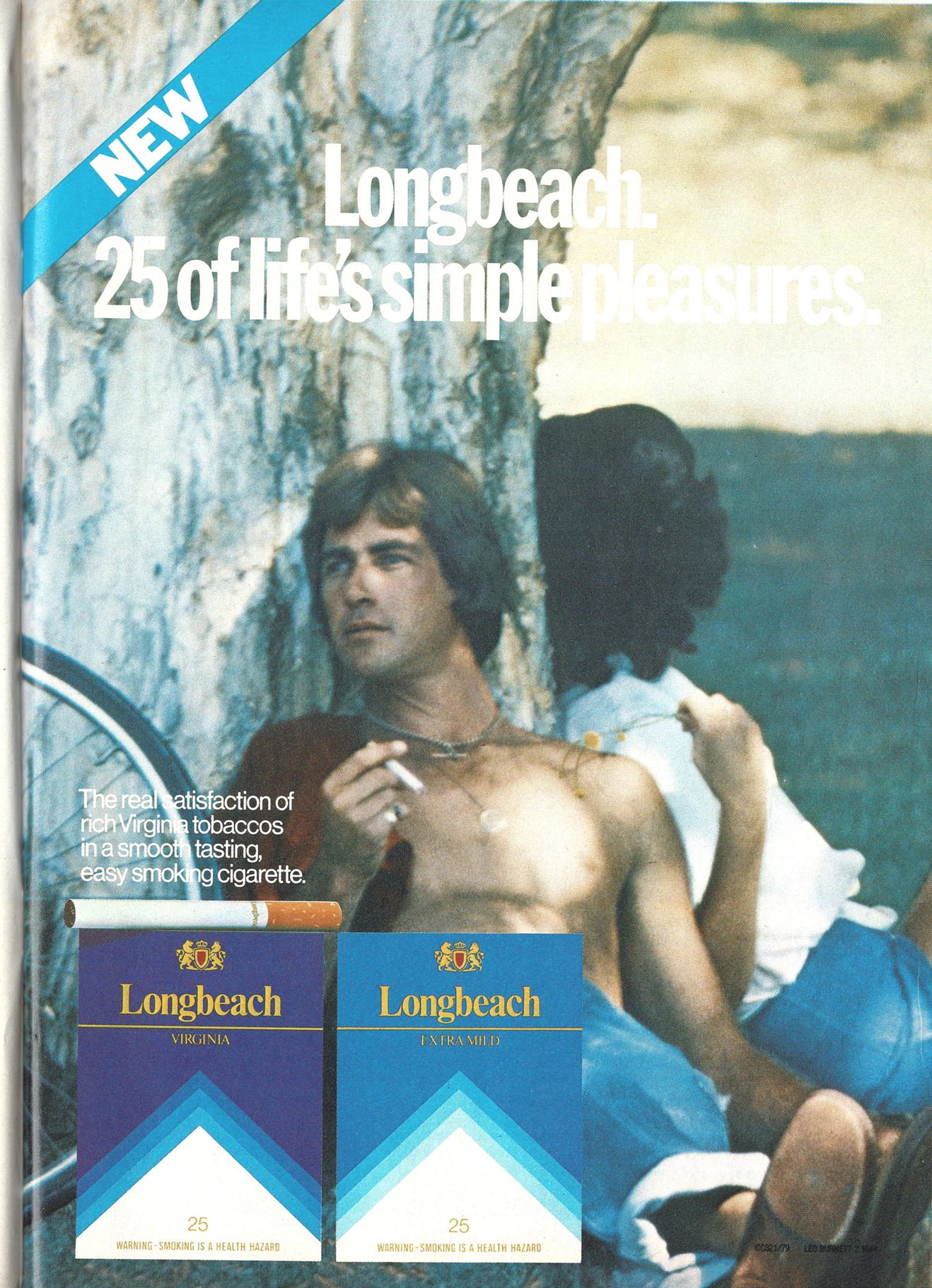
Your moderate level of self-esteem gives you a more balanced, realistic outlook on yourself and the world than people with either very high or very low self-esteem have. You probably share many of the characteristics that typify men with high levels of self-esteem. However, you don't possess them to the same exaggerated degree. You feel that basically you're a decent, competent man, but you may have periods of doubt. People like you make good managers and supervisors. They've got the smarts to do the job, but they also have a sensitivity to the needs and failings of those who have to work with them.

24-52 points:

Boy, do you have a lousy opinion of yourself! You're in imminent danger of being mistaken for a doormat instead of a human being. People with low levels of self-esteem believe that they are neither important nor likable. They feel that anything they do will be second-rate and that their ideas aren't even worth listening to. Consequently, their lives tend to become self-fulfilling prophecies.

Such men sometimes have more neuroses than do the entire cast of a Woody Allen movie. They are introverted and preoccupied with their inner problems. Ironically, this doesn't help them solve these problems. They brood, and the more they brood, the more convinced they become that their problems are insoluble. While such men may be torturing themselves inside, they often present a placid face to the world. They tend to be neat, reliable, prompt, and modest.

The thing to remember is that people with low self-esteem are rarely as inept, dense, dumb, stupid, or inferior as they think they are. In fact, they often perform better than other people.



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Sacha Distel

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The Mandate collection offers a unique and distinctive new fragrance for the successful man – fresh, woody and masculine.

Sacha Distel says a lot for Mandate. See what it can say for you.

MANDATE
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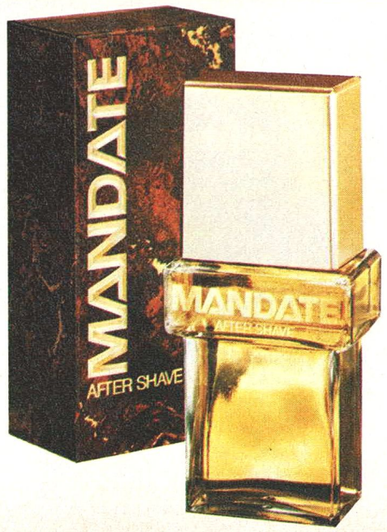
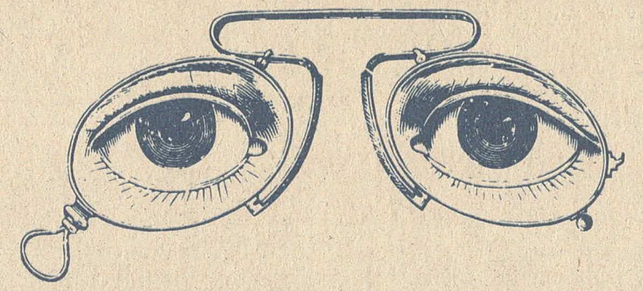




VIEW FROM THE TOP

A PROMISING START

BY JOHN HINDLE

New Year used to be fun. Our noble ancestors, the Ancients, who were wont to celebrate the advent of the New Year on a confused variety of dates, saw the event as an excuse for a wholesome pagan rort. And why not? No worthwhile soiree was ever spoiled by an outbreak of good-natured casual sex.

The Romans liked to believe that the year began in March, but Numa, the second king of Rome, transferred the date to January 1st. No doubt he had his reasons. Now, because of Numa, when we emerge from our comas on the first day of the New Year, we greet not only our hangovers, but also that old two-faced god, Janus, for whom January is named.

Over the years, many strange New Year's customs evolved. In England, for instance, New Year's Day was set aside for the time-honored business of bribing magistrates — a sensible pursuit which left the ensuing 364 days free for the practise of honest Christian crime. And, to this day, the Bursar of Queen's College, Oxford, presents each Fellow with a needle and some colored thread on New Year's Day. To each recipient, the Bursar says: "Take it and be thrifty." I don't know what the Fellows do with their needles, but I do know that they take a lot of notice of the Bursar's admonition. Recently, I did some two-handed drinking with a Queen's Fellow. He was an exceedingly wealthy Fellow, but I drank with him all night without knowing he had a cent...

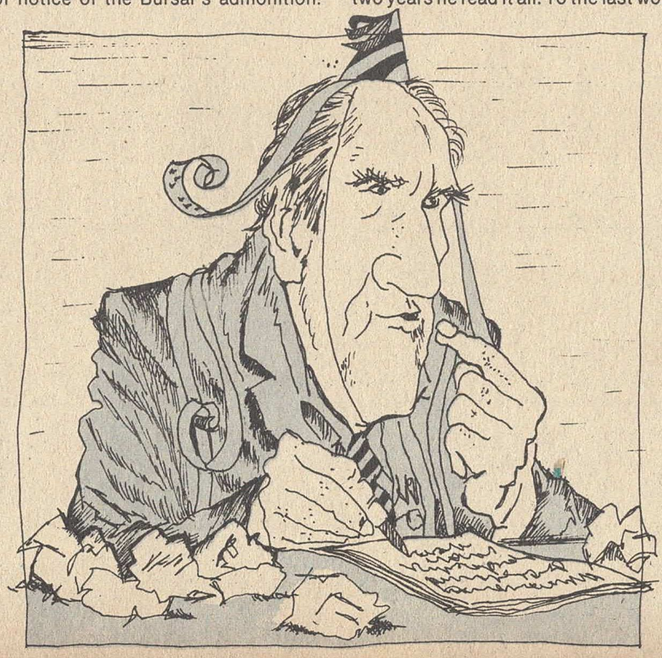
Unfortunately, in the Western world, the best and brightest customs of the New Year have disappeared. Blame the church for this. The early fathers — Chrysostom, Ambrose, Augustine and Peter Chrysologus — shuddered in horror at the notion of people actually having a good time, and went so far as to make would-be revellers change their wicked ways. New Year's Day became an occasion for prayer, fasting and self-humiliation. Out went fornication, and in came worship. Call the stewards! We wuz robbed!

The worst result of all this ecclesiastical tinkering has been the development of that blight on human kind, the New Year's Resolution. What, after all, is a New Year's Resolution if it is not a secular prayer? Mark my words — no good can come of such cynical piety.

Lennie Lower knew this. He was a noted hater of resolutions in any form, and the January 1st variety left him cold. He believed that New Year's Resolutions get chaps into trouble.

"I think," said Lennie, "it is much safer to give some harmless order to yourself, such as resolving not to drink out of horse troughs on Sunday. But I wasn't satisfied with something simple like that. I made a grand, sweeping gesture and resolved to be a model husband. And the result: The resolution split up the sides the first day!"

Of course it did. New Year's Resolutions are *supposed* to split up the sides. Imagine a world in which resolutions actually worked — the individual inhabitants would be so perfect that they couldn't cope with living together. A neighbor of mine — a good man — ruined his life by making a New Year's Resolution work. He resolved to read Patrick White's novel, *Voss*, right through to the end. Of course, you and I can see that this was folly, but he did it. In less than two years he read it all. To the last word. Now he can't read anything more challenging than *Milly-Molly-Mandy* or *Dr Seuss*, and his wife and children have moved to another State.

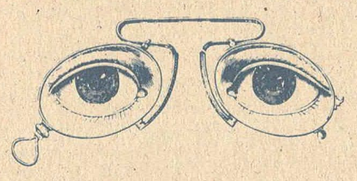


There's a moral to all of this: If you're hell-bent on making a New Year's Resolution, be sure that you make the right one.

We lillies of the field have time to give the problem proper consideration, but the rich and famous do not. They have no time for anything except being rich and famous so we must help them.

As a tangible expression of this altruistic spirit of helpfulness, I have come up with a few resolutions for some of the movers and shakers of the day, those men and women whose antics are the meat and drink of the media.

The resolutions have been devised with care and are



offered kindly — so read them in good health!

Mining magnate and all-round plutocrat Lang *"If it's good for me it's good for Australia"* Hancock has made such a success of his life that it's difficult to see how he could be bothered to make a self-improvement resolution. However, Mr Hancock obviously hopes to become a rich man one day, so an appropriate New Year's Resolution could be: "In 1980 I'm going to find the end of the rainbow — and build a fence around it!"

Malcolm Fraser is a man for whom honesty is more a ploy than a policy. Such are his credibility problems that the Prime Minister might well adopt this for his resolution: "Nineteen eighty is going to be the year in which I don't get caught."

The egregious wine-buff (and erstwhile host of Prime Ministerial dinner parties), Len Evans, might make this resolution: "This year, I'm going to serve sweet white wines from Bordeaux whenever I throw dinner parties." As Mr Evans well knows, one good Sauterne deserves another . . .

Kevin Heinze has planted more trees around the State of Victoria, and taught more people how to grow flowers and vegetables, than any man in recent history. This might be an appropriate resolution for him: "This year, I'm going to identify the precise moment at which a zucchini becomes a marrow."

Andrew Peacock, the Minister who takes foreign affairs seriously, is so devoted to his work that his resolution would have to relate to his job. Because of this, he might like to spend New Year's Day reciting: "From now on, I'm going to have nobody in my Department who thinks that Sinai is the plural of sinus, or that a Soviet is a table napkin, or that Lahore is a French strumpet, or Taipei is a blood group."

Reg Livermore, whose one-transvestite shows have become such a staple of the Australian theatre scene, could well make the following resolution: "Two out of every one people in my act are schizophrenic, and this year I'm going to buy all of him a new dress".

In the distant North, Joh Bjelke-Petersen, could well take a break from his gloomy considerations of his domestic crisis, and reflect that even if Flo does fall prey to the seductive cooings of Canberra, he'll still be King of Queensland. And, as King, Mr Bjelke-Petersen might make this resolution: "This year, I'm going to ban the *Black and White Minstrel Show* from TV."

The lead dancer (danseuse?) at Les Girls has decided never to be late for another performance. His/her resolution? "When the stage manager tells me I'm running late, I'm going to say — 'I'll be with you in two sex!' "

Jack Thompson, the reigning male sex symbol of the Australian cinema, is a graduate of the Jack Webb Academy of Applied Histrionics, but he gets plenty of work anyway. Age is bruising that beach-boy image, however, and Jack's resolution could well be: "If I'm not in bed by midnight, I'll go home!"

That splendid Dame, Joan Sutherland, is doing nicely thank you as a result of her recent rediscovery of Australia. Next year, however, she has a resolution: "In 1980 I'm going to stop charging for each performance — I'm going to charge for each note!"

And so it goes . . . A handful of suggested resolutions all designed to split up the sides on the first day.

What's that? Oh . . . you want to hear *the* New Year's Resolution I will be making? Well, it's more of a motto than a resolution, but it certainly expresses my intention for 1980: "Excess is not enough!"

SCENES

RUBBER STAMPED

It has often been said the next thing the Australian Government would tax is sex. Brothers, it is on the way. From February, the Government imposes new regulations concerning the importation and sale of condoms. The rules control not only the strength of condoms, but also *thickness* and *length*. The new rules mean that many of the special brands now available — the ones in pub dispensers with names like Exotica, Super Pleasure and so on — will disappear because the nodules and ticklers which adorn them are too thick.

The rules dictate not only how condoms should be tested to conform to criteria laid down by the Standards Association of Australia, but also give instructions on how they should be used.

Manufacturers and importers are outraged by the move, many fearing their growing Aussie market will be sliced away by a stroke of a bureaucrat's pen.

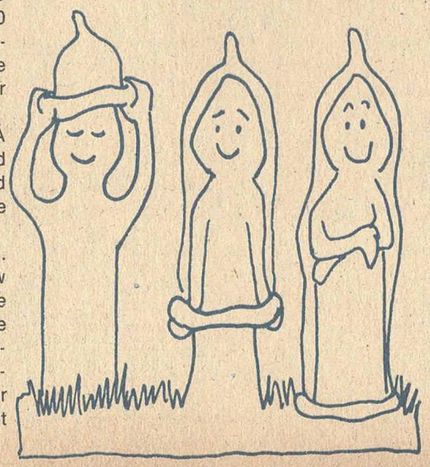
One firm which imports condoms, Searle Laboratories, believes almost half the condoms now available could be barred under the new regulations. Product manager, John Boyd, said those affected will be the heavily studded varieties and many imported brands.

The Customs Bureau circulated to interested parties last July a letter saying condoms could be imported only with approval from the Commonwealth Director-General of Health.

Condoms must be made of natural latex rubber and not contain any pigment which is harmful to the rubber.

The length (excluding the teat) must be no less than 160 mm (about 6½ inches); the width not less than 47mm and not more than 56 mm (1¾ in to 2¼ in). The condoms must pass a water test to demonstrate they don't leak, and a bursting strength test. Condoms which burst at a capacity of less than 15 litres shall be deemed to be defective. *Fifteen litres*! Would the first man to burst one in use please contact the *Guinness Book of Records.*

Bureaucratic control of condoms is probably not new. There is a story, possibly apocryphal, of a request Stalin is alleged to have sent to Churchill during the war. Winnie personally approved all Stalin's requests, and when Stalin asked for thousands of 10-inch condoms Churchill thoughtfully approved — if they were stamped: Made in Britain: MEDIUM.



PICKERING'S PALS

Each year in July or August cartoonist Larry Pickering dons his thinking cap and decides just how shocking he can be. That's when he puts pen to paper to produce his annual calendar of political playmates in the buff.

This year Larry almost overstepped the mark. He ran into censorship trouble before the calendar was released, but Larry won an appeal and avoided having to sell under the counter in some States. That publicity is almost certain to guarantee a sell-out of the 110,000 calendars printed.

The 1980 model follows the format of his two previous calendars, and revisits Prime Minister Malcolm Fraser and MP-in-waiting, Bob Hawke. Fraser is known to be a keen fishing fan, but *this* keen? Hawkie is on the milk. Well, part of him is.

Pickering introduces Neville Wran (bland and used car salesman-like appendage), Treasurer John Howard (babyish), and Britain's Margaret Thatcher. Like Prince Charles who appeared last year, Maggie sports a blue ribbon on her neatly plaited pubes.

Although Pickering takes cartoonists' licence with his subjects' penises, he depicts no erections. He explains: "That would be dirty, wouldn't it?"

MAGIC MEALS

Well-heeled though they might be, when a group of Melbourne revellers suddenly decide to jump a jet for Queensland to eat dinner it has to be special tucker. Lurching from the aircraft at Brisbane airport the determined gourmets hire a car for the last stage of their odyssey — a two-hour drive to Noosa Heads and the magic of Belmondos Restaurant.

It's a 2000-kilometre down-under version of La Grande Bouffe, except that our heroes *do* eventually get to eat . . . and eat . . . and eat, until sleep overcomes them and they wake up hungover but happy. There's time for breakfast at Belmondos before the return trip.

It happened a couple of months back and as word of Luc Turschwell's culinary wizardry spreads it will almost certainly happen again. Even now dozens of Brisbane diners think nothing of making the four-hour round trip to what they figure is the best food in south-east Queensland. Apart from orgasms of the palate, Belmondos provides Brisbanites with welcome relief from taunts that no restaurant north of the border equals the best of Sydney and Melbourne.

But it wasn't just food that made six adults, albeit drunken ones, charge across Australia for dinner. At Belmondos it's a special blend of tastes and atmosphere — the sound of the surf, the warm scented air, the semi-clad goddess sitting next to you — that keeps 'em coming back for more.

Host Luc, 38, is a typically urbane Frenchman who once made a living falling off buildings and being punched senseless as a stuntman.

He met his lovely wife, Lyn, in Sydney four years ago and they set out to explore Australia. One look at Noosa (a familiar story) and they explored no further.

Belmondos is set among rock pools and gardens off the main drag, Hastings Street, and Luc moors his racing catamaran out the back for quick after-lunch sprints across Laguna Bay.

But the food . . . As Luc himself points out, it's nothing complicated. The magic is in the finishing touches, the sauces, and the texture of the locally-grown meats.

A specialty is cote de beouf with bernaise sauce, a veritable skyscraper of rib fillet which cuts like pink butter and tastes . . . well, suffice to say people moan in a sensuous way and grow misty about the eyes as they eat it.

Reef fish in champagne is another dish to evoke sounds from The Perfumed Garden and a sweet of hazelnut meringue cake with fresh strawberries tastes so good it would be banned if Premier Joh discovered it.

The atmosphere, with outdoor and indoor dining, is French-Tahitian. At lunch there are blue gingham tableclothes, replaced formally by crisp white ones at night.

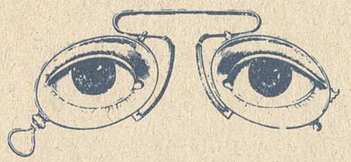
But breakfast is best — at least in terms of Belmondos' native charm. At breakfast barefoot corporate giants in sunshades sit among the sweet-peas glaring at the *Financial Review*. Superb ladies in string bikinis watch them balefully across the table, still rumpled and sleepy, annoyed at being ignored.

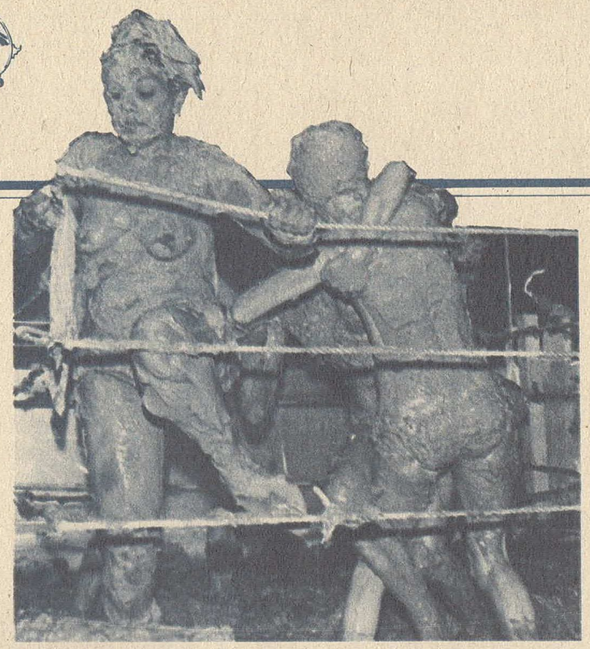
They begin with fresh fruit salad of Bowen mangoes, pawpaw, etc, covered with honey and accompanied by a silver pot of yoghurt. Then a choice of perhaps six omelettes or bacon and eggs, which, incidentally, can be made to taste like something entirely original at the hands of Luc Turschwell.

Breakfast goes on for as long as two hours. Then corporate giant folds his *Fin' Review*, stretches in the sun and takes his tousled vision off for a placating dip in the surf.

And no, it doesn't cost a fortune. Main courses average around $7, entrees $3 to $4, sweets $2 to $4.

Belmondos Restaurant: worth the trip.





Mud wrestling at the Penthouse Club in Adelaide.

If you fly from Melbourne, don't forget to add about $500 for fares.

This magazine and the Penthouse Club in Adelaide are not related. The building which now carries the name Penthouse Club has been through a variety of incarnations as clubs, discos and eateries. None have lasted long and it will be interesting to see how long the public is entertained by the latest trick — mud wrestling. Two or four women, relatively young and attractive, wallow about in a tub of synthetic mud, scratching and pulling at each other and at each other's scant clothing. The inevitable result is a dirty strip.

The club also runs four amateur strip nights a week, when the resident master of ceremonies, Don Storen, who doubles in daylight as the club's publicist, challenges, cajoles and encourages women from among the clientele to get up and strip. He concentrates on the women simply to avoid the inebriated men who insist on volunteering.

And there's money in it. The strip which wins the heartiest applause of the night gains for its owner 100 brown notes. Storen gauges responses on a rather dubious looking instrument he calls his Clapmeter.

Some women — poor, starving students, maybe — obviously come prepared to perform. They sit at the front in slinky dresses that come off so easily, and they do it all to a patently preconceived dance routine. Of course, they can't all win the money, but they can entertain the troops.

One of the sexiest acts put on by amateurs was a husband and wife team who got up one night and stripped each other. They really got the joint jumping, and ran away with the money.

Storen says the idea of the amateur strip places the Penthouse between the sleaze of a regular strip joint and the stuffiness of a staid nightclub. The emphasis is on fun, and almost everybody likes fun. There's food and music as well, dancing and drinking, men and women.

There's bar and table service, the latter provided in the evenings by young women clad in not very much at all, and at lunchtimes in even less. The mud wrestling's on at lunch, too, and that's proving a popular entertainment.

It's amazing the number of business people who won't let their kids go out in the rain, but they'll sit over a meal watching two women slip'n'slide about a wooden tub full of fake filth. There must be something in this sex gimmick.

SEXY TRACKS

Everybody's doing it. Recent ones to do it have been Abigail, Deborah Gray and Donna Summer. And now we have Christine and Louise Roberts.

We're talking about sexy records. There was no prize for guessing what Abigail's *Je t'aime* was all about; nor Deborah's *Story of O,* or Donna's 17-minute track *Love to Love You, Baby.* Christine and Louise, red-headed sisters from Sydney who have done the club circuit of Australia and South-East Asia, are aiming to break into the international big time with their sensuous album, *First Time A Woman.*

The title is appropriate because of some startling lyrics and a breathtaking final few minutes of orgasmic breathing designed to stir the hearts.

Twenty-six-year-old Christine, in her own title song, has this to say of being a women for the first time: *"Last night as a young girl she came to your bed / With questions and doubts running round in her head / Then she laid down beside you and she loved you so well / She now has the answers, but she never will tell . . ."*

And if the cynical are still not convinced, one of the final tracks on the flip side of the album may change their minds. In a light, gentle voice, Christine's younger sister, Louise, still a tender 18-years, purrs excitedly with her feature song, Ride The Wild Horse: *"Ride the wild horse, / If you can tame me you can play me, I'll be your's. / I'm getting sick and tired of all you horny stallions handing me your line, / And to me you're just another bronk who'll come on strong and leave me high and dry, / Come on and ride the wild horse, / Giddy up, giddy up, come on. Giddy up, giddy up, ride me, I'm yours."*

For a singing pair traditionally trained in piano and classical ballet, it's a new musical frontier in which both appear well prepared. Their manager, former head of the Macquarie Network's Radio 2GB, Ken Taylor, just hopes DJs across the country will keep on rolling the Roberts. Except, perhaps, in Queensland.

HOT CITY BLUES,

Jacarandah blossom in the shaky tree / Verandah leanin' so resignedly / So lazy so still / Hot sun got me in its will . . .

In four lines, journalist-musician David Bentley evokes the essence of summer in hot city — his city of Brisbane. Just up the narrow Petrie Terrace street from where Bentley scribbles his songs an old man wearing a soiled head bandage gibbers to himself in Russian. *Hot city hot sun / Plantation so over-run / Morning glory and the choko vine / Perspiration drippin' / Still white wine . . .*

A few weeks earlier the old man and a mate had a crazed row that ended when the mate drove an axe into the old man's skull.

Bentley heard the commotion from his verandah.

What am I doin' / Why do I stay on here? / What am I sayin' / Why don't I disappear . . .

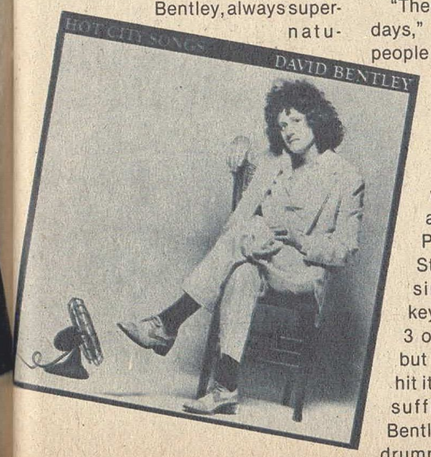
How many have asked themselves the same questions about living in Brisbane? And what better aid to the muse than pensioner alcoholics performing troppo axe jobs as the flying foxes wing overhead in search of ripe pawpaws? Hot city.

One way and another, it all ended up on an album called *Hot City Songs,* David Bentley's gift to the city where he grew up and where — like a thousand others — he can't quite find the motivation to leave.

It's no ordinary LP because Bentley did it all himself on his own label — you guessed it — Hot City Records. Then, sweating into his patent leather pumps, he personally pushed it around the radio stations where it's now getting good airplay.

Bentley plays often-inspired piano and keyboards and growls out songs like a cross between Dylan and J.J. Cale. But it's not considered a commercial sound, despite the local success of his group, Bentley's Boogie Band. Around town it's a kind of cult band among fans who come up to you and say with absolute conviction: "Bentley is going to be *big*!"

But the only hint this might be about to happen is the sight of Bentley, always supernaturally weary and cynical, being interviewed by some jubilant child for daytime TV.



Down at the *Sunday Sun* where Bentley dons the mask of Veritas — "The critic the stars fear to read" — his workmates remain bemused by the same air of laid-back indifference that sometimes approaches permanent meditation.

It disappears at the Melbourne Hotel in South Brisbane each Wednesday night when loyal hundreds turn up for the Boogie Band's regular gig and Bentley comes alive. He's going to make it big, say the loyal hundreds, and probably they're right.

What most don't realise is that Bentley, at 34, has already been there, or at least very close. But for a little misunderstanding in which Rod Stewart was told to get stuffed, he might be there now.

His path to the almost-top began in the mid-Sixties when Bentley, alternating between journalism and rock'n'roll, formed a group called Python Lee Jackson, in Sydney.

With guitarist Mick Liber and frontman Malcolm McGee (a martial arts buff with a bizarre line in dancing), Bentley later lit out for London where Richard Neville (of *Oz*) helped them get started at a Soho club.

"These were the good old days," Bentley muses, "when people like Lennon still dropped in for a joint." One night Rod Stewart arrived, heard them play and said he was looking for a new band. Bentley wrote a number called In a Broken Dream and Python Lee Jackson, with Stewart, made their first single. Bentley played keyboard. It went to number 3 on the British hit parade but PLJ and Stewart didn't hit it off at all. "We weren't in sufficient awe of him," Bentley confesses. "In fact the drummer told him to get screwed — and that wasn't what he wanted to hear." Still, after months of near destitution — punctuated by a stint as a sub-editor on a girlie magazine — Bentley was suddenly rich enough for a year in Spain. There he wrote a lot of songs he still performs today and mixed with a nest of would-be literary lions and ageing artistic queens.

The fantasy ended and he returned with his wife, Noelene, to London. Professional schizophrenia and the desire to make a name for himself in journalism transformed Bentley from an underground rocker to a conservative young man about London; Saville Row suit and spotted tie, a round of his own for the *Evening Standard.*

So if you consider it in terms of how few pop-singing Fleet Street journalists there have been with their own hit record, Bentley had made it.

Homesickness returned him to Brisbane soon after . . . to find that the things he had imagined he missed were figments of his nostalgia. But hot city had him in its grasp and for the past five years it hasn't loosened the hold.

His album was released a few months back with a theme intended to create an analogy between the US deep south and our own deep north. For this reason it will probably sell better in southern States.

The last verse of the title track, Hot City, holds the answer to Bentley's question, "why do I stay on here?" — and possibly a clue to why he's still walking the fringes of real success.

All those people down there in the southern States / They don't understand, they can't appreciate / The ease of living why it's so complete / Just bake your brains in this Deep North heat.

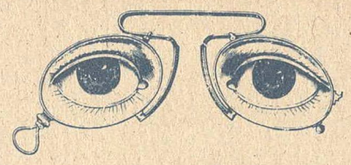
UP IN ARMS

It's not quite a case of "off with his head" in the slightly baronial State of Western Australia — more a case of "off with his privileges". Under new legislation introduced in State Parliament, anyone who reproduces without permission any official coat-of-arms — including those of the Royals, the Commonwealth or Western Australia itself — is liable to a fine of 500 smackers; plus, of course, the personal displeasure of the Premier, Sir Charles Court.

The attitude behind the splendidly-named Armorial Bearings Protection Act carries nostalgic echoes of WA's founding 150 years ago this year as Australia's first non-convict colony — intended instead as an extension of Olde England, from whose shires country squires were encouraged to emigrate complete with their serfs, villeins and wrinkled retainers.

Unfortunately, this concept fell apart in the 1850s when the Swan River Colony was forced to ask England for convicts to carry out its heavy construction work, and again in the 1890s when the Kalgoorlie gold rush flooded the colony with brash eastern-Staters who had more regard for a quick quid than for a somewhat tattered tradition.

In spite of its wide net, the ABP Act (such sacrilege!) seems to have been mainly inspired by a recent stuffed-up version of Western



Australia's own coat-of-arms — more formally described by Sir Charles as "an unsatisfactory representation in woven fabric".

The perpetrator of this offence has not been officially identified; however, there are artistic as well as political critics in Sandgroper Land who claim that whatever changes were inadvertently made, they must have been for the better.

It is an unfortunate fact that the Western Australian coat-of-arms, adopted by the State little more than a decade ago, is less reminiscent of stately medieval heraldry than of Dame Edna Everage.

Stripped of that fascinating bull-baffles-brain jargon about fesses gules, bars sinister and wavy bands azure, it shows a crown over a shield on which swims a black swan. From the crown, like goats' horns, project two slightly wilting fronds of WA's official flower, the kangaroo paw. Supporting the shield on either side is a bewildered kangaroo, each holding in its paw (guess what?) a boomerang!

The new legislation to defend this masterpiece is proving a heaven-sent opportunity for the wittier members of the State Opposition.

One senior cynic is suggesting a new coat-of-arms to immortalise recent WA Government measures which have increased film censorship powers, confirmed restrictions on union-organised meetings and restricted voting rights for illiterate Aborigines.

This Opposition artist visualises as the centrepiece Sir Charles Court, in his favorite uniform as honorary colonel of the Perth-based Special Air Service, one hand would be protectively across the eyes of a shrinking maiden, the other grasping the ear of a gagged Aborigine.

And the knight's foot would be firmly on the neck of a recumbent shop steward.

WHAT'S ON

ACTION GUIDE

Happy days — and holidays — are here again. Around the nation there's plenty to do on the sporting, festival and culture fronts. This *Australian Penthouse* guide to what's on covers the period December 15 to January 15.

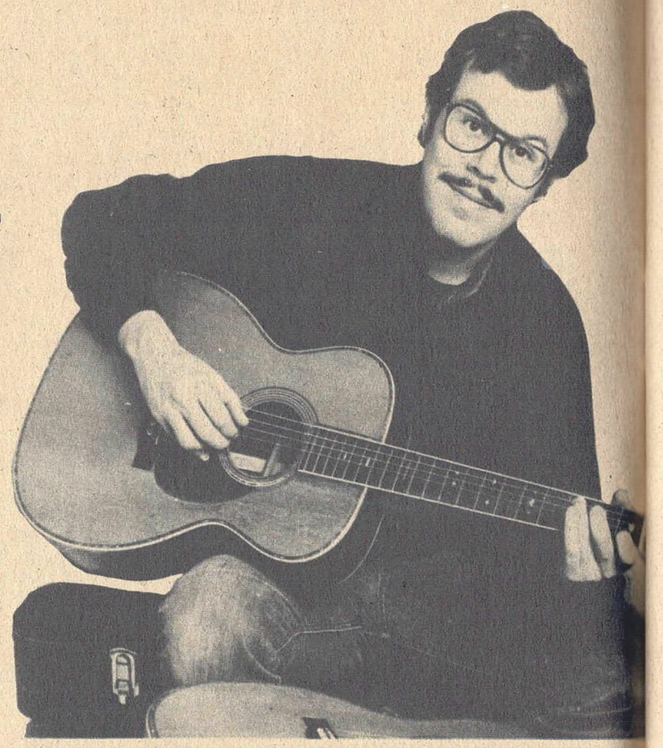
Sydney's answer to the silly season, *The Sydney Festival,* begins New Year's Eve with a seven and a half hour free concert where you can experience total body contact with a quarter of a million people. The show starts at 7 pm. At midnight six tonnes of fireworks will be exploded over the harbor. Bring your own grog for this one, it saves fighting the crowds.

On Saturday, January 5, an open air disco gets underway at 7 pm in Martin Place where you can spot the John Travolta look-alikes. Meanwhile, thousands of weird people in costumes will gather at Martin Place on Saturday, January 12, at 7 pm for the Mardi Gras and slow samba to the Rocks. Promoters expect this to be "the wildest night this side of Rio" (a small town in the Northern Territory).

There's something on every day of the festival in January, if you're enamoured of crowds. You can find out full details by calling 619-197 during business hours.

The folkies are having their own *Festival of Folklife* from January 9 to 20 with 11 concerts planned. Artists include Stefan Grossman, USA blues guitarist, John Renbourne from the UK, the Chris Duffy Band featuring Australia's banjo king, The Larrikins and others. This is laid-back fare for people who buy bulk honey, bake lentil bread and talk about living in Mullumbimby.

Pick up on a bit of Kulchur at the NSW Art Gallery for one of the biggest art events of the year: an exhibition of *Old Masters Paintings from the USSR* until February 12. Major works by European masters of the Renaissance, Baroque and Rococo periods will be shown. There's a charge — $2.30 — to see these works. The gallery is open from 10 am to 5 pm Monday to Saturday and from noon to 5 pm Sunday.



Stefan Grossman: here for concerts.

Not to be outdone by Sydney's frantic attempts to entertain itself, Melbourne has its own version.

From January 3 to 6, the *Kingdom of Pop* will take over the city parks with pop stars and rock bands, culminating in a Sunday Spectacular, "The Elvis Presley Story". It begins at 2.30 pm on the 6th at the Sidney Myer Music Bowl and it's free. At the end of the show last year, 20,000 people stood on their seats in the driving rain crying out for The King.

A more sedate *Jazz Festival* gets underway from January 7 to 13, also in open air venues and pubs around town. An "Australian History of Jazz" concert will be held at the Sidney Myer Music Bowl beginning at noon on the 13th. You'll hear five and a half hours of jazz, ranging from Aboriginal to extemporaneous, and it costs nothing.

For Nashville freaks, the *Australian Country Jamboree* begins January 14 with top country musicians taking part. For full details on all these events you'll find brochures at the Victorian Tourist Bureau, the Town Hall or call 329-0737 during the day.

Both the *Sydney/Hobart* and the *Melbourne/Hobart* yacht races begin on Boxing Day, December 26. The Prime Minister, Mr Fraser, will fire the starting gun at noon to launch the Sydney/Hobart race. About 150 boats are expected to compete. The best vantage points for this event are Nielsen Park and South Head at The Gap or near the lighthouse, and on the north shore, Bradleys Head and Middle Head.

The Melbourne race is in two stages. In the first stage, the fleet will set sail from St Kilda for the Wrest Pnt Cock-of-the-Bay sprint to Portsea, 70 km away, but the larger boats continue on to Hobart. About 40 yachts will take part. The arrival of the yachts in Hobart will coincide with a *Spit Roast Feast* on New Year's Day at the Lea Scout Camp, near Hobart, for yachtsmen, would-be yachtsmen and their friends. You can take part in the Australia v The Rest of the World aerial football game with a giant ball and rules that defy comprehension. (The Rest of the World won last year). Tickets are $5 each and are available from the Cruising Yacht Club of Australia and the Royal Yacht Club of Tasmania.

Here's a treat for car buffs in Adelaide: During the *Glenelg Tram Jubilee* (the tram is 50 years old this year) on Sunday, December 16, there will be a veteran and vintage car rally in Glenelg plus an electric vehicle display of revolutionary cars developed at the State's Flinders University. A surf life-saving carnival and sailing regatta will complete the celebrations.

Later in the month, on December 28, the biggest rodeo of the season will be held at *Willomurra Stud* at Kersbrook, an hour's drive from Adelaide. Top riders will take part in bare-back riding, saddle bronc, bull rides, calf roping and steer wrestling starting at 10 am. Tickets are cheap at around $3. For more information call the stud on 389-3112.

The *German Schutzenfest* on Saturday, January 12, in Hahndorf, near Adelaide, is just what it sounds like — a shooting festival where the trigger-happy can compete for King of the Shoot. The main events will be held in the Hahndorf Oval and a small charge will be made for the use of air guns and ammo. The beer halls will be open all day and if you are still standing, there's dancing at night. Call the South Australian German Association for more information on 223-2539.

Speaking about piss-ups, the *Australian Jazz Convention* has few rivals. This year it will be held in Perth from December 26 to 31. Jazz musicians from around Australia and visiting overseas artists will take over pubs and parks for this week-long binge, with massive hangovers all round on New Year's Day.

Chris Duffy: our banjo king.

Norman Gunston, promoting Australia's image abroad, is bringing it all home at Christmas-time. You can see him at the Canberra Theatre on December 15, at the Capitol Theatre in Sydney on December 17 and at the Palais Theatre in Melbourne on the 18th. Tickets will cost around $9 and the show starts at 8.15 pm. Book through the normal agencies.

Photographs by British artist *David Hockney* are on display at Darwin's Museum and Art Gallery, 82 Smith Street, until Monday, December 31. The gallery is open from 10 am to 4 pm Monday to Saturday.

In sports, it's always the serious season.

Now that establishment and World Series Cricket have decided to co-habit, Australia may fare better in this year's *Test Series* against England. The first test is on in Perth until December 19, the second in Sydney from January 4 to 9 and the third in Melbourne from February 1 to 6. Hopefully, the new coupling should bring better results than last year's debacle when the Aussies fell flat, losing 5-1.

This year's *Australian Baseball Championships* (the game is known affectionately as cricket's idiot son) takes place at Sydney's Oriole Park in Auburn from January 11 to 20 with morning, afternoon and evening sessions.

WA currently holds the title for what is known as the Claxton Shield. The winner this year will tour Japan in August, 1980.

For skywatchers, the *Australian National Gliding Championships* will be held in Benalla, Victoria, 200 km north of Melbourne on the Hume Highway, from January 4 to 19. These noiseless planes are launched from large aircraft and can reach speeds of up to 100 km/h. Take your binoculars. For more information call (03) 379-7411.

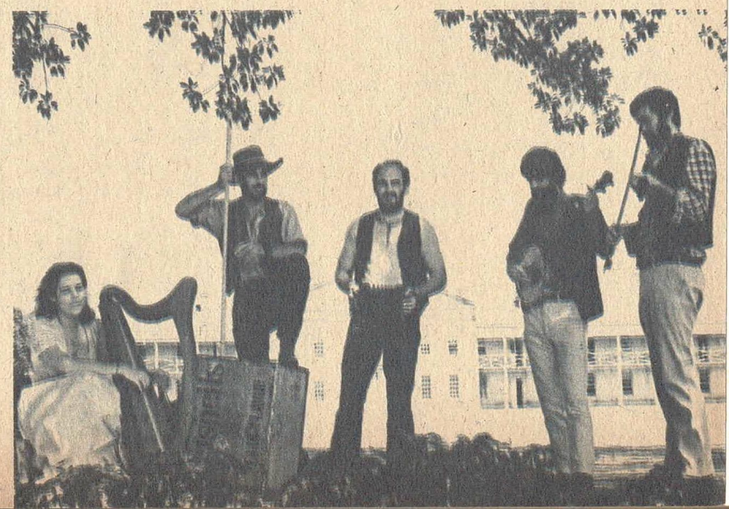
If you thought *Deliverance* was exciting, wait till you see the *Murray Marathon* — the world's longest canoe race from December 27 to 31. Last year over 400 paddlers thrashed their way down the 250-mile course on the Murray from Yarrawonga to Swan Hill.

Parachutists will take the big dive during the *Australian Parachute Championships* from December 27 to January 7 in the small town of Corowa on the NSW-Victoria border. Events are judged on style, including individual free-fall manoeuvres and accuracy of landing (with the parachute open). The target is a 10-centimetre disc at the centre of a bull's eye. A team will be chosen from the winners to represent Australia in the Classic Events World Championships in Bulgaria in 1980. For details call Melbourne 908-447.

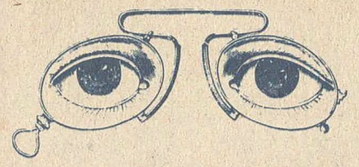
Our contacts in Brisbane say the biggest thing happening there is the weather. For the man who has everything, that's all you need.

Organisers of events like these are invited to send details to Horan, Hall and Walker at PO Box 8, Surry Hills, 2010, or phone (02) 313-277 or (02) 336-693. Please allow eight weeks prior notice.

Because the information is compiled in advance, readers are advised to check for late changes by telephone.



Real Oz music by Warren Fahey and The Larrikins.



WINE

OUR CLASSIC YEARS

Scattered among the thousands of different wines made in Australia every year are a handful of great wines. For the serious wine buff, life is a constant quest for these wines. His satisfaction comes from the sharing of such treasures with appreciative friends. Only the most ardent enthusiast has in his head, a good grasp of the complexities of whose wine was great in a particular year. Even Grange Hermitage, arguably our finest wine over the past 25 years, cannot lay claim to greatness more than perhaps five times in that period.

Searching out truly great wines requires a great deal of time, experience and enthusiasm, not to mention a reasonable bank balance. It has been necessary to research books, cultivate recognised authorities on the subject and seriously tackle the task of learning from practical experience.

Now this process can be assisted by a new pocket book from the pen of that delightfully eccentric connoisseur-author, Robin Bradley. Commissioned by Benson & Hedges, this new pocket book, *Australian Wine Vintages*, will be the most valuable Australian reference ever written for the wine consumer. Presented in a striking (you guessed) gold cover, the book is commendably brief in text and long in charts and hard data. It opens with vintage charts from 1950 to 1979 on 11 wine regions, with ratings on a 1-7 scale for reds and whites. These charts are completely original, based upon raw data derived from responses from all the winemakers who furnished assessments of their wines.

The bulk of the book is devoted to a year-by-year rating of 200 individual wines from all regions. A 2-5 system is a guide to general quality status, then each year is graded on the 1-7 scale. Without doubt, it will be of great value to everyone interested in wine. It sets out to make it quite clear that in Australia all vintages are not great, despite oft-repeated claims that they are. It will, without doubt, stir up controversy — plenty of "experts" will find bones to pick.

While most well-known wines are included, there are some obvious omissions, like Saltram. On the other hand, there are some little-known inclusions. Inevitably a small book like this could not be exhaustive, nor could it deal with the range of specials from companies like Orlando, Leo Buring or Lindemans.

The introduction, written in the inimitably entertaining Bradley style, must be read and understood to reap full benefit from the charts.

While the experienced may be able to criticise, the fact is that for most amateur wine lovers, this will be a splendid reference for use in restaurants and wine shops. It is a great step forward in educating wine consumers to the importance of quality variations from year to year. It must be seen as a good guide rather than dogma.

Ultimately, it should lead to consumer recognition that good wines from good vintages are worth more, and eventual recognition by winemakers that they must reflect quality variations from year to year in the prices they charge.

The Barossa Valley chart reveals that the top years (rated 7) for red wines were 1953, 55, 59, 73, 76 and 79. For white wines, the top years were 1957, 69, 72, 78 and 79.

In the Hunter Valley, top red years were 1952, 54, 58, 65, 75 and 79. Top white vintages were 1952, 58, 65, 70, 72, 76 and 79.

Using the Specific Wine Vintage Charts, it is possible to identify many undoubtedly great wines of Australia, for example: Penfolds Grange 1955 and 1962; Penfolds Bin 707 1964; Wynns Coonawarra Cabernet 1954, 59 and 62; Baileys Bundarra Hermitage 1953; Balgownie Cabernet Sauvignon 1976; Lakes Folly Cabernet 1966, 69, 77 and 78; and Tullochs Private Bin Pokolbin Dry Red 1954, 58, 65, 75 and 77.

Serious use of the guide can be supported by reference to the huge Len Evans' *Australian Complete Guide to Wine.* This tome is hardly a proposition for handbags and breast pockets. There are many great wines not covered by the pocket book — some of them pre 1950, like the legendary Colin Preece and Maurice O'Shea wines so ardently sought by serious connoisseurs.

Other more recent great wines include Penfolds Coonawarra Cabernet Bin 620 1966, Stanley Leasingham Cabernet Bin 14 1966, numerous Tyrrells (other than Vat 9 mentioned in the book) from top years like 75, 66 and 65. In whites there are superb top vintage wines from Hunter Valley makers like Tyrrells and Rothbury, and Barossa makers like Orlando and Leo Buring.

Many wines of potential greatness are set to emerge from the cooler climate areas of Victoria — watch for Taltarni Cabernet 1977. From Clare, Fareham Estate 1976; and from south-west Western Australia, the 1976 and 77 Mosswood Cabernet Sauvignon.

Another valuable feature of *Australian Wine Vintages* is that all wines and vintages are rated for their cellaring potential. Some are classified as 'Passed', which does not indicate decrepitude, rather that the wine is beyond its peak and is not likely to improve. The 'Now' classification is for wines at their peak for current drinking. All the others have an estimated date for ideal consumption.

The author's notes about the three stages of wine — development, plateau and decline, must be read and understood to appreciate this grading system. Your Hardy's 1954 Vintage Port is recommended for 1984, and their 1975 for the turn of the millenium. If you are a believer in George Orwell's *1984*, seek out the 54. For those of more optimistic persuasion, with infinite patience, lay down some of the 75. — *Paul Day.*

Mellow

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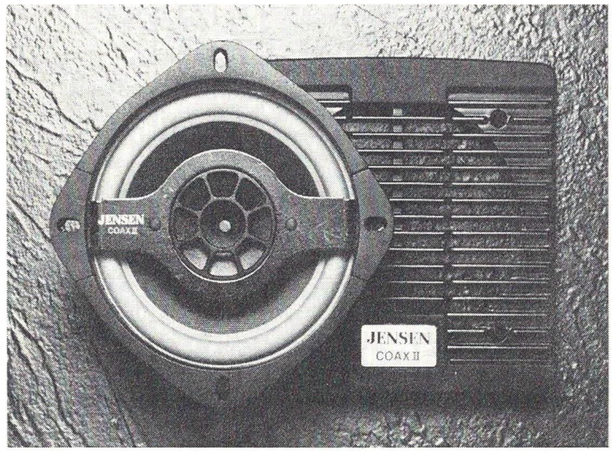

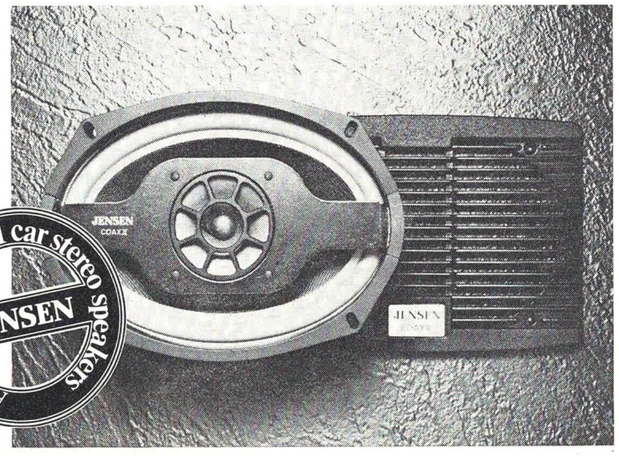

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HA140/79

Thousands of Australians are living under sentence of death after being exposed — with government approval — to the most lethal herbicide known.

SPRAYING TO KILL

BY ADRIAN TAME

On December 16, 1969, the Australian Government gave its stamp of approval to a hideous, lingering death sentence aimed coldly and deliberately at the destruction of every living organism, human, animal and vegetable, known to man. On that day, 10 years ago, the United Nations General Assembly Resolution No. 2603 A (XX-IV) was being debated by all member nations.

The resolution was intended to extend the Geneva Protocol of 1925 to tear gas and herbicides. In short, the UN was deciding to outlaw the use of such substances in warfare. Only three countries, Australia, the United States of America, and Portugal, voted against the resolution. The awful repercussions of the decision by those three countries to press on regardless with chemical warfare are still echoing, and will continue to echo, around the world for years to come.

In the case of the herbicide, 2,4,5-T, the well-meant UN resolution was a near classic case of closing the stable door after the horses have bolted. America had already been drenching the jungles of Vietnam with the herbicide for seven years. Six million acres of forest were already laid waste by a deadly, sweet and sickly smelling substance known as Agent Orange.

Made up of 2,4,5-T, (trichlorophenoxyacetic acid, to give it the proper scientific title) and its chemical cousin, 2,4-D, Agent Orange had been dropped from the sky by American aircraft with results arguably more lethal than any of those achieved by the most sophisticated bombing techniques in use at the time.

The herbicide 2,4,5-T, and its inevitable by-product dioxin, regarded by scientists as one of the most deadly chemicals known to man, was, and still is, the last word in ultimate destruction.

Its silent rain, dropped continually from the holds of low-flying aircraft, transformed the lush, green tranquility of Mother Nature into a warped and agonised vision of hell. The grey, rotting carcasses of two-foot long bananas hung pendulous amid the grotesquely misshapen and overgrown tree-size weeds of what used to be the forest floor.

The initial effect of 2,4,5-T is to send nature into a frenzy of growth. Everything expands in the foul-smelling mist, bursting the boundaries of normal, healthy development. And then, when that stage ends, slimy decay takes over. The Vietnamese referred to this wilderness of chemical-induced horror as "the land of the dead".

Its effects on its creator, man, need not be left to the imagination. They have been too well catalogued. Herbicide contamination brings with it a revolting acne which can cover the entire body; spells of sickness, nausea and blinding headaches; malformation and death to life within the womb; cancer of all or any vital organs, and, perhaps most sinister of all, fits of uncontrollable rage.

By 1970, public outcry in America brought an end to the spraying. Public outcry, not the UN resolution. But it was much too late. The time-bomb had already begun ticking within the systems of those who had been exposed to the herbicide. Three ounces of dioxin placed in the water supply of a major city would be sufficient to wipe out the entire population. But 130 pounds of it had been dropped over Vietnam between '62 and '70.

Now the time-bomb has stopped ticking and has started to explode. Literally hundreds of American Vietnam veterans are witnessing those terrible symptoms in their own bodies. Many have died. Many others are fighting multi-million dollar legal battles for compensation from the Government.

All that is happening in America, but close to 50,000 Australian servicemen were sent to the jungles of Vietnam. More through good fortune than sound judgement, a much smaller percentage of Australians fell victim to herbicide contamination than their American partners-in-war.

One of the main reasons for this was that Australians did no actual spraying of Agent Orange. And again, through great good fortune, fewer Australians were posted to areas where

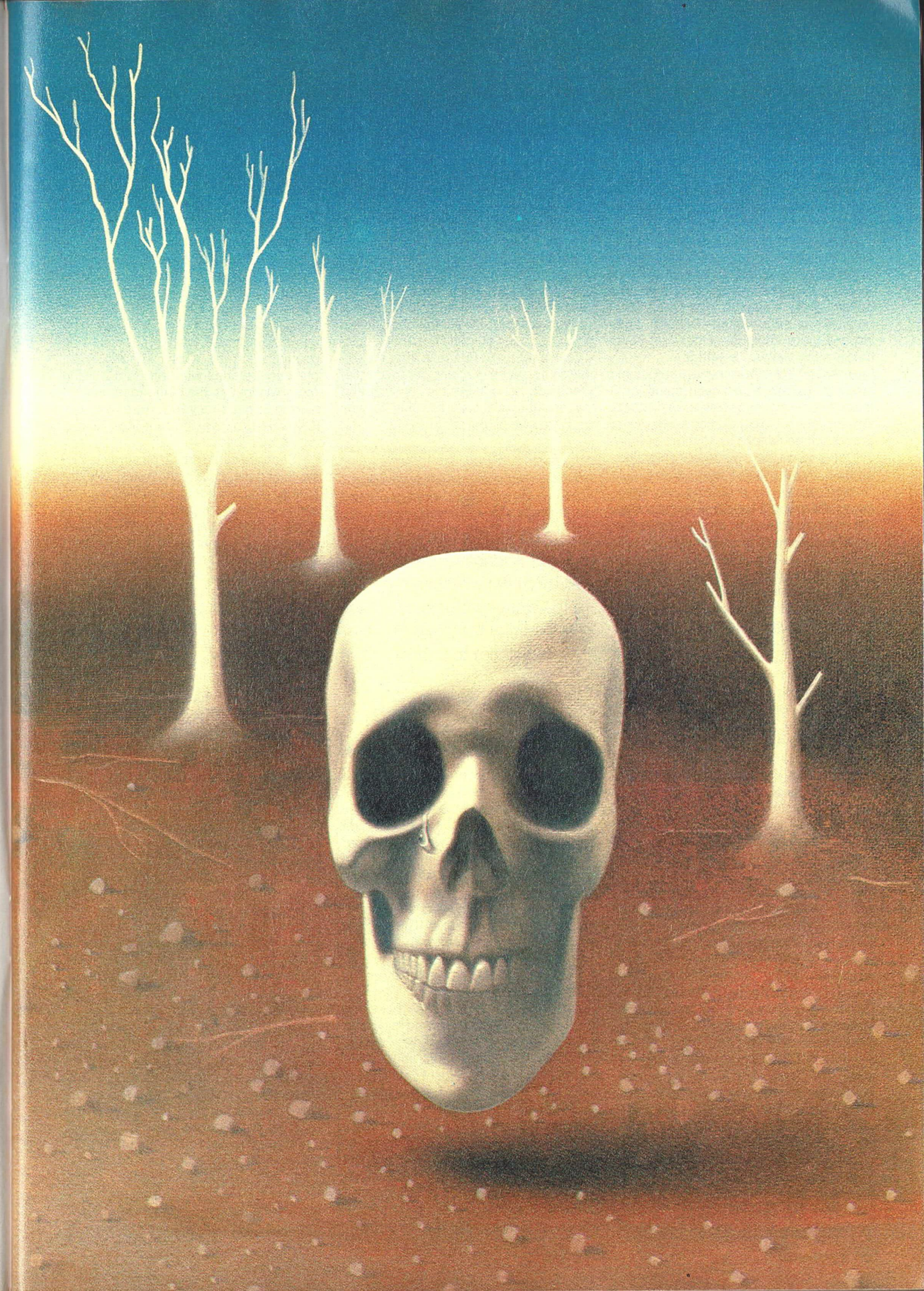


Illustration by Luzak

the spraying had taken place. But that is not to say our fighting men escaped entirely unscathed.

Already, according to Mr H. Vinning, executive officer of the RSL, about 50 Vietnam veterans have come forward with symptoms they believe could be attributed directly to Agent Orange. RSL Federal President Bill Keys has written to veterans' groups in America asking for details of compensation claims.

Mr Keys and his fellow administrators are still awaiting further scientific confirmation of the Agent Orange link before throwing their desperately needed weight behind their claimant members. RSL national secretary Ken Schultz has warned there could be a four-year wait before such claims are settled.

He says: "We still do not have sufficient evidence to take a particular stand, but there is some evidence to warrant further investigations. It's going to be a long, long process. It could take up to three or four years, because there is so much scientific data which will have to be examined."

More positively, Mr Vining told *Penthouse:* "We would support any actions by our members as soon as the proof of a definite connection comes from the experts. Then we would box on."

Predictably, the Australian Government is being even more cautious. According to Gordon Reid, a spokesman for the Veterans Affairs Department, five Vietnam veterans have already filed claims.

Mr Reid explained the avenues open to veterans who believe they have a claim. First they must take their case before a Repatriation Board. If they are turned down, they can appeal to the Repatriation Commission. And if that doesn't work, they must go before an independent statutory body known as the Repatriation Review Tribunal, if they still want to pursue their claims.

One of the five men who has made a claim with a Repatriation Board has already been turned down. The other four are waiting for their cases to be heard. The veteran who lost his case is fortunate, if that is the word. He has cancer of the respiratory system and, under the Act, all cancers in veterans, whether attributable to their service or not, receive free treatment. So far this has satisfied the claimant, and he has not appealed the rejection of his claim, handed down on the grounds that his cancer was not directly attributable to his service.

Although Mr Reid concedes that dioxin levels in Vietnam were much higher than in a civilian situation, he says the Government is not yet convinced of the herbicide contamination link. "We are keeping an open mind," is his comment.

One man who needs no convincing is 33-year-old Bernard Szapiel, who lives in the Melbourne suburb of Rosanna. Somehow Mr Szapiel slipped through Gordon Reid's net of statistics — he is already on a 50 percent disability pension. As a National Serviceman, Bernard Szapiel served as an infantry private with 3RAR in South Vietnam in 1967 and '68.

He first experienced fits of vomiting, yet another herbicide contamination symptom, six weeks before finishing his 12-month tour of duty. Today he adds nausea, faulty eyesight and lethargy to his list of complaints.

Mr Szapiel says he first suspected a link between his symptoms and Agent Orange when he read of the civilian side of the herbicide controversy back home in Victoria, almost a decade after his service. He remembers that while on patrol he passed through areas of the Vietnamese jungle which had been stripped bare of foliage.

On his return to Australia after his discharge he began teaching ceramic art at a technical school. But his vomiting and nausea attacks worsened, until he was forced to give up the job in 1977.

There is already a formidable army of Australians who can testify to the sickening helplessness felt by those who fall victim to 2,4,5-T.

Unmoved by evidence like this, Australia's National Health and Medical Research Council remains steadfastly oblivious to all talk of the evils of Agent Orange. A spokesman went on record recently after seeing a report on American Veterans' claims saying: "It showed nothing in any way convincing. The question of 2,4,5-T has been under constant review for the past 10 years, and we will continue to monitor it. It is obviously a very emotive issue."

Vietnam veterans apart, there is already a formidable army of civilian Australians who can testify to the sickening helplessness felt by those who fall victim to 2,4,5-T and its deadly ingredient, dioxin.

Perhaps the single most impressive, and heart-rending document detailing the awful futility of attempting to escape herbicide contamination comes in the form of a letter. It was written by an Australian who did not have to travel overseas, or fight in another country's war, to experience that sickly sweet smell which heralds the approach of what American journalist Thomas Whiteside so evocatively described as "The Withering Rain".

That Australian was called Robert Reid, and he and his family fell victim to the silent invasion of 2,4,5-T, not in a Vietnamese jungle, but in the sanctity of their own home. The Reids lived in the little township of Edmonton, 14 kilometres south of Cairns, in Northern Queensland.

Here is what Robert Reid wrote: "The spraying begins at dawn. Without warning the herbicides 2,4,5-T and 2,4-D are dumped from the air on to cane fields, houses, and the human population. The planes crisscross the areas, white spray billowing behind them. On one June morning of this year (1978), hearing a plane begin its delivery run on a nearby cane field, I hurriedly closed windows and doors of the house, leaving, as I hoped, no openings for the spray. My two small children watched with me from a living room window as the plane made its approach. It was barely 100 metres away as it swooped low over the cane tops, releasing its toxic load.

"Soon we could smell the spray entering the house, strong and sweet, like the interior of a cupboard saturated with fly spray. I looked at my two boys and thought of the danger, of the poison entering their lungs, lodging permanently in their skin and fat tissues. There was nothing I could do. The plane buzzed the area, spraying the whole while, until its load was exhausted. The white clouds flattened out and crept across roads, a nearby creek, and all life in the area.

"Long after the plane was gone we could smell the spray. In the garden pawpaw trees wilted, three of them permanently damaged. Young lettuce died, their tender leaves unable to withstand the poisonous air. Next door a neighbor complained of damage to citrus trees, and passion fruit vines. This experience is not rare. Rather it is the norm. Loss of garden crops, damage and loss of fruit trees is common in areas subject to aerial spraying. "For years the reaction to being poisoned from the air has been 'Oh well, it must be all right, otherwise they wouldn't be doing it.' Now, of course, even the most naive among us no longer believe such bucolic simplicities. The fact is 2,4,5-T and 2,4-D are extremely dangerous substances, and 'they' will continue with their use until concerned citizen action is brought to bear on the politicians and business interests responsible."

So much for Reid. His was the type of reaction that would later be branded by our number one Government expert on herbicides as "fearful, ignorant and superstitious, seeing chemical demons around every corner". But more of the amazing Jack Snelson later.

Robert Reid was not without his supporters in his native Queensland. Among them was a Dr Wendy White, from Mossman, 80 kilometres north of Edmonton. During the three years she has been running a general practice in the town, Dr White has collated a disturbing catalogue of tragedies which she attributes directly to herbicides. Not least among these were the two children she lost herself, one stillborn, the other miscarried. She believes she suffered both losses after driving through the cane fields which surround Mossman, and are sprayed between February and May each year.

During 1976, she recorded figures among her patients which were 80 times higher than the national average of births with cranial abnormalities. She also points to the numerous incidences of miscarriages among wives of farmers who used herbicides on their cane crops.

Dr White believes the 6000 people living in the Mossman area run more risk of herbicide contamination than anywhere else in Australia.

This claim was born out when a national newspaper attempted to check Dr White's claims with the Medical Officer of Health for Douglas Shire Council, which covers the Mossman area. When the subject of herbicides was raised with Dr H. S. Tinniswood, he said: "I don't wish to discuss that, thank you," and hung up.

Apart from the Cairns area, Victoria has been the most significant battle-ground in the herbicide war. Nowhere in Australia are the two opposing sides more polarised. The one figure at the centre of most of the controversy has been the State Health Minister, Vasey Houghton, or Evasive Houghton as he became known through his continued reluctance to discuss the issue with the media.

Mr Houghton's real problems, later to cost him his portfolio and almost his near-impregnable seat, began in the Gippsland town of Yarram, at the centre of one of the country's most lush dairy-farming areas. Between late 1975 and early 1976 five cases involving stillbirths or birth abnormalities were recorded in the area after extensive herbicide spraying. Mr Houghton's first attempt to bring reason to the resultant local furore had an effect roughly the same as that achieved by hosing down a blazing building with petrol.

Parents who give birth to abnormal or stillborn children, said Mr Houghton, feel, quite wrongly, a sense of guilt. And, in their efforts to overcome these guilt feelings, they look for causes outside themselves which may have contributed to their tragedies.

If Mr Houghton hoped that this strange outburst would settle the dust around the herbicide controversy, he was to be sorely disappointed. The outrage in Yarram continued to build until, eventually, Mr Houghton was forced into calling for a report. Accordingly he formed a 10-man Consultative Council on Congenital Abnormalities, made up, significantly enough, almost exclusively of State Government employees.

And then, in March 1978, six months before his hand-picked team had reached any conclusion, Minister Houghton announced their decision for them. He told an astonished State Parliament: "It has been established that the abnormalities were not due to any inhalation of either of these products. (2,4,5-T and 2,4-D)".

Three months later, in June 1978, quite unaccountably Mr Houghton recommended a State-wide ban on the use of both herbicides pending the outcome of the Consultative Council's report. Later the same month he reversed his decision over 2,4-D, lifting his ban as a result of a clean bill of health given to the spray by the National Health and Medical Research Council.

By September, 1978, he had also lifted his ban on 2,4,5-T, after the Consultative Council handed down its findings. They were, predictably enough, that the birth abnormalities had nothing to do with the spraying. Mr Houghton jubilantly told State Parliament that the report would take its place among world-recognised documentation on the issue.

His jubilation did not last long. Mr John Evans, a retired CSIRO expert on herbicides, soon came out with a scathing attack on the report. Mr Evans used his years of research background into the development of 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T to describe the findings of the Consultative Council as "worthless".

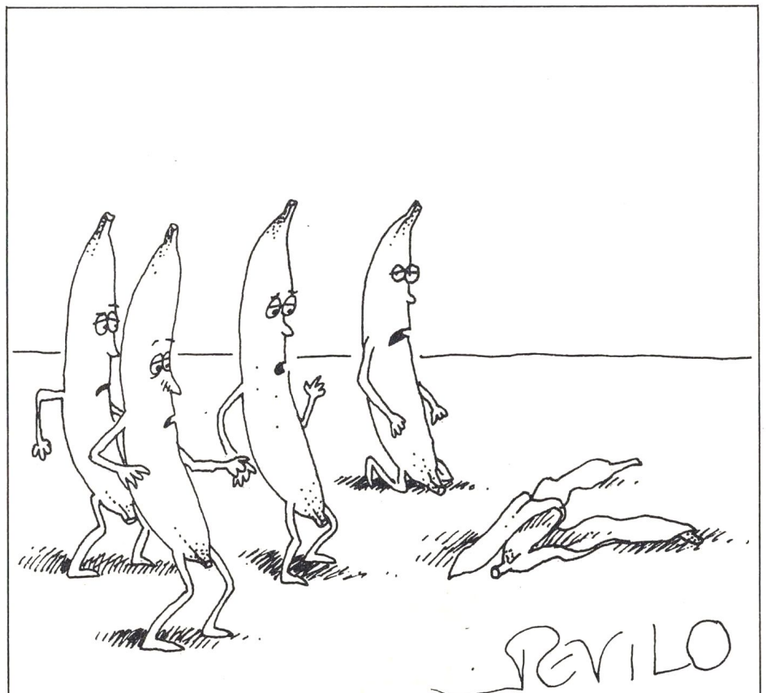
If this didn't make any difference to the views of Vasey Houghton, it did as far as his boss, Premier Dick Hamer, was concerned. In October, 1978, only a few weeks after the Consultative Council recorded its findings, Mr Hamer called for a State-wide review of the situation.

It was just as well he did, because a fortnight later the second bombshell landed. A second batch of birth abnormalities was recorded at Sale, another Gippsland township. Undaunted, Vasey stuck to his guns. Any link between the new series of abnormalities and the herbicide spraying which had immediately preceded them was, he assured anybody who was still listening, "pure coincidence".

By now the Victorian public was becoming rapidly educated about the finer points of herbicides, in particular 2,4,5-T and its deadly ingredient, dioxin. They were getting their information, via the media, from a world-recognised expert on the subject, Dr Arthur Galston, Professor of Biology at Yale University in America.

Dr Galston backed his words with 12 years of research into the effects of herbicides. Research which had contributed hugely to the ending of the use of Agent Orange in Vietnam. One of the main areas of Dr Galston's research had been into the substance dioxin.

Dioxin is a highly toxic impurity which is created inevitably in the manufacture of an acid which forms the base of 2,4,5-T. It is described by Dr Galston, quite simply,



"Someone's going to have to tell his family."

as: "One of the most deadly substances known to man."

It is impossible to eliminate dioxin from the acid base of 2,4,5-T, but it is possible to reduce it to below 0.1 parts per million, the legal limit in Australia.

Which sounds fine and re-assuring until you dig a little deeper. Dioxin is so toxic that it is identifiable in parts per billion. And one part per billion, according to Dr M. S. Meselson, of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, is enough to kill a guinea pig. Another AAAS scientist, Dr J. Verrett, has found that in chicken embryos, dioxin is one million times more potent as a foetus destroying agent than thalidomide.

Add to this Dr Galston's world accepted opinion that dioxin is carcinogenic (cancer-causing), and an even grimmer picture starts to emerge. It gets much worse when one starts to investigate the facilities available in Victoria to monitor dioxin levels, and make sure they stay below that vital 0.1 part per million. There aren't any facilities.

Dr Galston says: "Dioxin is a very rugged compound. No one knows its life. I simply cannot understand how any responsible public official would want to broadcast this stuff over broad acreages of land. The material is very stable, it has a long life, it can find its way into water systems, and it might be ingested some distance away. There is no doubt about it — dioxin is a terrible compound. We are dealing with very, very, dangerous chemicals." And once more, for the record, there are no facilities in Victoria for measuring dioxin levels in 2,4,5-T.

Which would perhaps not be quite so bad if it were manufactured outside the State. Sadly, this is not the case. A concern known as the Nufarm Chemical Company manufactures it at their premises in the Melbourne suburb of Werribee, just a few miles from the centre of the city. Which again would not be quite so bad if Nufarm enjoyed an impeccable record over non-pollution of the environment. Again, sadly, this is not the case. In March this year, Nufarm was fined $2500 with $750 costs in Werribee Court after being convicted of discharging 2,4,5-T and 2,4-D into the environment.

And that was not the only blot on Nufarm's record. Mr Brian Hicks, chief health inspector of the nearby Broadmeadows Council, speaks readily of the "constant stream" of complaints from residents who lived near the Nufarm premises before they moved from the Broadmeadows area to Werribee.

Mr Hicks also mentions the company's appearance before the Melbourne City Court in May, 1971, when they were convicted on 19 counts of discharging fumes, vapors, gases and waste liquid. And in February, 1972, Nufarm was found guilty in the Melbourne Supreme Court of conducting an offensive industry. Again, in February of this year, the company was fined $500 with $250 costs at Werribee Court, after amitting a charge of polluting the atmosphere with insecticide gas.

So, what is the Victorian State Government's attitude towards the Nufarm Company? How do the State's elected representatives feel about the organisation's record with regard to pollution of the environment? The answer to those questions is perhaps best illustrated by the fact that the Victorian State Government uses Nufarm as its main supplier of herbicides.

According to Mr Geoff Douglas, chairman of the Government's Vermin and Noxious Weeds Board, Nufarm has supplied about $2 million worth of 2,4,5-T and 2,4-D to the State Government over the past four years. Which no doubt has made the cost of the fines less significant on the bottom line of their balance sheets.

And even Vasey Houghton couldn't help getting himself into the Nufarm act somewhere along the line. In July 1978, Dr M. A. Trewhella, a lecturer in applied chemistry at the Footscray Institute of Technology in Melbourne, prepared a report for the Werribee Council, pointing out that Nufarm had no means of checking dioxin levels in the base acid they imported to manufacture 2,4,5-T.

> A scientist has found that dioxin is one million times more potent as a foetus destroying agent than thalidomide.

So, in August, 1978, Werribee Council wrote to Minister Houghton calling for an inquiry and telling him of their findings. In September, six days later, Mr Houghton wrote back promising the inquiry. Six months then passed without further correspondence. Then, on March 8 and 10 of this year, two Melbourne newspapers reported that Werribee was still waiting to hear the results of Mr Houghton's promised inquiry. Three days later, on March 13, the Minister wrote to the council, reporting that the State Government's Agriculture Department was installing laboratory equipment to analyse dioxin levels, and those laboratories should be ready by the end of this year.

And while the Victorian public was learning its dioxin lessons, courtesy of the media, further problems were coming Vasey Houghton's way. In October, 1978, *Truth* newspaper uncovered an alarming story in Stawell, a town in northern Victoria. Five men working for the State Government Lands Department in Stawell, representing one in six of the Department's work force, were found to have died from cancer after regular handling of the herbicides 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T.

Interviews with surviving members of the families of each of the five men revealed a number of disturbingly common factors. There were no other cases of cancer in the families of any of the five; all five died at a considerably earlier age than other members of their immediate families; four of the five spent 15 years or more with the Lands Department, the fifth spent six years; three of the five blamed their cancers directly on the herbicides; all five handled herbicide sprays on a regular basis, and three of the five reported nausea, headaches, sickness and irritability, all classic symptoms of herbicide contamination. But Vasey Houghton cleared it all up four days after the story was published by telling State Parliament that the article was "irrelevant and an unscientific deduction".

Two months later, *Truth* revealed that five living Lands Department employees, this time in the north-east of the State, had been placed on sick leave after urine tests revealed herbicide contamination in their systems.

Five months later, in May of this year, Vasey Houghton was hit by yet another broadside, this one delivered by an attractive anti-herbicide campaigner called Deidre Tripp. Three days after she had failed in an attempt to get her local council to ban 2,4,5-T and 2,4-D, she received, as the result of publicity, a total of 25 telephone calls from mothers living in her outer Melbourne suburb of Knox, an area, because of its semi-rural nature, subject to regular herbicide spraying.

Each one of the 25 callers had the same grim story to tell. Stories of malformed or stillborn children. And each one insisted she had conceived while living in the Knox area. Many had checked with council records and had found their conception had taken place during the spraying season.

Warming to her task, Deidre Tripp set off on a self-financed fact-finding tour of America, where she discovered still further disturbing facts. American scientists, she said on her return, were puzzled over why they had been deliberately hindered by Australian authorities in their efforts to compile facts for an international survey on the effects of herbicides.

Two members of the American Environment Protection Agency, Charles Poole and Bob Brown, had told her of their suspicions of a "cover-up" in Australia. Said Mrs Tripp: "Charles Poole felt that somewhere at Australian Government level there was an attempt to supress information on herbicides."

Mrs Tripp was later responsible for throwing first light on another suspected cover-up. This involved research carried out by Dr Barbara Field of Sydney University, linking 2,4,5-T with the birth defect spina bifida.

Dr Field claimed that she received a letter from the National Health and Medical Research Council urging her not to publish her findings.

The NHMRC's attempts to challenge Dr Field's findings were entirely in keeping with the organisation's record on herbicides. It was the same body that found nothing "in any way convincing" about the contamination claims of American Veterans. The NHMRC is the Federal Government's chief health advisory body, and earlier this year it gave its official stamp of approval to 2,4,5-T.

Even when evidence of unusually high abortion rates in a heavily sprayed area of Oregon, America, caused the US Environment Protection Agency to order an emergency ban on all spraying, the NHMRC still remained unconvinced. Vasey Houghton couldn't resist leaping back into the fray. "Maybe the US should re-evaluate its findings in the light of Australian experience and expertise on the 2,4,5-T question," he trumpeted.

Only weeks earlier, the Minister had greeted the US agency's emergency ban with the words: "I thought the EPA's action was pretty good, and to follow it as closely as possible was the best thing to do." Almost as equally disturbing as Mr Houghton's frequent changes of mind had been a statement issued by the NHMRC in June 1978.

After observing, without comment, that between 250 and 300 tonnes of 2,4,5-T, not to mention 2000 tonnes of 2,4-D, are used annually in Australia, the council informed the public: "During the manufacture of 2,4,5-T traces of TCDD (dioxin), a highly toxic substance *may* (our italics) be found." By this time anybody who read his newspapers in Victoria was aware that this was demonstrably incorrect. Dioxin has to occur in the manufacture of 2,4,5-T. There is simply no avoiding it.

Meanwhile, Vasey Houghton was under further seige from two groups that steadfastly refused to be either impressed or intimidated by his particular policies. They were the unions and the local councils of Victoria. Throughout 1978, and this year, there was barely a country paper in the State that did not, at some time, carry a story on the herbicides. And most of those stories were reporting that the paper's local council had just decided to ban all spraying in its area. More than 20 such local-government-level bans were introduced during this period.

Finally a councillor from Sale, the Gippsland township where the second cluster of abnormalities had been recorded, decided to do something about shepherding all this disquite into some semblance of order. That was Lindsay Taylor, an outspoken and energetic anti-herbicide campaigner, who had long been a thorn in Minister Houghton's side. Mr Taylor took his views along to a meeting of the Provincial Cities and Towns Association in Bendigo, in central Victoria, and had little trouble persuading all councils present to agree to an all-out ban on the use of both 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T.

Things were moving along equally fast in the trades union camp. And they, too, had their champion. He was Melbourne barrister Michael Arnold, who stood against Mr Houghton as ALP candidate for the Minister's blue ribbon seat in the latest State elections. Mr Arnold gave Vasey a nasty scare, almost costing him his seat, and quite certainly contributing to his resultant demotion from the Health portfolio to the somehow inappropriate (for him) Ministry of Conservation.

> We would all prefer that pesticides caused no deaths, but the fact some do is no justification for attack by environmental extremists.

Michael Arnold also acted in a legal capacity for the Australian Workers' Union in their battle to have washing facilities installed for all Government employees who handled herbicides. Mr Houghton's response to a request, which would have been a legal necessity in a private concern, was to say there weren't sufficient funds available, and anyway, it was a matter of "personal hygiene" for those concerned.

Partly as a result, the AWU conducted a survey among its 600 members who handled herbicides for the Government. This led to six actions for compensation for alleged herbicide contamination which are currently pending. It also led to an AWU ban on handling of herbicides, followed by a Trades Hall Council ban, and a projected ACTU boycott.

By now, just about the only significant ally Vasey Houghton had left was the Federal Government's number one herbicides and pesticides advisor. Jack Snelson, pesticides co-ordinator for the Department of Primary Industry, was one of the very few who could survive in the rareified atmosphere of Mr Houghton's attitude to the 2,4,5-T question. One of the more unusual aspects of Mr Snelson's 12-year tenure of his $20,000 a year post was his background of employment in the chemical industry.

One of the many roles of his job is to act as a kind of unofficial arbitrator, or umpire, between the chemical industry and the conservation groups that oppose it. Yet Mr Snelson came to his Government post after 20 years, many of them as chief chemist, with an international pharmaceutical concern. A past chairman of the United Nations Food and Agriculture Organisation's committee on pesticides control, Jack Snelson enjoys a great deal of influence and frequently travels around the world to wield it.

It is not generally well known, but Mr Snelson has long been of the opinion that world wide opposition to the use of herbicides is the direct result of fierce lobbying by the marijuana growers of America.

He reasons that the dope growers of California and Oregon, terrified by the effects 2,4,5-T would have on their crops, have been busily infiltrating conservation groups with their terrible propaganda. He doesn't stop to reason how the herbicides can be so harmful to dope plants, when, as he says, they are the next safest thing to mothers' milk where just about everything else is concerned.

Recently, Jack Snelson came close to qualifying for the Vasey Houghton Bizarre Comments Award when he spoke to the Royal Australian Chemical Institute at a Melbourne seminar this May. Among his better gems were: "The attack on chemicals is powerful, vicious and well organised, and is presently handicapping international trade and freedom of choice of independent nations." Or: "The force that would claw down man's achievements in chemical technology arises from the taboo on poisons." And: "The body politic is a heterogeneous mixture of activists, axe grinders, do-gooders, cranks, guilt complexes, profiteers and vested interests. We have seen all of these forces at work recently promoting the controversy over 2,4,5-T." He even condemned newspaper stories on chemicals as "sensational, sadistic and often sexy".

And lastly: "Now we would all prefer that pesticides caused no deaths, but the fact that some do is no justification for the ferocious attack on pesticides by the environmental extremists and the urban news media."

But the final words must rest with Vasey Houghton. They were uttered on the occasion of his demotion from Health Minister for Victoria to Conservation Minister. "I'm a farmer — naturally I'm a conservationist," he said. It would almost be funny if only it weren't so tragic.

For hundreds of Australians travelling the Overland Route to Europe Charles Sobhraj was a dealer in good times, pretty stones . . . and death.

DEATH ON THE OVERLAND

BY RICHARD NEVILLE AND JULIE CLARKE

During the Sixties and early Seventies there emerged many new areas of personal freedom. Among them was overseas travel to far-away and exotic places. For thousands of Australians the Overland Route to Europe promised adventure, personal contact with different and exciting cultures, a visit to Freak Street in way-out Katmandu, and an opportunity to drop in to the world of dropping out.

Charles Sobhraj preyed on the Overland. His mission was to drug, rob and murder. His accomplices were a French-Canadian girl named Marie Andree Leclerc and an Indian youth named Ajay Chowdury. His victims were innocents abroad — Australians, Turks, Dutch, Americans and more. He admits to 10 murders, although he has not been brought to trial for nine of them. "In the unlikely event I will ever appear in court in Thailand I will deny everything," he told the authors of this article.

Charles Sobhraj was born Vietnamese and brought up in France. His youth was that of a brilliant misfit, studded with petty crime and jail sentences. He came of age when he established himself in Thailand as a gem merchant with the alias of Alain Gautier. In this extract from the forthcoming book, The Life and Crimes of Charles Sobhraj, *Richard Neville and Julie Clarke recount, with chilling detail in the tradition of* In Cold Blood, *the first series of Charles' murders. They dedicate it to those who seek the international camaraderie of the road and those wanderers who travel the world on a song and a shoestring . . . and to those who fell victim to the psychotic madness of Charles Sobhraj.*

What is this man? A knot of savage serpents that are seldom at peace amongst themselves — thus they go forth along to seek prey in this world. — *Nietzsche*

On Thursday September 4 1976, 300 kilometres from Bangkok, an Australian couple lay on the sand, their stomachs raw and rumbling in the aftermath of a bout of diarrhoea and vomiting. Next to them the French-Vietnamese psychiatrist

Illustration by Martin Sharp

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and his wife ate crabs caught that morning. A jumble of giant rocks marked the southern edge of the beach, giving a name to the oldest seaside resort in Thailand, Hua Hin, 'Head of Stone'. It was an apt description of how the two Australians felt; their heads weighed heavily on their necks, and their eyes closed shut against their will.

"We heard you being sick last night," said the psychiatrist. "It sounded quite violent. Did you ever get to sleep?

"No. We were up all the bloody night," said Russell Lapthorne, a college professor travelling overland through Asia with his wife, Vera. They had first met "Jean Belmont" and "Monique" a few days before at Pattaya, a beach resort on the opposite shore of the Gulf. Over a few beers the psychiatrist suggested that they could team up and travel to Singapore by train, stopping at beaches on the way.

Monique played in the sand with a fluffy, white puppy, Franky. "Jean Belmont", her handsome husband with a taut, muscular body, swam a few laps in the water, ran back to them, and picked up his towel. "I'm going to the shop," he said, hardly out of breath. "I'll buy some tinned milk to soothe your stomachs, and by tomorrow you'll feel much better."

The night before the four had eaten together at a local shellfish restaurant. Later the Australian couple had rushed back to their room, pale, shaking, and wracked with stomach cramps.

The psychiatrist smiled down at them as he patted himself dry. "Seafood is always risky. I remember my wife once, after a bouillabaisse in Marseilles, I thought she would die."

At 3pm Russell and Vera, weak from their illness, stretched out on deck chairs on the shady verandah, where the potted palms rustled in the afternoon heat. Jean Belmont emerged from his adjoining room which opened on to the verandah carrying a tray of glasses filled with chocolate-flavored milk. He put a bowl on the floor for the puppy and passed a glass to each of his Australian friends.

"Thanks, Jean," said Vera, gratefully sipping the milk. "I still feel a bit dizzy. I think I'll go to bed."

Monique threw a rubber ball along the verandah for Franky to chase, and Russell curled up in his chair with his book, *Oil Politics*. The French-Vietnamese man leaned across the balustrade. It was the rainy season. The air was sticky, and clouds were gathering for the afternoon thunderstorm over the South China Sea.

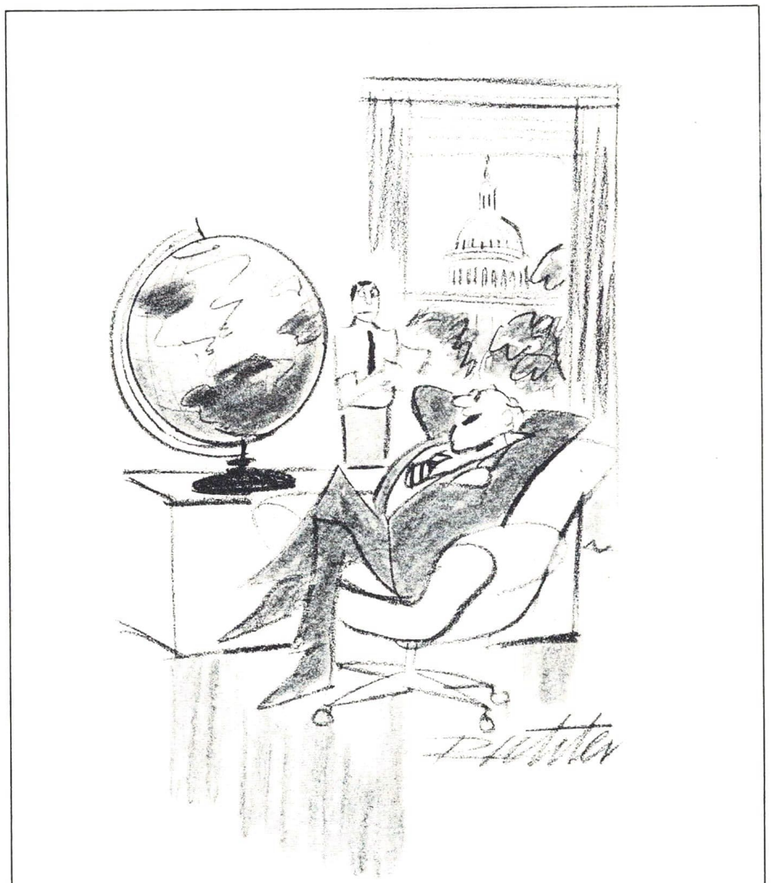
When Vera Lapthorne woke up, she got out of bed and fell over. The surroundings were strange. She tried to rouse her husband. It was Saturday September 6, thirty-six hours after they had drunk the glasses of chocolate-milk. When the hotel maids found them sprawled on the floor both of them were taken to the local health clinic. While they were unconscious, their stomachs were pumped. Vera was the first to make it back to the Railway Hotel where their passports, marriage certificate, driving licences, and all other identification were missing, as well as $900 in currency. Gone too, was a cine-camera and Vera's jewellery — a diamond ring and a gold chain. Vera knocked on the door of the adjoining room and was answered by an unfamiliar voice. The man who claimed to be a psychiatrist named Jean Belmont and his wife Monique had vanished. All they had left behind was a used battery from a cassette recorder and Franky's rubber ball.

While Vera stood on the verandah of the Railway Hotel, stunned by the meticulous treachery of the charming French couple, Charles Sobhraj and his mistress Marie Andree Leclerc were already back in Bangkok signing a lease for a flat. The building was called Kanit House, a five-storey, U-shaped cement structure hastily built in the 1950s, now run down, but still clean and respectable. A kidney-shaped swimming pool in the central courtyard added a token touch of glamour. Their flat, Number 504, was on the top floor at the end of one of the wings.

"We have a flat, and that is new hope," Marie Andree wrote in a letter. "At last we spend the night, just the two of us, in our home. This makes me really happy." For her complicity in the drugging of the Australian couple, the Lapthornes, Charles rewarded her with a night of lovemaking.

Dizzy and destitute in Hua Hin, Russell and Vera sold their Kodak Instamatic to pay for their hotel room and took their story to the local police. An interpreter recorded a statement, and the police, bemused, shook their heads smiling. Nothing could be done. A sympathetic businessman lent them the train fare back to Bangkok, and they went to their embassy for help. A few days later Russell collapsed with a high fever and abdominal pains and was rushed to the hospital where he remained for two weeks.

Marie Andree was not to have Charles to herself for long. Two weeks after they moved into the flat, they drove 800 kilometres north-east from Bangkok to



"You know what's comforting about retirement? Knowing there are 328 spots in the world where a man can seek political asylum."

Chaingmai, taking with them a plump, middle-aged Frenchman.

A towering backdrop to Chaingmai was the mountains of the Golden Triangle that border Laos and Cambodia, the home of the hill tribes who divide their time between embroidering costumes and cultivating opium on steep, inaccessible fields that supply 70 percent of the raw material for the world's illicit heroin market.

According to Charles, his passenger had been sent to Thailand by a European heroin ring to pay off local suppliers. The Frenchman allegedly, was one of the first names on the list supplied by his Hong Kong employers (or "investors" as Charles preferred to call them). His name was Andre Breugnot and Charles had been told that this man would be flying from Paris to Bangkok via Hong Kong in early September and checking in to the Royal Hotel. Charles claimed to have hung around the Royal Hotel until he had sighted a solitary, middle-aged figure sitting at the bar. Charles sat near him and began to drop phrases in French to one of his Thai girlfriends. As so often happened with the French in Asia, Andre Breugnot had been delighted to hear his own language spoken. Breugnot struck up a conversation with Charles Sobhraj, and the rest was easy.

Charles had mentioned casually that he was planning to take his wife, "Monique", on a trip to Chiangmai, which he knew was Breugnot's destination. Later, when they met for another drink, Breugnot, who was posing as an antique dealer, according to Charles, volunteered that he too was going on a visit to Chiangmai, and Charles offered to drive him there.

And so, on September 20 they arrived in Chiangmai together. After a sightseeing tour of the city and a few drinks, Charles said goodbye to Breugnot, whom he had mildly dosed with laxatives, and drove back to Bangkok. For this trip there was another passenger in the car apart from Marie Andree — a bearded young bank clerk Charles had picked up at an "overlanders" restaurant, Dominique Rennelleau. For most of the journey the young Frenchman was unconscious.

When Dominique opened his eyes, he was in a shadowy room cut with some slats of sunlight. For a few minutes, as he realised how much his head was throbbing, he watched the specks of dust moving aimlessly around in the sunbeams. Where was he? Another hotel room? Yesterday, or was it the day before, he was in Chiangmai. Alain and Monique were charming, a nice straight young couple, and really, he thought, the man's conversation was fascinating. They lived in Bangkok, they said, where Alain had a gem business. It was after the dinner they shared that Dominique's memory faded out. He remembered rushing back to his dilapidated guesthouse in a trishaw, only just making it to the grim cement squat lavatory before his bowels exploded with diarrhoea. And it continued all night. It never stopped. Dominique had been sweating, shaking, and vomiting all at once until he had felt like an empty shell of a man. He had heard other travellers talking about this sickness: Delhi Belly, the Katmandu Crappers, Thai Stomach. Everyone joked about it. He'd always assumed it was something other people suffered from, people more careless than he about drinking unboiled water. "Well, it served me right," he thought. But where was he now, he wondered.

The morning after the dinner in Chiangmai he had woken up on the floor of his room. The French couple were there. The man with that strange sallow face and bottomless black eyes was looking down at him saying, "Well, you've got the bug, haven't you? I know all about it. You'd better come home with us. We'll look after you." They had helped him into their car and given him something that "would set his inside like concrete". And now?

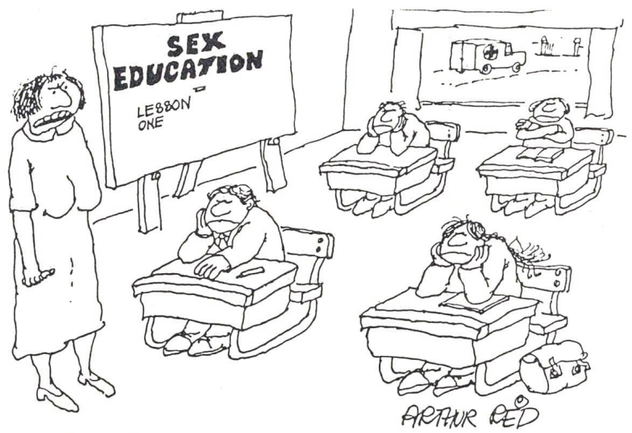
There was a tap on the door, and his host entered the bedroom. He was smiling and carrying a glass of white medicine. Dominque drank it. Then his limbs and head felt light and yet heavy at the same time, and consciousness washed away from him.

Charles would say later that one reason he had taken Dominique Rennelleau back to Kanit House was as an alibi for the job he now planned. After tucking his houseguest into bed with another sleeping draught, Charles caught the afternoon flight back to Chiangmai where a Thai friend met him at the airport and drove him to the Chiang Inn, the most luxurious hotel in the city. There, resting in his room, was Andre Breugnot.

When Charles recalled the incident, he laughed about something the man said to him soon after his surprise arrival at Room 207: "Who are you? I thought you were my friend." Charles had heard that before — it was his style, to use friendship as a weapon to break and enter into his victim's life. Intimacy — and pills; laxatives first, to induce illness so he could diagnose their complaints and offer helpful advice; later, when their trust had been won and defences disarmed, he would move in with heavier weapons: Largactyl, Quaaludes, Mogadons, and other assorted soporifics.

Once he had put a man on Mogadon for a few days, Charles believed he could make him do anything. What happened that afternoon between him and Andre Breugnot would later be recounted in his own words:

"Breugnot was so surprised when I suddenly appeared at the door and told him that we had business to discuss. "What do you come to Chiangmai for?" I



"Now, where were we before Angela went into labor."

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asked him, "as a tourist or on business?" At first he denied everything and I continued to question him. Later I gave him a Japanese slap on the side of the head and he fell to the floor. When you're hit like that you don't see anything for a few minutes, and you get confused. 'What's your trip, tourist or business?' I asked, and kept asking. He didn't answer so I kicked him and lifted him up by the shirt — he was a fat fellow dressed in a grey suit. 'You're from the Thai police?' he asked me, and I laughed. 'No, I'm French,' I told him."

" 'What do you want from me?' He was shaking."

" 'Your names in Bangkok,' I said."

"He told me he knew nothing and that he only came to Chiangmai once a year. 'You're not a small boy,' I told him, 'You're over forty — you must know a lot.' "

"Later I made him take a Mogadon and waited for it to take effect. I don't want to leave any marks. I showed him a gun.

'Either you speak up, Andre, or I work on you — no one will ever know what you tell me.' "

"All this time I was speaking softly. So Beugnot said, 'If I speak to you they will kill me.' "

"No one knows you're in the room, Andre. In a few minutes you can be free."

"You see the psychology? Now he becomes a conspirator. He is turning to me for help against the gangsters he works for. I picked up a paper napkin from the breakfast tray and tore it in half. 'This one is your life,' I said, laying down one sheet of paper in front of the man, 'and this one is your death,' I said, putting the other piece by its side. 'Which one do you choose?' "

"Then the man asked me in a slow voice, 'Are you sure no one outside this room will ever know?' "

"There's an atmosphere about Asia which makes Europeans insecure — it helps people talk. 'No one will ever know,' I assured him."

Breugnot then revealed details of his heroin business and gave him names of some couriers who would be coming to Thailand.

"Afterwards, I made him take some more capsules. 'It's just to secure our getaway,' I said. 'When you wake up everything will be fine.' "

"When the guy passed out I undressed him, and I put all his clothes neatly on the bed. I carried Breugnot to the bathroom — he was fat and heavy — and put him in the tub and turned on the tap. I laid his pipe near him on a stool by the bath and propped a newspaper, half in the water and half on the outside of the tub. I left some sleeping tablets on the sink. One thing, I didn't touch his passport or wallet. I held Andre Breugnot's head under water until he was dead. Then I dusted my fingerprints, locked the door behind me, and put up a Do Not Disturb sign. I worked fast and reached the airport in time to catch the afternoon flight to Bangkok."

Records at the French Embassy in Bangkok showed that an Andre Breugnot, aged 56, was found dead in a hotel room in Chiangmai on September 21. The maid found the body in the bathtub — blood had been dripping from the nose — and local police concluded that there was no trace of foul play.

Charles would call this operation 'a cleaning' and boast about it. It was the perfect murder — one still officially listed as an accident. Among the names Breugnot had given him was Vitali Hakim, a Turk known to his friends as Ved. He would be coming to Bangkok in October to buy heroin and pack it in false-bottomed suitcases for the couriers who would take it to Europe. The second name, allegedly, was that of Teresa Knowlton who would come from the United States to take a consignment of heroin from Bangkok to Katmandu. Teresa was not packing her bags for her trip to Kopan Monastery in Katmandu.

When Dominique, the bearded young bank clerk, woke up again in Kanit House, he felt better. "My God, how lucky I've been," he thought. "If Alain hadn't found me in Chiangmai — How did he find me? I never told him where I was staying — I could be dead by now." Instead, here he was ensconced in the guest bedroom of the French couple's flat in Bangkok. That night he was strong enough to get up and his host invited him out for a tour of the city.

After a week at Kanit House, Dominique was ready to move on. He wanted to see more of Asia and be home by Christmas. "I have to leave now, Alain," he told Charles. "I'll need my passport and money back." The next day he was suddenly sick again. He couldn't seem to shake off the stomach bug. Alain and Monique are being so wonderfully patient, he thought to himself, as Marie Andree put his glass of milky white medicine on the cocktail bar.

On top of the diarrhoea, he felt weak and sleepy, his memory drifted, and when he woke in the morning, he forgot where he was. But always there was Charles, sticking his head in the bedroom doorway on his way out and asking, "So, how are you today, Dominique? We'll soon have you cured."

How concerned and kind he was, Dominique reflected, despising his own weakness; he was always sick, always flushing the toilet, or just sitting, his head between his knees, as his bowels exploded and he listened to his hosts' justified laughter. "There he goes again. He must use a roll of toilet paper every day," Charles would say.

Early in October he started to feel better, and Charles said he could stop

". . . Now we come to this original Van Gogh."

taking the medicine Marie Andree had been dispensing for the past ten days and accompany them both on a trip to Pattaya beach resort and the gem mines at Chantaburi. When Dominique planned to leave again he was struck down by the mysterious illness.

And then the Indian boy arrived. Ajay Chowdury just turned up at the door one day, smiling a lot with his fine white teeth flashing in a handsome, brown face. Charles welcomed him as he walked in and put his small cardboard suitcase down. He was slightly built, and wore dark trousers and a white shirt, and had a moustache which added to the impression of personal neatness which contrasted, Dominique, realised uncomfortably, with his own unshaven face and crumpled clothes. The Indian thought himself to be in his own words "hip" and addressed Dominique as "man", using English with an Indian accent which Dominique could barely understand.

"I met Ajay in the park," Charles volunteered. "He was lost."

Dominique asked, "Where have you been staying?"

"At the Malaysia Hotel. It's a good place. I like it."

"Why does everyone stay there?" Dominique asked

"Oh, it's a cool place."

"Ajay is going to find me customers at the Malaysia. I think he'll be very good at it," Charles said, wolfing down the sandwiches prepared by Marie Andree.

Dominique tuned out of the conversation. English required too much concentration. Ajay didn't speak French, and Dominique was feeling sick again.

It was on one of those afternoons when the living room was filled with visitors that Ajay turned up with an American girl. "Hi," she said, "my name's Teresa." As soon as she walked in the door with her big smile and sat down on the cane sofa it was as though she had brought a party into the room with her.

Wanting to be hospitable in the house which now felt like his home, Dominique offered to go out and get some beer.

When he returned with two dozen bottles the group of young travellers were in fits of laughter. He had never seen the living room so lively. Even Marie Andree had discarded her familiar gloominess, and her thin body was shaking with incredulous giggles. Dominique opened the beers and put them on the coffee table in front of the guests and then sat on the sofa, next to Teresa. His English was basic and he wondered if he misunderstood what he was hearing Teresa talk about. All eyes in the room were on her. Two visiting Americans, a Thai girl, and Ajay and Marie Andree were all absorbed in Teresa's account of her sex life in Seattle. Her brown eyes were sparkling and she picked up her beer, shrugging, "And so when he asked me to sleep with his friends, I thought, well why not?" In an incredulous undertone Marie Andree was questioning Dominique in French to make sure he understood the gist of the bizarre stories Teresa was telling about her sexual experiences. It was a hot night and everyone kept drinking beer as Teresa chattered on. It seemed to Dominique that she was drunk. As she talked, she began stroking his thigh. Startled, he went to the refrigerator and got more beer.

At 11pm the door opened and Charles came into the room, looking trim and businesslike in a light blue open necked shirt and dark trousers, carrying an atache case. "Oh, darling," Marie Andree called out, "come and meet Teresa, she's fantastic!" Charles glanced around at the chaos of empty bottles and cigarette butts, then focused his attention on the new guest. "Hello, Teresa," he said, smiling and walking towards her. She looked up at him and flashed her sultry smile. It seemed to the others that an electric current passed between them. "I hope you will allow my wife and me to take you swimming one weekend," he said, "to Pattaya. It's a beach resort. We have a bungalow there." The invitation was so direct and unprompted, as though Charles had planned to ask her before he walked in the door, that Dominique would always remember it.

In her flat downstairs at Kanit House, Nadine Gires stood in front of the bedroom mirror, tidying her brown hair and hurrying on some pink lipstick. She was a tall, big-boned woman with an olive complexion and a pleasant, straightforward face. She had been married for two years to Remy, and had lived in Bangkok for the past eighteen months after he had been appointed chef at the Oriental Hotel. Remy worked hard and long hours in the kitchens, and Nadine was lonely in 307A, their tiny flat. She hurried up the cement staircase to flat 504. Yesterday she and Remy had been on their way out when a neighbour had come up and introduced himself as a fellow Frenchman. He was charming and very friendly and told them he was starting a cut-rate gem business and flattered them by asking their advice as long-term residents of Thailand. Did they know of a printer for his gem catalogues? What did they think of the Thais? "Don't trust them," Nadine and Remy had said laughingly. After he had come down and had coffee with them, he had suggested that since Nadine was at home alone most of the day, he might be able to offer her some work. She had asked him his name and he said it was Charles.

The upstairs flat was on the opposite

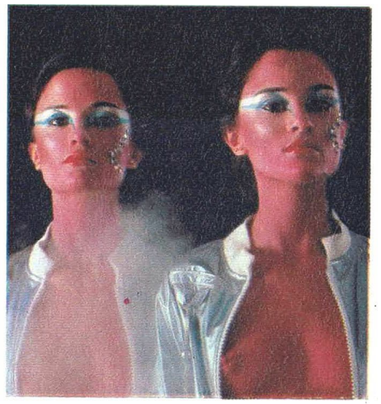
Continued on page 166

"Okay, men, this is where we separate the fairies from the leprechauns."

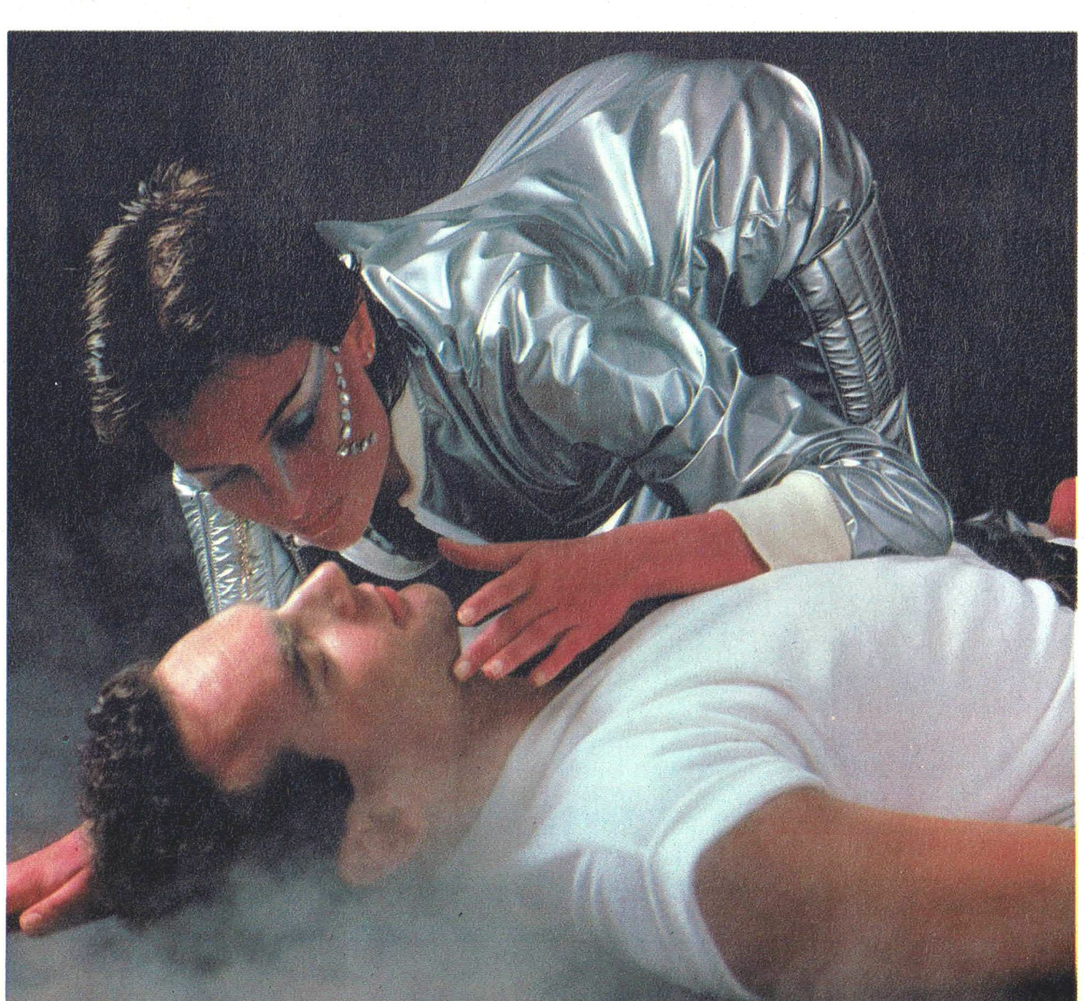
When you're lust in space
and rescue comes in the shape of
distressingly lovely damsels it's
nothing short of heavenly.

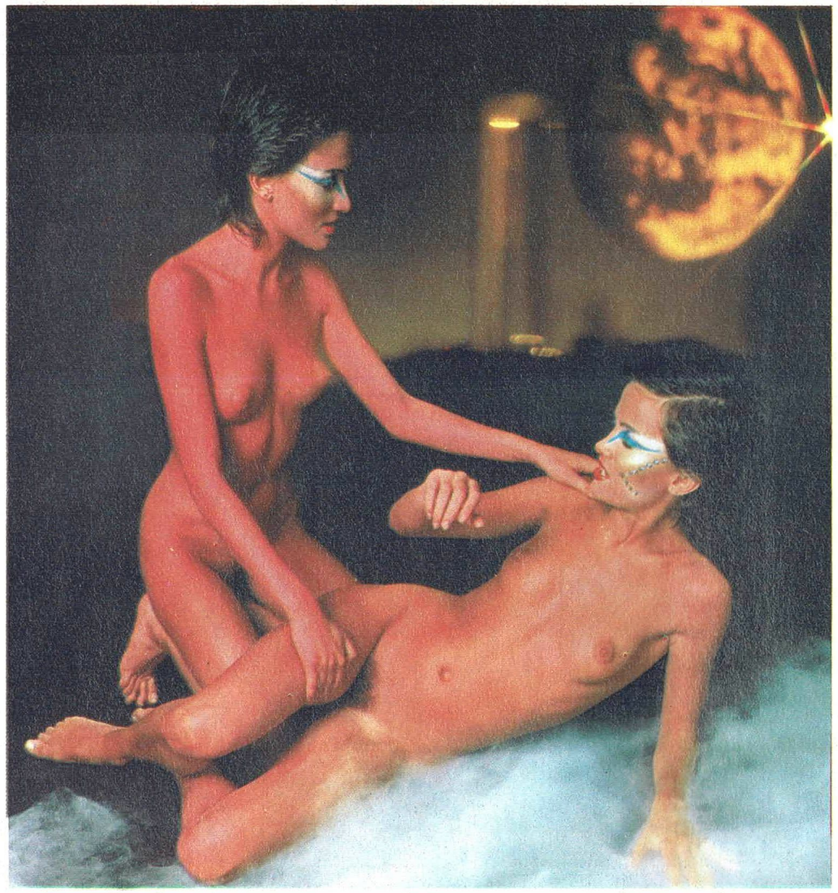
ECSTASY IN SPACE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GARY ISAACS

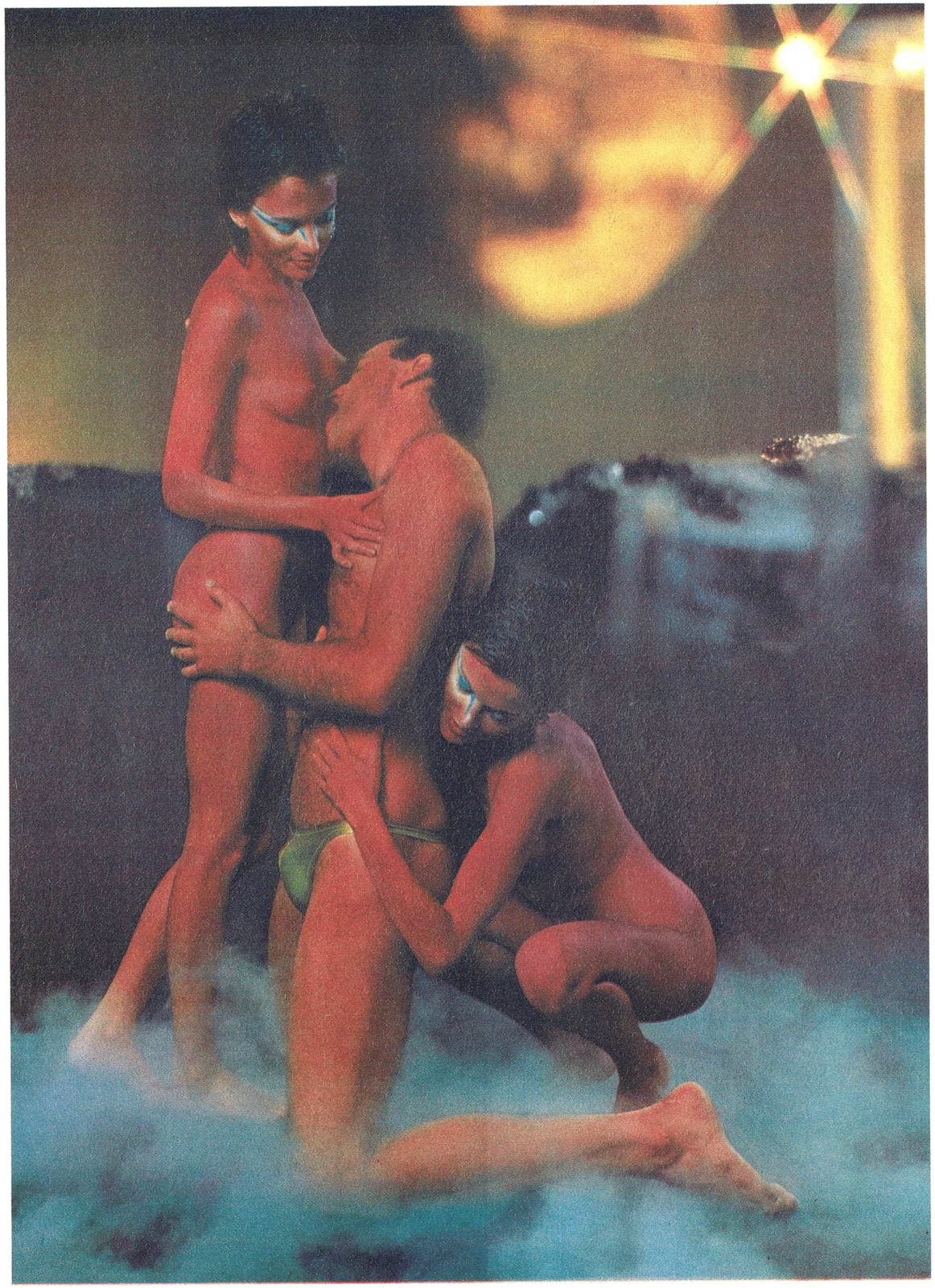


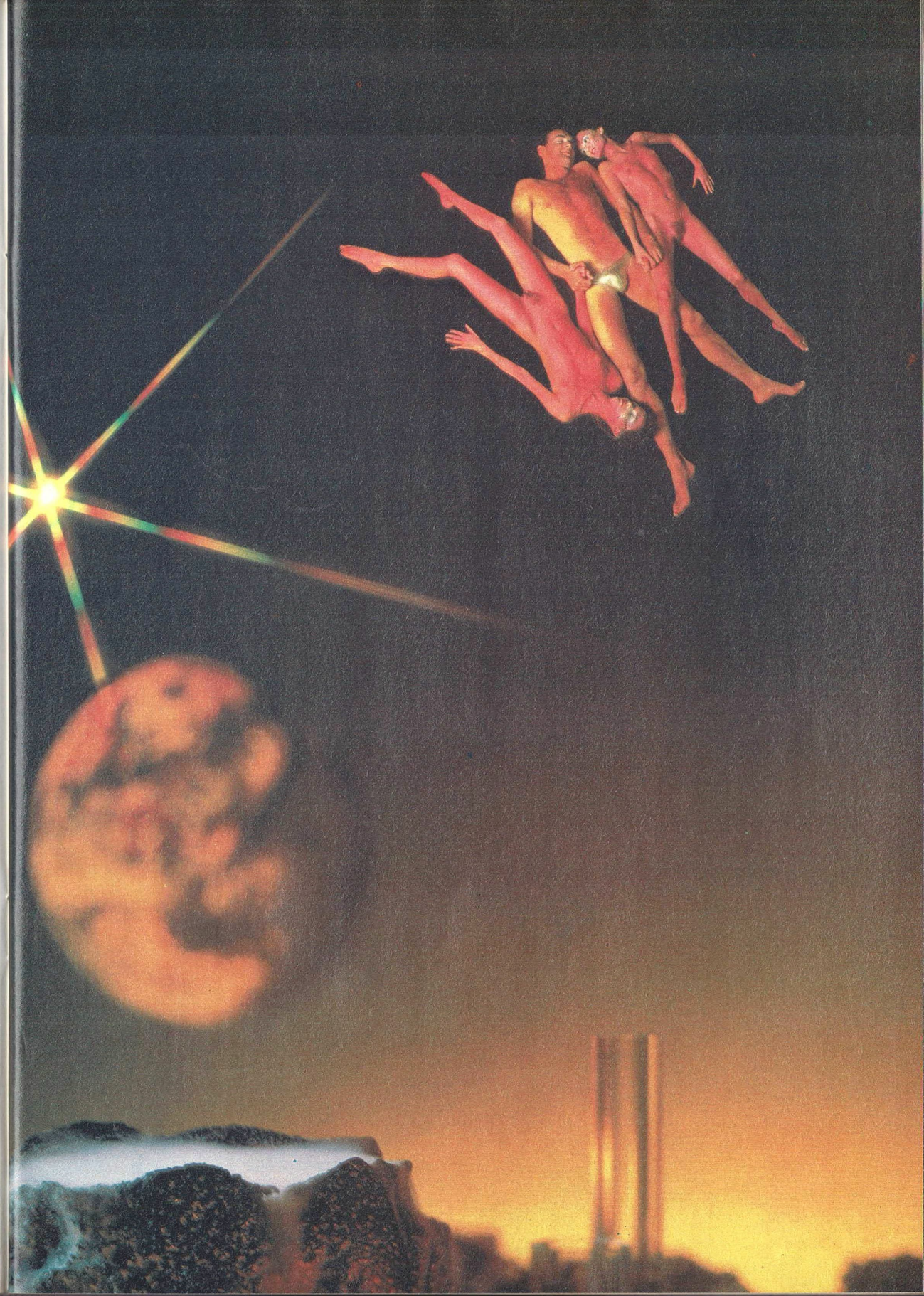
They came through space . . . intergalactic clones transported by the power of Eros. Across the empty reaches in search of pleasure. Their mission: to seek and enjoy a man who is said to have been stranded on Terra, the abandoned third planet of the Sol System. They find their victim near the ruins of an underground city, and use their cosmic powers to make him lose consciousness while they decide who will be first. But girls will be girls, and the thought of a space ball is very conducive to a space brawl.





Then comes the message from civilisations past — from the pleasure-seeking days of Rome, the wassailing nights of Henry the Eighth, the sensuous Seventies, and the orgiastic fervour before Planet Earth's Third World War: why fight when two can share the fun? And using techniques as old as the stars, they turn on their prey . . . and turn on and on and on until they are transported by their own pleasures back into the space which spawned them.





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The future of the human race
is being written on pieces of
silicon less than half a centi-
metre square. It is being
inscribed at a rate beyond the
comprehension of all but a
handful of people.
This statement does not over-
dramatise the reality of the
microprocessor revolution,

THE MARCH OF THE MICRO

In our information-drenched world, only microtechnology offers a way of staying on top — but at what price in social upheaval?

BY JOHN HAMPSHIRE

progenitor of the information boom. Only now are the scientists and engineers coming to grips with the enormous potential of the electronic tools at their command, so quickly has semiconductor technology developed.

From the single transistor switch/amplifier in 1957 we reached, through large-scale integration, the first true microprocessor with 2000 "switches" on a silicon chip in 1970. By 1977 that figure was 256,000 and it is expected that this year the first million-unit chip will come into operation.

If you are having comprehension problems already, let's use the brain-equivalent analogy: in the early 1950s, using valves, a computer with the same number of functional elements as the brain would be the size of Greater London and draw an enormous amount of power; by 1970 those elements take up the volume of a car; and by this year they should require no greater volume than the human brain — probably less — and need only a reasonable battery for power.

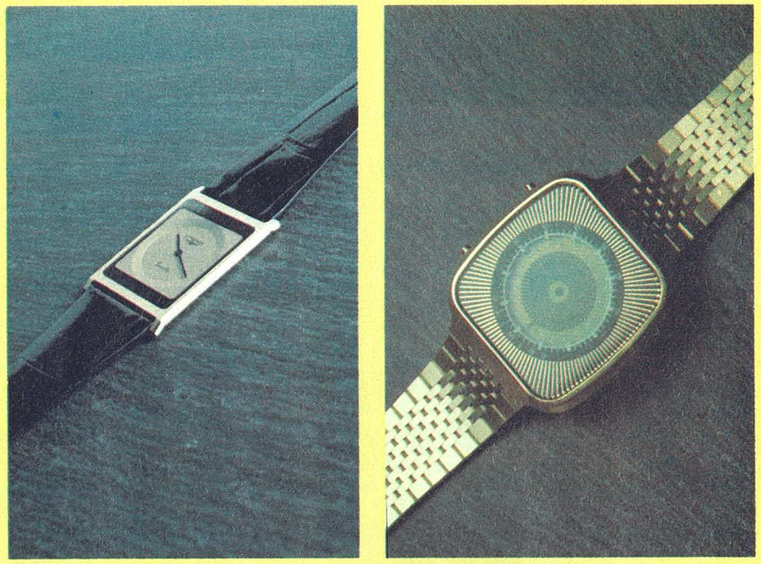
We are already familiar with the more common results of this miniaturisation process — calculators, digital watches — but there are many more startling developments either about to be thrust upon us, or feasible within the decade.

The array of gadgetry which will confront us and shape our lives is the most immediate aspect of the new technology and will be the first to exercise our minds. The second key issue, one which has already inspired heated and partisan debate, is the social impact. With the advantages offered by the new machine age will almost certainly come higher unemployment, invasion of privacy and the threat of alienation among large sections of Western populations. If people are going to be able to handle the microtechnology and information revolution without great trauma, now's the time to become accustomed to prospects for the future.

For instance, public transport patterns will be radically altered by such things as the 300km/h frictionless monorail link. Magnetic levitation vehicles, or maglevs, which use electromagnetic forces to suspend them so they run without any material contact, are a reality. Advanced experimental work on them is taking place in Japan in particular, and in Germany and the US.

Careful and continuous electronic monitoring is essential to the operation of both types of maglev vehicles, and in one system almost instantaneous response to minute operational variations is needed to keep the system in equilibrium — a system theoretically carrying a couple of hundred passengers in a vehicle travelling only 1cm to 1.5cm from the guiderails at 300km/h.

Only microelectronics make this level of control practicable and permit the development of these technologies.



Two approaches to microtechnology: the Texas Instruments Starburst ($US350), uses LCD "hands", in this case as stopwatch; and the Longines Delirium, under 2mm thick and $6800.

When William B. Shockley developed the transistor, for which he was to share the 1956 Nobel physics prize with two others, he could have had no idea that his work would help deal an almost lethal blow to the Swiss watch industry.

What Shockley was doing in the Bell laboratories in the late 1940s was kicking off the semiconductor industry. Semiconductors make use of the properties of material like silicon to partially conduct electric charges. When you spread your towel at the beach, you are sitting on the raw material. Silicon-based solar cells are also used to provide totally independent power supplies to microwave link towers in Central Australia. For once, one of the world's most valuable resources is in abundant supply.

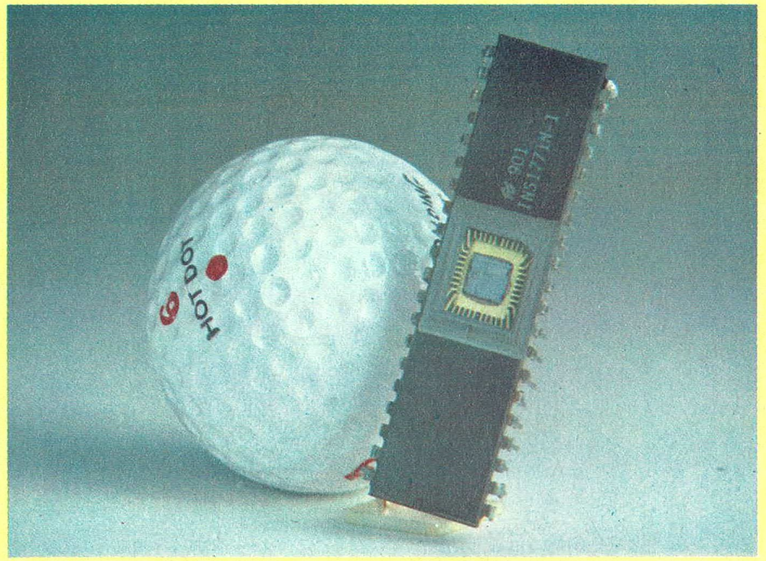
The rapidity with which Shockley's transistor killed the valve industry in the early 1950s was stunning, and might have served as an historical lesson for the Swiss, who pooh-poohed the idea of digital watches making inroads on their traditional markets and had to watch helplessly as they lost a $200 million slice of the industry they had dominated to the Americans and Japanese.

Valves amplify because electrons are emitted when an electrode is heated. This electrode won't function below a certain size. The transistor achieves the same effect and, because there is no electrode to heat, needs a fraction of the power. In addition, early transistors were about 100th the size of a valve. Exit valve industry. But even this remarkable device soon appeared clumsy beside the integrated circuit, developed as recently as 1963, which used silicon's crystal structure to duplicate the functions of transistors, diodes, resistors etc at, say, eight points on the one tiny chip of silicon.

The impetus for this rapid development of semiconductor technology — a rapidity which was to seem snail-like in the light of work through the 1970s — was supplied by the Pentagon. When Shockley left Bell in 1955 to go to Stanford University in California, he collected a research team which was given $15 million by the US Army to develop heat-resistant transistors. The type up to then stopped working at quite low temperatures, making them useless for missile control and guidance systems. These were the same type of systems required for the space program, and more funds poured in to microchip research when John F. Kennedy pledged to put an American on the moon in the 1960s.

As stated, the raw material for the silicon chip industry is in abundant supply. But the material must be processed to obtain the pure crystal structure, then subjected to photolithographic processes which layer the circuitry onto the tiny chip, to incredibly fine tolerances. The present state of the art demands accuracy to a level of about 6 microns, but it is expected that continuing development of present methods will take that figure down to an absolute limit of about 3 microns — that's three millionths of a metre. Electron beam machining, where focussed streams of electrons are used to carve the circuit, offers even greater accuracy.

Manufacturing at this level demands an environment as clean as it is humanly possible to achieve. A speck of dust would have the same effect as laying Ayers Rock across a major freeway intersection. Airlocks and other



The tiny grey oblong in the centre of this shaved-away "pinout" module is a silicon chip microprocessor, roughly the size of chips which contain all the aspects of a computer.

special procedures are used to obtain areas thousands of times cleaner than hospital operating theatres.

While the establishment costs of such a set-up are enormous, microprocessors can be produced 200 at a time on a single wafer of silicon, and thousands of wafers come off the production line every day. Each chip on the completed wafer is subjected to a simple "work/not work" test of its functions, at a rate as high as four chips a second. If 20 percent of the chips pass the test, the maker will be satisfied. If only 75 percent are junk — a failure rate which would send any other product maker gibbering to the psychiatrist's couch — he will be very happy indeed. It is not unknown for failure rates of 100 percent to occur, and to defy intensive efforts to find the problem area. In spite of the high chip failure rate, and in spite of the intensive final stage handling which is costly even with cheap labor, it is expected microcomputers — that is, complete computers on a chip with all the standard processing, storage and interface capabilities — will be available in 1980, in quantity, for about $1.

In the near future silicon chip-based technology, using metal oxide semiconductors (MOS) and charge-coupled devices (CCD), are expected to rule the microprocessor roost. But other technologies are available, notably "bubble memory" storage which uses the magnetic properties of materials such as garnet.

At this stage bubble chips are more costly to package because they must be surrounded by a controlled magnetic field, but the technique offers an even greater compression of information than the million-unit silicon microchips expected before the end of 1980.

On a more exotic level the Josephson device, in which a junction is switched between normal conduction and superconduction by a magnetic current, is one development which may offer still undreamed-of powers in a microprocessor.

What won't surprise anyone is if major new developments in the information processing field start issuing from Japan. A direct liaison between government and industry aimed at overhauling the American lead in microprocessor technology has had startling results. According to the New Scientist *(11 October 1979), two US and one Japanese company announced at about the same time in 1978 the development of a 64K RAM device — a very powerful item which requires extremely refined methods and which had been the target of microchip companies for some time. Only four years before, US executives had estimated they were still two years ahead of the Japanese in semiconductor technology.*

So well have the Japanese caught up, so successful are their testing methods and so high is their productivity that Texas Instruments, an American company and an industry leader, has established a plant in Japan which is setting quality standards for all the company's operations.

Against this level of involvement, moves to introduce microtechnology into Australia are puny and will remain so until the Federal Government decides a major effort is warranted.

On a personal level, cars already incorporate microprocessors. Ignition of liquid fuel engines can be controlled and monitored to the point where constant variations are made to the ignition timing and carburettor to keep the motor running at peak efficiency. In effect, it is being tuned as often as 30 times a second.

Instrumentation will be in the form of a digital display and the car's brakes will be monitored for pad wear; a sensor linked to a microchip will ensure optimum braking effort in all conditions.

Possibly the same microchip will function as the "troubleshooter", identifying systems failures within the vehicle and warning the driver, as well as providing more detailed information to the mechanic once the car is in the workshop.

A mushroom-shaped radome can be attached to the roof of a car to send and receive microwave signals, to and from other vehicles, which make it almost impossible for vehicles to collide.

The signals are assessed by a sophisticated on-board microcomputer, which alerts the driver to danger. If the risks occur too quickly for fallible humans to respond, or a warning is ignored (the driver being unconscious, say) the microcomputer will take control of the vehicle to stop it.

This system was proposed by Professor Robert McMillan of the New Jersey Institute of Technology only last September. He estimated the development cost at $15,000 million and the lives saved in the thousands. The technology to implement the scheme largely exists. Most of the cost would go in developing the programming, or software, needed to make the microcomputer function properly.

The prospects of car microprocessor functions being available in the near future are sound, since one of the major reasons 1980 could be a year of world microchip shortage is that GM, Ford and Chrysler are buying almost every suitable chip they can lay their hands on, and even their own microchip companies. Other microchip buyers have been told by many supply companies that order books are closed until 1981.

Finally, the car could be powered by a type of linked system — liquid fuel motor, electric motor and high-velocity flywheel — which is suggested as one way of handling our dwindling access to liquid fuel supplies. The problem of an electric engine requiring a large number of heavy batteries, and of having limited range, can be overcome on two fronts.

We are getting close to a very powerful battery which would greatly reduce the weight lugged around. It could recharge every time the fuel engine was used, or the demands of the electric engine fell below the output of the battery, such as when freewheeling down a hill.

The fuel engine would be required only to start the major source of torque — the

flywheel — spinning and to help push the vehicle along at certain high-load times, such as going uphill, and to help reach cruising speed quickly.

Since the system demands the most efficient interaction possible between the three components, it would almost certainly be controlled by a microprocessor.

Home computers, while still with problems which prevent their having widespread appeal, are available now for a few hundred dollars. Some can be made more powerful than the large mainframe computers of only a few years ago.

There is absolutely no reason why a home system should not be able to plug into an "information mains", much like the electricity distribution system. Problems of interface with data bank or transmission systems can be solved by plugging in pre-programmed microprocessor modules — a concept rapidly gaining favor over the traditional approach of customers being supplied with data processing facilities which then used programs laboriously written and tailored to individual needs.

The aspect of shopping by screen and ordering up text and graphic data stored thousands of kilometres away depends on the widespread installation of lines capable of handling high-speed data transmission. The present coaxial telephone cable system in Australia could not handle the widespread provision of this service.

There is an answer. It is in use now, and Telecom is watching closely. Hair-fine filaments of glass called optical fibres can carry up to 100,000 times more messages than a conventional cable, using pulse code modulated (PCM) digital signals (see panel).

Since a typical optical fibre strand might have a diameter of 0.1mm, many can be grouped — with some metal support material to prevent the fibres being overstressed — and still be many times thinner and lighter than conventional cable. There is no "crosstalk" — i.e. interference — between adjacent fibres carrying information as modulated light beams, as there can be between ordinary wiring.

Detailed research into the properties and problems of fibre-optic data transmission has been carried out in England, the US, Germany and Canada. One Canadian test was initiated with a televised business conference from London. The link began and ended with the signal being carried along optical fibres, and used a communications satellite over the Atlantic Ocean. It took place 77 years to the day after Guglielmo Marconi's first wireless telegraphy transmission across the Atlantic.

Optical fibre technology is beyond the purely experimental stage. The British Post Office is in the process of letting contracts worth about $8 million to begin large-scale conversion of the UK telephone network to optical fibres.

One thing makes feasible the use of optical fibre links to the home, with all the attendant implication of telephone, video, data and broadband access: the existence of cheap microprocessors to handle complex input and output functions.

The advent of PCM digital recording has already had an impact on conventional hi-fi sound reproduction. PCM will achieve its full potential when systems are developed to amplify the digital coding directly from a memory chip, cutting out the need to drag a needle through a bumpy plastic groove. The music on the microchip will remain forever — "forever" as far as the consumer is concerned — unchanged from the time it was imprinted. This type of microchip imprinting can also reproduce books and films, with enormous implications in entertainment and education.

Robots are around today. You just don't recognise them very often because none of them look like C3PO, or even R2-D2, from Star Wars. The very good BBC Horizon production, *Now the Chips are Down*, shows high mobile welding units in a Fiat plant and an even more mobile machine assembling a car alternator — in machine terms, a very complex task.

They are robots. It is not a very big step from there to a household utility module, either containing its own program or monitored and directed by the home's central unit.

Artificial limbs — arms and hands have had most attention — either have been or are now being developed which respond to myoelectrical impulses. These are the impulses sent along the nerves from the brain. Dr Daniel Graupe of the Illinois Institute of Technology is in the process of developing an arm and hand, incorporating microprocessors, which can distinguish what in human terms are fairly coarse groups of signals — bend elbow, turn wrist, close fingers — but which are quite enough to make an artificial limb function satisfactorily. Also incorporated is a feedback system which allows the microprocessor to control the effort being applied by the limb, making it possible to pick up a wine glass instead of reducing it to powder.

Electronics Today International reports the development of the ability, through the use of an electromyogram, to identify and activate individual motor impulses — voluntary control over the action of a single body cell. Work on electronic limbs is also being carried out in Queensland and, although we're still a long way from the *Six Million Dollar Man*, life will be a lot easier for amputees in the near future.

Handicapped people other than amputees are in the process of benefiting from the advantage of control by microchip.

There's nothing new under the sun, or so they say. In the midst of the quantum leap forward our lifestyle is making thanks to man's tinkering, it's ironic and quietly comforting that one such step forward-digital audio technology — should have its groundings over forty years ago.

It was in 1937, to be precise, that A.H. Reeves originally devised Pulse Code Modulation (PCM), a process that heralds a major new era in sound recording and reproduction. Basically, what PCM does is to tranform an analogue signal into a digital signal, where the information is carried by a series of pulses instead of a modulated frequency wave.

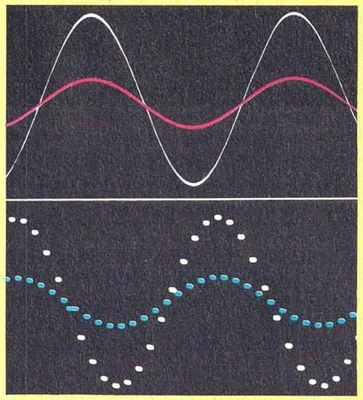
Here's how it works: the term 'analogue' is used to represent a continuous process. 'Digital' is used to describe a fixed stage process. An increase in temperature is an example of the former, while an increase in a country's population is an example of the latter. On the analogue scale you can have temperatures of 30 degrees, 30.1, 30.01 and so on; on the digital scale there can be no such thing as 30.1 people, increase is by a minimum unit of one.

How does this apply to hi-fi? Well, audio signals provide continuous *values in regard to their amplitude. PCM takes this continuous signal and converts it into a digital signal and then into binary code. The greater the number of binary digits (bits) used, the more accurate is the representation. Some systems now in use are using up to 1.5 million bits/second.*

The whole system works in a crudely similar way to motion pictures. When you see waves rolling onto a beach on the screen the action might look continuous, but the process is digital. The moving image of those waves is composed of a series of separate images appearing on each frame of film.

The conversion of the continuous to the digital is being applied to sound with staggering results. There are four reasons why digital audio is so attractive:

- *Minimal distortion: in magnetic recording, problems are posed by the non-linearity of the tape, the heads and transmission elements, and these are the major factors behind signal distortion. PCM is not affected by linearity and as a result the process is able to yield a distortion level of less than 0.03 percent, with the magnetic systems peak figure of around 3 percent.*



Left: Home video systems can handle data levels needed for PCM. Above: Representation of standard analogue signal (top) and same signal in the PCM digital format.

- *Wide dynamic range: by using 1.5 million pulse codes per second, a dynamic range of about 90dB has been achieved on PCM machines. This compares with about 65dB on high-quality studio tape machines. Moreover, it is theoretically possible to improve on the 90dB figure by increasing the pulse code rate. In addition, PCM recorded tapes show no signal deterioration, even when copied often.*
- *Wow and flutter: in standard tape recorders, the tape and head come into contact and the resultant variations in their relative speeds are detected as wow and flutter. With PCM the signals read out during playback are affected by this kind of variation — but before being reproduced they are stored in a memory circuit and re-transmitted in the same time intervals as when they were recorded. Because the original signal is thus exactly duplicated, there is, theoretically, no wow, flutter or level deviations.*
- *Low noise: in the PCM system, tape hiss and other types of noise are picked up during the recording process. But because what matters in playback is whether there* is *a signal (1) or* not *(0), the addition of the unwanted noise makes no impact on the signal being played back. In other words, the system reads the signal (1 or 0) and disregards additional noises.*

Digital is currently receiving the big push to become the standard method for recording music, but at this stage there are still some problems to be ironed out. As noted earlier, digital systems are capable of spewing out something in the order of 1.5 million bits/second. When this is converted into frequencies it equals 1.5MHz and obviously no ordinary tape recorder is capable of recording/reproducing that frequency.

So, to date, the major demonstrations of digital audio have been generally confined to specially-altered video cassette machines (which are capable of handling the high frequency) which can record and play true digital material only after adding a special adaptor. It is all fairly intricate and extremely expensive. The adaptors alone are about $4000. Some manufacturers have also demonstrated digitally-encoded audio discs, based again on video (disc) technology. But while the results, from all reports, have been something staggering, the expense has been beyond all but the most well-funded research departments.

Herein lies the problem for the industry. While the results of digital, even at this embryonic stage, are clearly superior to our present system, will the consumer be interested in abandoning his currently quite satisfactory system for a vastly more expensive digital system?

Apart from price considerations, the major factor governing his decision will probably be that of compatibility — the factor, which more than any other, eventually brought four-channel sound undone. Although there have been recent attempts to create industry-wide standards for audio discs, at this stage these are guidelines and are not expected to be ratified for at least another two years. In the meantime we have the situation where none of the existing or proposed digital systems (tape or disc) enjoys full compatability with others.

As an example, the machines by 3M and Soundstream both use one-inch tape, 16-bit encoding and á 50kHz sampling rate, while each uses a different error detection system and a different track format. The 3M and Soundstream use instrumentation-type machines with fixed heads, but Denon and Sony use video tape recorders with rotating heads as well as different encoding processes and tape width.

And while it is possible to play back one of RCA's prototype PCM discs on a National Panasonic player, it is not possible at the moment to play back a Panasonic disc on an RCA player. One way of ironing out the problem is by encoding the information on microprocessors, which would automatically help standardise systems.

Many industry observers believe it only a matter of time before PCM encoded discs replace the conventional LP record, and PCM radio broadcasts become the standard. With these developments, along with increasing development in the areas of digital mixers, reverberators and other peripheral equipment, the day of the total digital audio system may not be too far off. — Wayne Elmer.

Blind people can use a scanner attached to a package about half the size of a cigarette carton. The scanner is run over pages of print and a voice synthesiser reads out the words. Problem words are rescanned and spelled out letter by letter.

If a little black box can make speech sounds, it can also be made to interpret speech to provide voice-controlled electric wheelchairs.

Probably the most awesome use of the microprocessor in replacing defective human functions is in combination with electrodes implanted in the cerebral cortex.

Work done at Stanford University in California to aid the deaf was shown on *Now the Chips are Down.* Ultimately a microprocessor will be implanted in a patient's skull which can receive sound and directly stimulate the brain providing signals capable of being interpreted by the patient as sound. Similar work is being done in other centres to provide visual signals for the blind.

Apart from the physically handicapped, those with intellectual deficiencies can be aided by teaching units using microprocessor control. They have access now to talking-machine spelling aids, obviously also useful for young children with normal brain functions.

Such machines offer the intellectually-handicapped several advantages, including: on the most basic level, awareness of the need for sequential operation of the machine's keyboard (or other input) to obtain results; access to a "teacher" who can't become bored or irritated by repetition; and the ability to recognise and respond to progress.

The speed of the change wrought on society by semiconductor technology, or microprocessors, or very large-scale integrated circuits — whatever label is applied to the phenomenon — is not only a function of the rapidity with which advances are made in this field, but also of the speed of application of the new technology to everyday life.

High rates of change can have a marked effect on society and the individual, as popularised by Alvin Toffler in his book, *Future Shock.* While Toffler's work is not totally accepted academically, it contains many valuable insights — yet it was published in 1970 and written before the advent of the microprocessor, the single greatest accelerator of change since the printed word.

The most visible examples are the watches and calculators, but there are very few electromechanical products on sale which are not being developed for microprocessor control, or which do not already contain microchips.

These include the familiar kitchen and laundry whitegoods such as washing machines, microwave ovens and semi-industrial gear such as power tools.

Naturally, the most susceptible areas to the penetration of high-technology electronics were those areas most electronically-oriented, with a high degree of electronic awareness among users — hi-fi sound equipment, television receivers, cameras and video tape recorders, and highly-automated still cameras.

In all these applications — mechanical, electromechanical and electronic — mircoprocessor control offers:

- improved reliability
- improved functions — as well as performing standard functions better, microchips often add desirable functions previously too hard or too costly to obtain
- flexibility in model design
- the chance to include a diagnosis circuit to monitor performance and locate failures.

But the microprocessor revolution is essentially an information revolution, and

> In human terms, linking "information" and "computers" invites a knee-jerk image of Big Brother controlling our daily lives.

the more obvious daily manifestations of the revolution are no more than by products. Certainly, the sociologists and technocrats whose job it is to give us some view of the future focus on the impact of information access.

In computer terms "information" might be the stuff fed back into a central control computer which is supervising the functions of other computers in the running of, say, a paper mill.

But in human terms, linking "information" and "computers" invites a knee-jerk image of Big Brother controlling our daily lives.

Computers can be programmed with interlocking security checks which make it almost impossible for anyone to obtain unauthorised access. But those checks can be circumvented — usually with a lot of time and effort — to carry out criminal acts.

Yet it is not unlawful access that concerns us as individuals, but the potential for misuse of the intimately detailed personal data at the disposal of the politicians, bureaucrats and police, misuse by those with *lawful* access.

In addition, the information boom threatens us on two other major fronts: to strip us of privacy and the sense of control over our own affairs (however illusory that might be even today); and the jobs of those who, to a greater or lesser degree, handle information — and, since estimates of those numbers go as high as 80 percent of the workforce, a substantial disruption of Western society.

The threat of large-scale unemployment, in the UK at least, as a more-or-less direct result of the microprocessor revolution is discussed by Iann Barron and Ray Curnow, who prepared a thorough University of Sussex report for the British Government called *The Future with Microelectronics* (University of Queensland Press).

They canvass the difficulties inherent in the redistribution of purchasing power at high unemployment levels: simply, how to make sure that the increased productivity of those who have jobs is spread equitably through society.

This need to monitor society closely is best met by using the very technology which — theoretically — caused the problem.

Barron and Curnow say these implications dwarf concerns about the tendency towards '1984-type' societies, and the issues of privacy. They suggest that to ensure equitable distribution of purchasing power, there may be a need to introduce more comprehensive record-keeping of individual and family incomes, commitments and needs.

The easiest way to achieve that, of course, is for everyone to have a personal records computer which legally must be open to enquiries by a government computer.

It is certainly conceivable that within a reasonable time, because of their potential as data gatherers, entertainment centres, teaching aids and so on, computers will penetrate homes as successfully as the telephone today, and be subject to legislative controls.

Misuse of data by those with lawful access has occurred. Data collected by government and business bodies have been released indiscriminately in the UK, US and Australia, in our case related to tax records and credit ratings. It is also possible that the lack of proper security controls on staff handling drugs data has led to at least two murders in this country.

Law enforcement agencies say tight controls on data bank links, notably in the US, hamper them in their hunt for criminals, setting off again the struggle to strike a balance between the good of the individual and the good of the society.

But it would be specious to pretend that microprocessors did not exist. We simply must come to terms with the new technology in the best way we can, and realise that if we try to turn our backs on it we run the risk of a steady decline in living standards as we become more and more uncompetitive in the world market place.

Besides, the new technology is pointing firmly toward the development of artificial intelligence, or Ultra-Intelligence, which might be just what we need to help solve the problems caused by such probabilities as a 20-hour work week, a short working life, the demise of the printed word and the social disruption expected as a result of these profound changes.

One of the most prevalent views is to see the advent of microprocessor technology in terms of Kondriatev "long wave" economic theory, which goes back to the Industrial Revolution.

In April a workshop was convened at the Academy of Science in Canberra under the heading "Science and Technology for What Purpose? An Australian Perspective." In the report on that workshop, Stephen Hill, professor of sociology at the University of Wollongong, wrote that Kondratiev theory identified new cycles of economic activity beginning in the 1780s, 1850, the 1890s and the 1930s, each cycle beginning as inventions in production and energy use came into large-scale service.

But Professor Hill warns that previous cycles began with the opportunity for economic growth and the availability of plentiful physical resources, while the impact of microprocessors is set in a context of contracting physical resources and limits on economic growth.

This view is reinforced by Barron and Curnow. In a segment headed **The information revolution,** they write: "Currently, world economic growth is slow and unemployment levels are rising: this pattern looks suspiciously like (another) Kondratiev wave. The technological change associated with this wave is electronics generally, and information technology in particular.

"Since there have been no basic changes to the economic order, there is no reason to expect that the response of the economic system will differ significantly from the previous Kondratiev wave."

Briefly, this response is that some people (a minority), benefit greatly: while others suffer disproportionately either because their jobs are eliminated, or because they cannot participate in any benefits of the change.

These inequalities are eliminated as the economy stabilises, but that's not much comfort to parents struggling to bring up a family in the meantime.

Some experts suggest that a wholehearted plunge into microelectronics is the only way to *avoid* the loss of many jobs. Ian Mackintosh, a consultant who helped convince the British Government to spend 50 million pounds last year in setting up the microchip firm Inmos — of which Iann Barron is director of strategy — has devised a formula to show the possible employment implications of microelectronics.

While accepting that too many unknowns are contained in the formula to make it perfect, Mackintosh suggests that if British electronic firms do not become involved in microelectronics, the number of jobs in that industry could fall by half to 250,000 over the next 10 years. On the other hand, a positive response to the challenge could see industry employment rise as high as 1.4 million, according to the formula.

The best example of a "positive" reaction to the advent of microelectronics is the EMI body scanner. It is, so far, a unique example of the application of microprocessors because nothing like it existed before. In other words, instead of just using microchips to make things work better, a market has been created.

Where Professor Allan Cormack and Dr G. N. Hounsfield succeeded — well enough to take out the 1979 Nobel Prize — was in developing the software to take full advantage of the capabilities of microchips. What they produced was computer-assisted tomography, a system of x-ray use which allows doctors to build up a three-dimensional image of the body.

The value of their contribution to medicine has been acknowledged. The value of their contribution to our view of microtechnology is at least two-fold: they demonstrated just how important the

"Damien's always saying he'll leave me — but he never says how much."

software (programming) aspect can be, and how valuable — since software costs can form as much as 40 percent of the cost of the total system; and they showed that new industries, and therefore new avenues for employment, are possible. The EMI body scanner went from zero to a $200 million industry in five years.

Yet the advent of microelectronics and large-scale automation do not lead automatically to the enhancement of our lives. For instance, a supermarket changed its cash registers for machines which performed the same function but which were in fact computer terminals, and therefore had many more functions.

Generally these other functions were directed towards maintaining an efficient stock record, but then it was found that every entry made by the checkout girls was being retained. This meant their speed and accuracy could be checked at any time; the girls promptly went on strike until that function was removed.

If this type of experience, and the easily-visible inroads into unskilled and semi-skilled jobs by automation, sour people against the new technology, the dilemma remains.

If we don't automate and take as much advantage of high-technology skills as we can, how are we going to compete against countries which do?

One thing that ameliorated the upheavals associated with the first Industrial Revolution was the relatively slow development of the social disruptions: people were cushioned to some degree by having time to adjust, whether willingly or not.

It would seem that we are not to be so lucky, at least according to Clive Jenkins and Barrie Sherman in their book, *The Collapse of Work* (Eyre Methuen): "On average, there appears to be a 15-year gap between discovery and commercial acceptance and viability of a new technology.

"This was certainly true of the transistor. It therefore follows that the new breakthrough is upon us now, as the interregnum period has well and truly expired."

If the "breakthrough is upon us now", as indeed the evidence suggests, then we must turn to Telecom Australia to see how much of the information boom we can expect to see delivered to Australian householders in the 1980s.

In 1976 Telecom produced a study called *Telecom 2000,* intended to canvass directions in telecommunications to the end of the century. Now *Telecom 2000* has itself been studied to gauge response to the directions it outlined, and the results compiled in a report called the *Outcomes from the Telcom 2000 Report.*

The first blow to the system is the statement that "it is unlikely that there will be any extensive optical fibre distribution systems within Australia within 10 years". This immediately precludes the availability of the full range of options open to household consumers. Yet *Outcomes* indicates quite clearly that a reasonable amount of the information revolution's impact could be felt here in the not-too-distant future.

Two main types of data services are possible with present installations. One is known as teletext and is transmitted with normal television programs, a decoder being required to produce the data on-screen. The other is the Prestel system in the UK, formerly known as Viewdata and operated experimentally by the British Post Office. It uses telephone lines to gain access to the Post Office's computers.

In relation to teletext, *Outcomes* says: "Trial broadcasts are now being made." On Viewdata, it says: "Some preliminary assessments are being made within Telecom Australia."

Here is the meat: "Some new developments provide for the sending of computer programs by teletext, so that a microcomputer owned by the viewer can be used for a specific computing task or for a selection of 'television games'. Viewdata offers a potentially huge range of messages, advertisements, programs and other information using an ordinary telephone service and a television receiver for the display.

> The easily-visible inroads into unskilled and semi-skilled jobs by automation sour people against the new technology.

"If the service developed it would increase the importance of the telephone as a means of gaining access to community information resources and would generate a considerable amount of telephone call revenue."

Therein lies probably our best chance of the widespread introduction in this country of the technology to make the facility available: a good dose of prospective revenue sources can excite Telecom's interest better than anything.

Both these services could be made available through the communications satellite system recently given the go-ahead by the Federal Government. It remains to be seen just how enthusiastically Telecom supports the satellite proposal, since it will be battling for some share of control in the system — which it originally told the government was not needed in Australia — and will also be worried about the system hiving off revenue from Telecom, rather than generating new sources of cash.

Interestingly, Telecom has already decided to start using PCM digital transmission, albeit in a limited way and not related to data needs — yet. Use of satellites should speed the introduction of PCM.

It is disappointing that Telecom does not envisage enough demand in the medium-term future to become more seriously involved with the high-level technology demanded of the new data transmission links, since it is one way of assuring Australia is not left out in the cold in the face of the most important global development of recent times.

Instead, *Outcomes* say rather plaintively: "The potential of the present telephone service to provide for some types of possible future data services should not be overlooked. For example, push-button telephones of a type soon to be introduced . . . could be used to originate data for sending to a computer." Not too thrilling a prospect for potential consumers.

And if predictions of the social dislocations to follow the burgeoning of microprocessor control systems — the rate varies with authors — are shown to be real, then we might regret not opening up as many alternative sources of employment as possible.

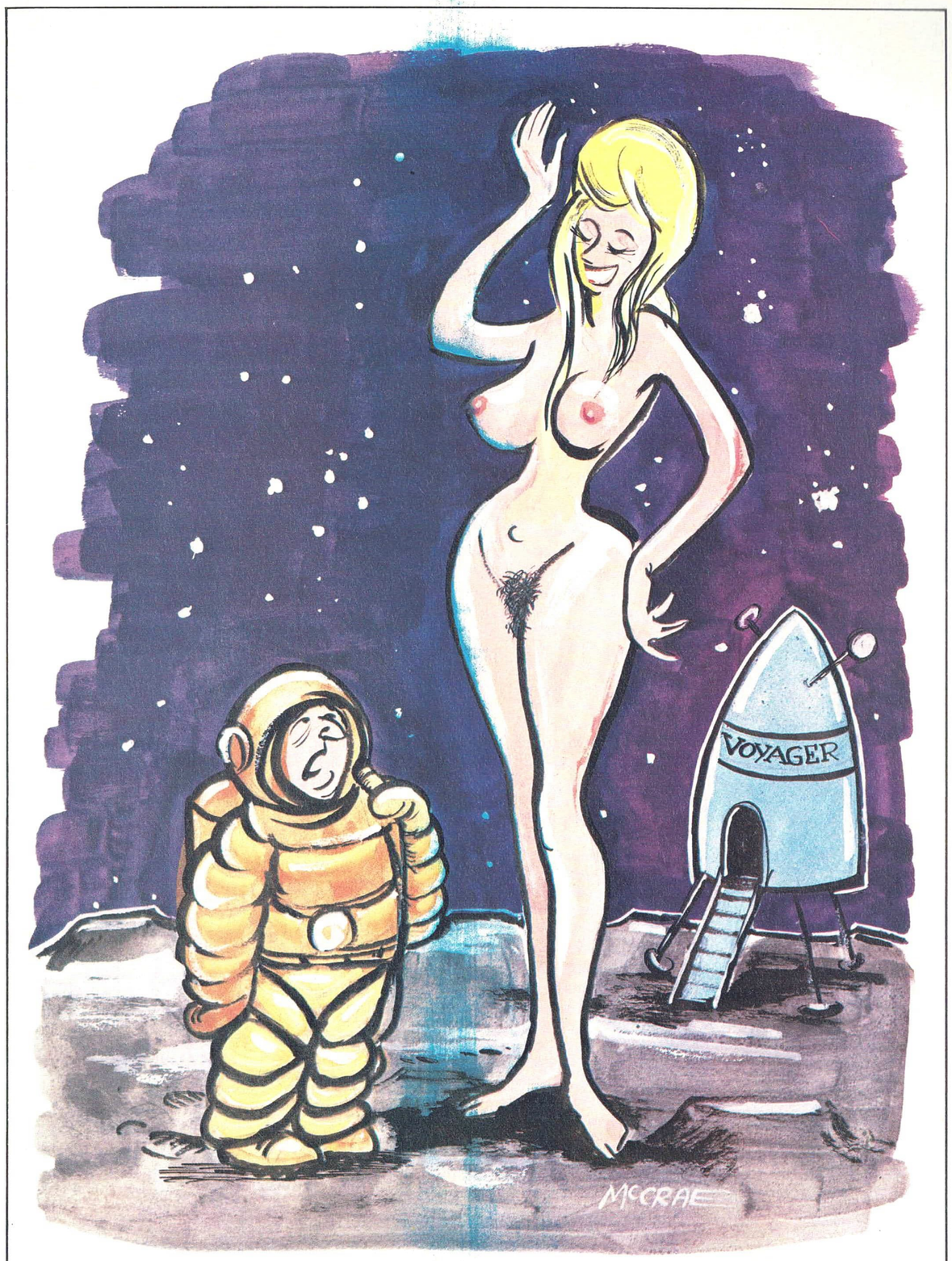
Professor Hill points out that data reported for Australia indicates that microprocessing technology, with automation and work rationalisation, is already making heavy inroads into employment, particularly among semi-skilled employees.

He says that in the past, job prospects have shifted from primary to secondary to tertiary industry. But now prospects in the service sector are also bleak, with one of the main activities, handling large quantities of simple information, being increasingly replaced by microprocessor technology.

"Consequently, an economic recovery is very likely to be associated with decreased rather than increased employment unless a whole new economic order is introduced," says Professor Hill.

The prospects for a new economic order in the near future do not appear good. On a final note, Jenkins and Sherman seem to agree that Telecom Australia appears overcautious in its willingness to adopt the new technology:

"Telecommunications and computers of all descriptions go hand-in-hand, because one enhances the abilities of the other. This partnership, along with the uses to which it can be put, herald the 'information society'." ○+



"Hullo, Houston? We have a problem here!"

They're kids who hate the world and hate themselves. Their future is booze, drugs and violence. And they expect nothing but crap from politicians.

THE JOBLESS GENERATION

BY PHIL JARRATT

'Our pockets were full of deng, so there was no real need from the point of view of crasting any more pretty polly to tolchock some old veck in an alley and viddy him swim in his blood while we counted the takings and divided by four, nor to do the ultra-violent on some shivering starry grey-haired ptitsa in a shop and go smecking off with the till's guts. But, as they say, money isn't everything.' — Anthony Burgess, A Clockwork Orange.

Unlike Alex and his droogs, the anti-heroes of Anthony Burgess' chilling and not-so-futuristic novel, the 3000 kids who rioted outside The Star hotel in Newcastle last September and set alight two police cars didn't have pockets full of deng or any other currency. Most of them were working class and many were unemployed. Their behavior may have been droogish, but it wasn't mindless. Their frustration with a society in which, increasingly, they are the scapegoats simply spilled on to the streets fuelled by the cheapest booze in town.

It would be a mistake to think that the riot at The Star won't happen again, or that it is Newcastle's problem and of no particular concern to the rest of us. Our economic crisis is breeding a social alienation of the young which goes much deeper than punk rock, safety pins and tattoos. We enter the 1980s faced with the problem of dealing with a jobless generation, kids for whom violence in the streets may seem like the most obvious form of dissent.

The Fraser Government's commitment to a "deflationary" economic strategy has guaranteed a continuing high rate of unemployment throughout the next decade and it is the young who will have to bear the brunt of it. Eighteen percent of the total number of unemployed in March last year were under 20, and as the technological revolution further erodes the job market for the young and unskilled, some economists are predicting that the figure will go as high as 25 percent by the middle of the decade. Johnny Rotten's

Illustration by Richard Forster

nihilistic prediction of "no future" is becoming a harsh reality for too many Australian kids, and they are getting angry. The Star hotel riot could turn out to be the warning that no one heeded.

Certainly the forward thinkers of this country predict grim things for the 1980s unless something is done quickly. Professor Ronald Henderson, director of the University of Melbourne's Institute of Applied Economic and Social Research, sees a decade of major social problems unless "definite and difficult measures" are taken to build up employment. Federal MP Barry Jones, chairman of the ALP's task force on employment, fears a permanently alienated section of the young community. "If they turned to urban terrorism I would not be surprised."

And Tasmanian high school principal Peter Brooker sees unemployed youth on the brink of revolution. "A group of people exposed as these are to the bitter heartbreak of repeated rejection at job interviews, to the pittance existence of the dole, to the implied disdain of the assistance programs and the expressed distaste of so many onlookers, any group so exposed must either turn inwards upon themselves in physical and mental illness, escape through liquor, drugs and suicide or turn outwards upon society in crime and revolt.

"The first two are happening now," says Brooker, "Can the third be far behind?"

Gary, 18 and unemployed for seven months, lives with his family in the outer Newcastle suburb of West Wallsend. His father is an invalid pensioner, his mother works behind a bar and his two sisters are still at school, although the elder will be leaving as soon as she turns 15 later this year. Gary and his father don't get on, what with them both hanging around in the house all day, so Gary moved into a flat in town for a while last winter. He and his mates couldn't keep up the rent and the landlord kicked them out, so now he's back at home, putting up with the old man who's getting very pissed off with Gary's attitude.

On Wednesday, September 19, Gary and a mate hitched into Newcastle for the closing-down rage at The Star hotel. The brewery had decided to close the rambling old dump because its upkeep costs were too high. The Star was one of Gary's regular hangs whenever he was in town. He liked the ambience of the cream-tiled back bar. "Good music and nobody gives a fuck," is how he describes it.

Gary and his mate had a bit over 15 bucks between them so they spent the early part of the afternoon drinking cheap beers in the public bar of the Hunter Hotel. Later, slightly pissed, they walked down to The Star, where a big crowd was already getting into the swing of things.

By 9pm you couldn't move in the back bar and Heroes, the best band in Newcastle, was pumping out a ferocious set from the stage behind the taps. Gary was rotten, he'd already had a chuck and he had no bread left. "It didn't matter," he said. "There were half-full cans everywhere and you could just help yourself. It was outrageous, a really good vibe."

The word was out that the place was going to rock on until really late, but the cops came in just on 10 and the band stopped playing soon after. The crowd spilled out on to King Street and along the lane beside the bar. People started breaking the hotel windows and hurling cans and rocks at the police cars and paddy wagons which were gathering outside.

Gary and his mate and some other guys they'd met up with got carried along with the crowd. "We chucked a few things," Gary said. "Everybody was doing it. You've gotta understand that The Star meant a lot to people. It was a great place and they were closing it down."

> If they (the young unemployed) turned to urban terrorism I would not be surprised.

Things got out of hand. The mob overturned a paddy wagon and an unmarked car and set fire to the spilt petrol. Both cars went up in flames. By 11.30, 20 people had been taken to hospital and 29 had been arrested. More than a third of those charged in Newcastle Court the next afternoon were unemployed, including, significantly, two men described by police as ringleaders. Gary wasn't among them. "I could see what was happening and I freaked out and hung back a bit," he said when we discussed the riot a week later in the bar of another hotel.

More than 1000 people were actively involved in the riot but Gary didn't want his name used in this article for fear of victimisation. "It might sound like I'm paranoid," he said, "but they'll get back at you, take the dole off you or something. You've gotta understand (one of his favorite phrases) that Newcastle used to be a good town, you know? But now there are no jobs, nothing to do and there's nowhere to go. They've fucked this place over, mate."

The "they" that Gary speaks of is the mysterious force which the young unemployed see as directly responsible for their plight. It is a force personified by people in uniform, the Social Security "job police" and most particularly, by Malcolm Fraser.

It is not, however, a political identity. Bill Hayden is no less a part of the conspiracy than is his adversary. Hayden, after all, is a politician, and the jobless generation expects nothing but crap from a politician. But their resentment is directed equally at themselves. The mass media has convinced them that it's their fault, too. After five years of being told they're dole bludgers many of them are prepared to accept the definition and act out the role for all it's worth. The trouble is that it isn't worth much.

"Dole bludgers" under 18 receive $36 a week, which is slightly more than half of the poverty line income set by the Commission of Inquiry into Poverty. Single people over 18 get $51, which isn't exactly enough to enable you to lead the life of leisure portrayed by stupid and heartless sections of the Australian press.

The bottom line of all this is that the jobless generation — the kids who in better times would have manned the process lines or dug up roads, the ones the social workers call "non-achievers" — hates society and hates itself. Work means everything in our society, and if you are denied work you are denied a place in its mainstream.

In the course of this investigation I talked to young unemployed people in Sydney's outer western suburbs (where up to 50 percent of the youth population is out of work), densely populated Bondi and in Newcastle (where a capital-intensive industry boom is lining middle class pockets and exacerbating the problems of the kids).

I'm young, I like rock music, beer and surfing, but in these depressed areas I came up against a social barrier I didn't know existed. I had a job and they didn't. I was to be treated with suspicion if not outright contempt. The youth workers I spoke to helped bridge the gap, but these were only temporary bridges. The great split in our society has already gone too far for anything else.

The Newcastle Out-Of-Workers convene in a ramshackle old school building opposite the State Dockyard in Wickham, the city's skid row area. They've renamed the school house the Neighborhood Centre and painted psychedelic designs on the outside wall, but it's still a depressing place. Part of the federally-funded Community Youth Support Scheme, the Out-Of-Workers organisation offers 25 courses in arts, crafts and self improvement and a place for the unemployed to while away the long, boring hours.

This particular CYSS centre has the support of the communist-dominated

ewcastle Trades Hall Council, which p. be seen as a mixed blessing. While AC has been a great organisational poli he philosophies of some of the inusi rors don't give the kids much cause to E timism under the present political s strem. Still, as was pointed out to me, op ing ism isn't exactly rampant anywhere ani de g the jobless.

Stephen Frost came out of the four-hou drama class, sat down and nervously rolled a smoke. At 25, Frost is resigned to a future on the dole. In two years he's done a couple of weeks casual work and now believes that a full-time job is highly unlikely to fall his way. "I'm debating of late whether to go to Sydney, or maybe Melbourne. Anything to get out of this rut."

Frost trained as a psychiatric nurse, but a minor dope bust a few years ago ruled out government jobs and he has since found work in private hospitals impossible to get. In fact, these days he's finding any job impossible to get. "I'm still trying, but a lot less than I used to," he says. "You start to take the attitude that you're not going to get a job no matter how hard you try, and after a while you come across as being not very efficient, no sparkle, totally drained. The trouble is that unemployment can be good for a while, a bit of a holiday, but eventually it gets to you. I'm squatting in a place with some younger guys who just hitch around most of the time and it drives me crazy. I've been through all that and I can see where they're headed." Frost is intelligent, articulate and yet somehow vacant. No sparkle. You can see what he means.

"There's a St Vincent de Paul hostel just up the road and we often see the old alkos crawling past," says Ross Edmonds, a youth worker at the Wickham centre. "It occurred to me a long time ago that these kids we've got now will be crawling past here in just a few years. I don't see any way to avoid that situation."

Edmonds and his fellow youth workers regard the Wickham centre — and the CYSS operation as a whole — as little more than a band-aid over the great gaping wounds of youth unemployment. "It often seems like we're motivating people for work that doesn't exist," says Edmonds. "We can help break down the alienation and restore their confidence to a degree, but a lot of them will never have regular employment. The best we can do for those kids is to teach them how to cope with the situation.

Since its inception three years ago, CYSS has come under constant criticism from social and welfare workers (for not going far enough) and from the media and point-scoring politicians (for going too far). Its $11 million budget in 1978-79 was headlined in one newspaper as "millions wasted on guitar lessons" and, perhaps wary of a middle class electoral backlash, the Federal Government slashed its funding in the last Budget. According to its guidelines, CYSS is supposed to "maintain morale and orientation towards work". To this end its various centres offer typing courses and tuition in basic job skills, like being interviewed by a potential boss, but CYSS has attracted large numbers of chronically unemployed young people for whom there are no jobs in a competitive market for unskilled labor.

"Kids who are capable of motivating themselves might come here once or twice," says Ross Edmonds, "but they're the ones who are most likely to get jobs. We've left with a lot of bewildered young people who can't perceive what's going on and are often so psychologically down that they can't even be bothered looking after themselves."

According to Laurel Quillan, another youth worker at the Wickham centre, many of the "regulars" suffer from malnutrition and nurse bronchial conditions all winter. "Their health is going to be absolutely stuffed in a few years and they just don't seem to realise it. We ran a course on survival, but it was very hard to get any starters. They simply weren't interested. I've seen kids who have no idea how to feed themselves or take care of their health and who are too depressed to give a damn about it. What worries me is the survival prospects of all the kids who are too depressed and plain shit-scared to come to places like this. There must be hundreds of them sitting in rooms eating junk and watching TV, going quietly mad."

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Leslie Pantlin, a youth worker at the Seven Hills Positive Action Centre (PACT) in Sydney's western suburbs, agrees that survival is the biggest immediate problem facing chronically unemployed people. Pantlin, unemployed herself for eight months and a part-time worker for years, amazes kids by turning up at the centre dressed in second-hand op shop clothes. "They're coming around now, but at first they thought I was a complete nut," she says. "They couldn't understand why anyone with more money than them would wear old clothes. They have no idea of conserving money or resources because they've been fed consumerism all their lives. Alternative lifestyles are a middle class thing. These kids have been brainwashed by advertising to believe that goals are achieved by buying things."

The Seven Hills centre is right in the heart of the bleak suburban sprawl which has suffered the worst effects of the employment crisis and suffered them longer than anywhere else. The decline of manufacturing industry and unskilled jobs has meant that many families in the area now have two generations of welfare recipients. There are few jobs locally and employers from other areas are usually reluctant to take on people who might not get there if the trains aren't on time.

In Blacktown, Mount Druitt and Seven Hills, employment has become a privilege rather than a right. "I'm supposed to be maintaining an orientation towards work which a lot of kids here simply don't have," says Leslie Pantlin. "They need a lot of work to get them to a stage where they could conceivably get a job. You often find that they've been at the bottom of the attention scale all through school and can barely read or write. It's not always because they're not bright, more often there's a back-ground of social problems. The education system doesn't really provide for those people."

Pantlin says a lot of kids in the area are too suspicious to come to the centre. "They have a fear and rejection of any sort of institution, including this. A lot of them are into petty crime, destructive stuff like vandalism and joy-riding in stolen cars. It's hard to get through to them because they have this gut reaction to their situations. They don't want to know about the political system or economic conditions.

"Some of those who do come in will tell you they don't want to work, but when you sit down and talk to them you find it's a form of self-protection."

Leslie Pantlin believes the best thing CYSS can do for the jobless generation is to raise self-esteem. "If they had that it would give them the confidence necessary to get a job, and if they couldn't it would still help them to cope with unemployment. Without it they become self-destructive, some almost suicidal."

She sees street violence as one likely outcome. "I know gangs exist, but so far I haven't had much contact. The idea is very worrying because of the sheer number of unemployed young people in this area. If they ever organised they could become a very dangerous guerilla force. People think I'm a lunatic when I suggest this, but most of the kids are good street fighters, they know how to hurt and there's not a car they can't break into in under 60 seconds. If they ever got together they could wipe out a shopping centre. All you need is some oligarchic-minded creature to come along and organise them, and the chances of that

Adam's Ads

happening are getting greater as unemployment gets worse."

Aware of the growing gang problem, police in the Blacktown area have taken to using preventative medicine. According to Pantlin, kids are arbitrarily picked up on street corners, roughed up, given a warning and thrown back on to the street. "The idea seems to be that a show of force will settle them down," says Pantlin. "But it doesn't alway work like that. It tends to make them want to go out and blow up a police car."

I cruised through the giant Westfield Shopping Plaza just outside Parramatta on a Monday afternoon, looking for a sandwich and a cold drink. I came out of a sandwich shop and was approached by a young guy about 16 or 17. He had long, straggly hair held back by an Indian headband, the kind that used to be popular seven or eight years ago.

"Can you give us 20 cents?" he asked. "I haven't got enough for a packet of smokes." I told him I was a writer from a magazine and that I'd buy him a packet of cigarettes if he'd sit down and talk a bit. He looked at me in disbelief and said: "I don't have to do anything for you."

As I walked back to the carpark eating my sandwich, he and his mates laughed and heckled me from the safety of their group HQ by a retaining wall. They seemed to feel they'd picked up all the points from that encounter.

"The street gangs out in the western suburbs and the people who throw tomatoes at Fraser are different parts of the same problem," says Phillipa Smith, policy officer for the Australian Council of Social Service (ACOSS).

"They're both expressions of anger and frustration and in some ways I think these are healthy reactions. The normal reaction to unemployment is humiliation and rejection which leads to isolation, but the younger kids, who perhaps don't feel a sense of personal guilt as much, are beginning to see that this situation is a structural fault rather than their own. How they express this anger varies according to their intellectual capacity for understanding what is happening. The tomato throwers obviously have some idea of what's causing unemployment, the rest are simply frustrated with their lot."

Smith believes that government and community attitudes to the jobless generation are creating thousands of "unemployables", and she doesn't see the CYSS work orientation programs as any solution. "It's getting to the point where you can clearly identify people who are unemployable in the current climate. The period they can expect to be unemployed is getting longer all the time (an average of 18 weeks according to official figures, but much longer for the young and unskilled in many areas), and I think it's fair to assume that these people will give up hope and join gangs of vandals or whatever their form of release happens to be.

"CYSS is okay for those who have had some previous involvement with institutions but you can't help wondering how many of the kids who need help most are really interested in macrame or pottery."

Keith Windshuttle, author of *Unemployment: A Social and Political Analysis of the Economic Crisis in Australia*, agrees. "Many of these (CYSS projects) have been initiated by people with little appreciation of the culture of youth and have become abject failures . . . the youth who are prepared to engage in arts and crafts, camping, creative writing classes and the like down at the local church are those least likely to cause problems for society."

But if CYSS is slightly uncool in the eyes of the kids most in need, the South Doonside Youth Refuge, west of Blacktown, is just the opposite. According to refuge staffers Peter Cronau and Leslie Moore a stay in the tiny fibro house is almost a status symbol.

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The refuge takes in homeless kids between the ages of 12 and 18 and many of the older visitors have either been kicked out of home as dole bludgers, or forced out by constant nagging. "Unemployment isn't always the direct cause," says Peter Cronau. "But in a lot of cases it's the straw that breaks the camel's back."

Cronau and Moore usually manage to find permanent accommodation for their kids, often back with parents who have had the hard facts of youth unemployment explained to them by social workers. But the eight-bed, two-room refuge is not big enough to cope with the increasing number of homeless kids.

While the number of jobless and increasingly alienated kids in our cities continues to grow, the Federal Government seems to be adopting a two-headed approach to the problem of long-term youth unemployment. Seemingly taking the view that there will never again be enough jobs to go around, the Government slashed funds for job-creation schemes by 17 percent in the last Budget and made the dole tougher to get.

The desired effect is apparently to swell the ranks of the "hidden unemployed", those people who are out of work but who don't receive benefits and therefore don't appear in official unemployment statistics. Although a somewhat cynical exercise in public relations, it could have the desirable side effect of forcing the unemployed (particularly the young people) to consider taking up alternative lifestyles outside the traditional workforce. Yet, on the other hand, the Government and sympathetic sections of the mass media continue to promote the dole bludger myth and widen the gap between the workers and the long-term unemployed. Just when it should be paving the way for new community attitudes to the work ethic the Fraser Government, faced with an election at the end of the year, is falling back on its tired old rhetoric — unemployment is the fault of the unions, greedy wage earners, and what's the matter with kids today anyway?

"In the long-term we have to break down this nexus between work and social value, work and income," says ACOSS's Phillipa Smith. "If we accept that there is always going to be at least three percent unemployment, then the solution for those people is some kind of income supplement system that is outside the workforce. But in Australia we're light years away from that sort of thinking."

Max Newton, writing in this magazine (October 79), expressed dismay that young people had been allowed to drop out and "are paid consolation money for their pains. The adult population has allowed a generation of youngsters to start off with the idea that the world will pay them a living."

Newton, of course, argues against the principles of social welfare which, thankfully these days are accepted by most people to the left of Ghengis Khan. But if we accept that there is going to be high unemployment for the forseeable future, and that those who are denied jobs have a right to social benefits, then surely it makes sense for that money to subsidise a meaningful life outside the workforce.

In his book *The Right To Useful Unemployment*, Ivan Illich has suggested that we expand the definition of work to include activities like "housework, handicrafts, subsistence agriculture, radical technology, learning exchanges and the like" so that they are not dismissed because they are not marketable commodities. Unfortunately, as the Catholic bishops found last September, such idealism doesn't go down well with the Fraser Government.

The Catholic Commission for Justice and Peace, seeing continuing unemployment as the greatest social problem confronting Australia, last year made its

annual social statement a plea for a new and more understanding approach to the jobless. The commission's proposals for an increase in unemployment benefits to at least the poverty line and preferably to minimum wage standard met with immediate hostility from the media and Malcolm Fraser's terse reply that they would "send the country bankrupt".

According to David Pollard, spokesman for the commission, the poverty line proposal would increase the welfare bill by 35 or 40 percent, a cost the commission believes the community will have to bear in the interests of social equity.

Pollard cites Canada's high level of unemployment relief as the main reason that country has avoided much of the social unrest we are beginning to experience. "They've had worse unemployment for much longer, and so far they've had no serious unrest. If the unemployment crisis continues here and the distribution of wealth becomes more skewed, then there is a real possibility that there will be significant social fragmentation.

"Poverty will increase, the family unit will further break up and so on. Our proposals recognise the fact that social alienation is simply the gap between the desired level of participation in society and the realisable level of participation. I believe that the reforms we've suggested would help close that gap."

The media, gearing up for a summer of dole bludger harassment, disagreed. The commission and the "out of touch" bishops who founded it took quite a battering. Only the Melbourne *Age* saw the report as imaginative and enlightened. "If it (the report) stirs the public conscience, provokes constructive thought, and prompts the Government to review its harsh and callous attitudes, it will be a praiseworthy contribution of national importance," said the paper's editorial.

Suitably stirred, one L.J. Dalkin of St Marys suggested, in a letter to the *Sydney Morning Herald,* that the unemployed be sent out bush to fossick for gold, while Queensland Liberal MP Peter White suggested they sell their surfboards, cut their hair, go west to outback Queensland.

The one great hope for the jobless generation is the growth of work collectives and co-operatives in the cities.

Theoretically, dole recipients are only allowed to earn an extra $6 a week, but many don't declare their earnings. This can be seen as dishonest but, in fact, part-time collective workers are leading the way to a new lifestyle for unemployables. For someone over 18, two days' work at $30 a day plus the dole means $111 a week. If the botton 20 percent — the "non-achievers" — can live on that and feel they are leading useful lives, then they are doing society a great service.

Hard-liners like Malcolm Fraser and Max Newton may take the view that the tax-payer is getting ripped off, but would they feel any better about it if the money was subsidising poverty-stricken urban terrorists?

There are, of course, great problems associated with the collectives. The Government's insistence on the $6 maximum for additional earnings has led to opportunism among employers. Realising that collective laborers are in no position to quibble, many employers pay next to nothing for their services.

Trade unionists are wary of part-time workers operating outside any award and many see the idea as a capitalist plot to bring down the real wage system. Still, for the kids engaged in co-operative work, real wage systems and union awards don't mean a hell of a lot.

Bob Hately, bearded, bespectacled and straight to the point, is the youth worker at Changes, the CYSS centre at Bondi Junction in Sydney. Changes, a small semi-detached house surrounded by rubble from demolition sites, handles 40 to 50 unemployed kids a day.

"The one great hope for the jobless generation is the growth of work collectives and co-operatives in the cities."

When I visited the centre, I was bailed up at the door by a wild-eyed guy brandishing a starting pistol and I had several conversations which reminded me of bad acid. Down the corridor a young girl in a black leotard was typing away at a short story for which she had dispensed with the customary space between words.

There was more frantic madness here than at any other CYSS centre I visited, but it was also more vibrant. As if something was happening, all this was leading somewhere. Out the back the members of the Bondi Work Collective were loading aluminium cans on to the back of a truck.

Later in the day a group of them would be heading off on a lawn-mowing assignment. In an area where there are 5500 unemployed and only 20 jobs available at any one time, the Bondi collective is on the verge of achieving a minor miracle — subsistence employment for most of its 30 $1 shareholders.

"The ultimate aim is to provide enough work so that the shareholders can get off the dole," says Bob Hately. The CYSS guidelines don't allow for job creation activities for fear of duplicating the functions of the Commonwealth Employment Service, but Hately uses whatever free time he has to help the collective.

"Collectives like this are the only answer for a lot of chronically unemployed kids," he says. "But they're also more attractive to many than factory work, which used to be about the best they could hope for. Here they can get away from the traditional downtrodden state of the unskilled worker. They've all bought in and they feel they're contributing to an organisation over which they have some control."

The Bondi collective has a truck, a few basic tools and several contracts from local business houses. Its members are available to do a variety of unskilled or semi-skilled jobs individually or as a group. They collect cans for recycling, wash cars, paint and do minor house renovations, distribute leaflets, cater for picnics and demonstrations, clean up houses and gardens.

Hately says that the local community has been basically helpful in providing work, but some of the reactions indicate a somewhat warped understanding of the rights of the unemployed. "One guy from a marina rang me up and wanted people to go down and scrape boat hulls for $3 an hour. I made some inquiries and found he was paying other people $4.50. Quite a few people seem to think they're well within their rights demanding more work for less pay from the unemployed. The attitude seems to be, 'Well, it's better than nothing, isn't it?' I tell them to get stuffed. Our people are capable of providing a service and they're entitled to be paid appropriately for it."

Three young guys sat outside the Blacktown Civic Centre where Gough Whitlam ushered in a new age of social responsibility such a long, long time ago. This was the morning that Malcolm Fraser was opening the first National Youth Conference in Canberra.

Fraser, having sidestepped a demonstration by the Unemployed Workers Union outside, told the conference that the implications of technological change on employment would be serious, "but the opportunities are still very great".

He explained that young people who left school and couldn't get work suffered "a feeling of inadequacy . . . frustration is clearly compounded". This, said the Prime Minister, led to serious doubts as to whether the effort, the world itself, was worth it. He suggested that, for the time being at least, young people would be well advised to take any work theycould get.

In Blacktown, two more young men strolled up the street and joined the others. They sat in the sun, smoked and watched the cars go by. ○

Kelly

GETTING ATTENTION

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAUL ABEL

Gentlemen, come to attention and present arms for Miss Kelly Russell, our Pet of the Month. This petite 22-year-old Sydney girl works for the Army, and with employees like Kelly, who needs a recruiting campaign? "Being photographed for *Penthouse* is something I really wanted to do," she says. "It was a fantasy I wanted to live out . . . and suddenly I had the opportunity. I wanted to do something different, and the self-expression I found during the photo sessions was truly a learning experience. I now understand myself so much more than before. I have discovered an inner freedom."

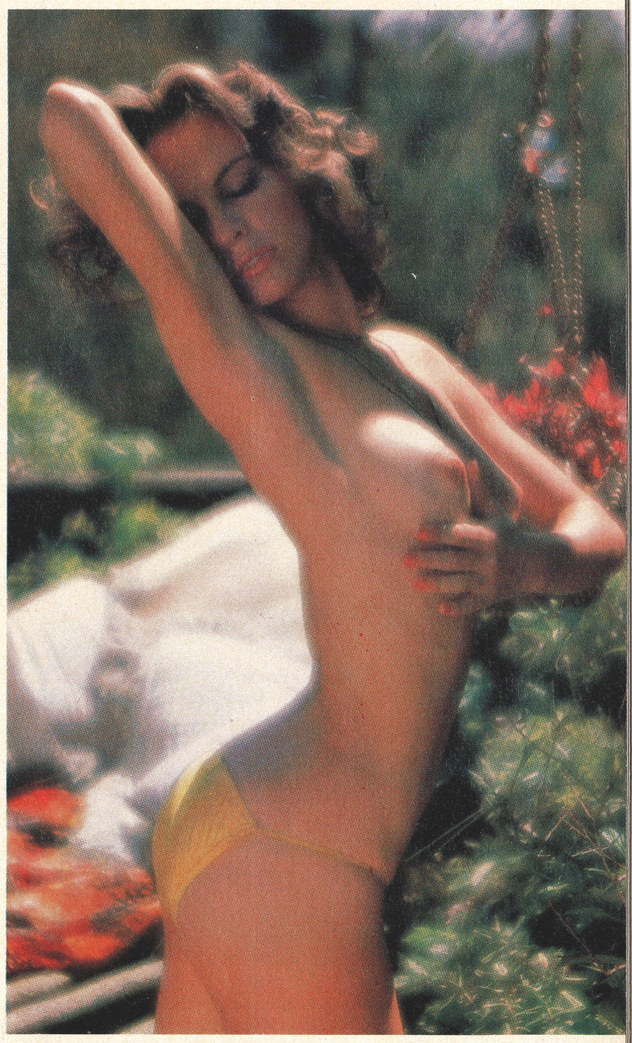
"It was a fantasy I wanted to live out. . . and suddenly I had the opportunity."

Kelly loves the sporting life — not only for the exercise but also for the social contact. She's into swimming, squash and netball, and because her work involves meeting and dealing with people, Kelly is usually the person elected to organise the group social activities of her sports friends. "I like to be independent and I'm very serious about my career," says our 35-21-33 Pet, "but that doesn't mean I'm a workaholic. Sport, fun and companionship mean as much to me as success in my job."

Clothes by Le Front Page Location by courtesy Jim Schwartzman

"I'm a romantic," says Kelly, "and I like a man who can be assertive and masculine. I want to be wooed — with red roses and champagne and unexpected gifts. I like to get a lot of attention. I'm attracted first by a man's looks, but he must have a good personality, be intelligent and able to converse if a relationship is to develop. The most fascinating thing about a man is his eyes. The expression in the eyes is a mirror of the moment, and if those eyes are warm and inviting — and exciting — I can't help but act accordingly."

"I now understand myself so much more. I have discovered an inner freedom."



"I become a different person when the sun goes down," says Kelly. "I'm a real night-owl. No matter if I'm out raging or home reading a book, the night-time is my time. But I take every chance I can to sleep in during the weekends. It makes me feel deliciously lazy, a little devilish, and who said that one has to sleep in alone, anyway?" Who indeed!

MISS KELLY RUSSELL/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

ADVISE & DISSENT
OPINION

BY DONALD L. CHIPP

The author is a Senator and Leader of the Australian Democrats, and as a former Liberal Minister for Customs, opened the way for a more enlightened attitude on censorship.

PENTHOUSE AND THE CENSORS

When Minister for the Navy in 1967, I received an outraged letter from a middle aged spinster, who had just purchased a flat in Kings Cross for $25,000, which overlooked the newly erected Navy Barracks, Kuttabul. In part, her letter read: "Dear Minister, I have just poured my life savings into my flat and I have been very happy with it until your Navy ruined it all, by building your Navy Barracks opposite me. I still have my view of the harbour, but I am deeply distressed because from my kitchen window, I also have a crystal clear view of your sailors going to the toilet and this offends me deeply".

I responded to the letter as any sensitive Minister should, by calling for an immediate investigation and report. Frankly, the thought of this dear lady's enjoyment of her Weet-Bix every morning being marred by a view of my sailors going to the heads offended me. Eventually, the report arrived. In the loveable way public servants have of taking two pages to describe a situation which normal human beings could condense into half a page, the report proved conclusively that her accusations were correct. It was not until I came to the last paragraph that I concluded the Navy did not have another crisis on its hands. It read: ". . . but if, Minister, and only if, she stands on the kitchen table" . . . an act which she religiously performed every morning. This incident was to guide me in the philosophy I should adopt towards censorship when I became Minister for Customs in 1969.

There was obviously a scene taking place in Kings Cross every morning which offended that lady. She went to inordinate trouble to view that scene. Did she have a right to complain?

When discussing censorship, it is important to establish for whom it should be applied. Is it for people who demand it? Obviously people who object to certain words, sights, or behavior can self censor the offending acts by avoiding them. I believe that there is an argument for censorship in certain circumstances which I shall address in a moment. Also, there are circumstances where material, offensive to some, is wrongly thrust unsolicitously at them, where they have no chance of avoiding it. Examples of this would be children's time on television, offensive material highlighted in bookstalls, or material transmitted through radio.

I still believe, however, that self censorship should basically be the philosophy of any Government authority. I am therefore amused, if a little distressed, that certain governments in Australia still wish to play "big brother" with *Penthouse*. It will obviously do well. It is magnificently produced and edited and containing features of such quality to attract the serious reader. The letters, pictures and cartoons will delight the prurient, and will be compulsive reading for Australia's secret, yet numerous, raincoat brigade.

I was interested, but not personally impressed, with the first two issues sent to me. I found some of the cartoons and the explicit pictures of genital areas offensive. But what the hell? I simply turned the page. I found the letters to the Editor containing intimate sexual experiences of people ranging from joggers to waitresses boring and artless. But who am I to say that somebody who receives some pleasure or satisfaction or even stimulation through viewing or reading such material should be denied access to it?

The concept of censorship must be abhorrent to all men and women of goodwill who believe in the basic freedoms. As a philosophy, censorship is evil and to be condemned. Yet all communities, from the most primitive to the most advanced, have had and still have taboos and attitudes which require some protection from the onslaught of unacceptable practices and material which is the concomitant of total freedom.

In a less than perfect society (which God knows we have got), it would be unthinkable to allow a sponsor to produce a program on the children's hour on the television, inciting racism night after night. Although I believe parents have the basic responsibility of determining and controlling what their children see, read or hear, unsolicited obscenities on radio and television would put parents in an impossible situation. Therefore, one must conclude that censorship in some form to a lesser degree becomes a necessary evil.

Therefore, the process of censorship should fulfill three requirements. Firstly, it must be open to public scrutiny, its workings must not be hidden from view and it should be based on the concept that, generally speaking, adults should have the basic freedom to read, see or hear what they please, but that protection should be given to children from the onslaught of unacceptable material. The "big brothers" in our governments should heed the words of John Stuart Mill: "The sole end for which mankind are warranted, individually or collectively, in interfering with the liberty of action of any of their number is self-protection".

A magazine like *Penthouse* containing an emphasis on matters of sexuality and sensuality is bound to attract the obsessed attention of certain groups in the community who are capable of making loud noises despite their minority strength, but who seem to quickly acquire the ear of big brother and engage his intervention. It has often amused me why such groups seem singularly disinterested in books, magazines, movies depicting violence, starvation, torture and mass murder, but view a naked body, a simulated act of love in a movie or a frank article on sexual conduct as bordering on national catastrophies. At least that was my experience as Minister.

During that time — millions were starving in Bangladesh and Ethiopia, madmen were killing because of hate in Ireland, thousands were being destroyed in Vietnam, tensions in the Middle East were leading the world to periodic visits to self-induced self-extinction — I used to receive about a dozen letters a week concerning these events and yet when I allowed into Australia a film that simulated a love scene portrayed in exquisite taste and tenderness, I would receive hundreds of letters, telegrams and protests.

I have always been amused and distressed at dinner parties attended throughout Australia when the question of "morality" has been raised. The discussion immediately is precipitated towards sexual conduct which is regarded as synonymous with morality. Of course, sexual conduct between people is a component of morality, but surely there are others. Are not hate, envy, murder, torture, greed, selfishness, calumny, also matters that have to be examined when morality is discussed?

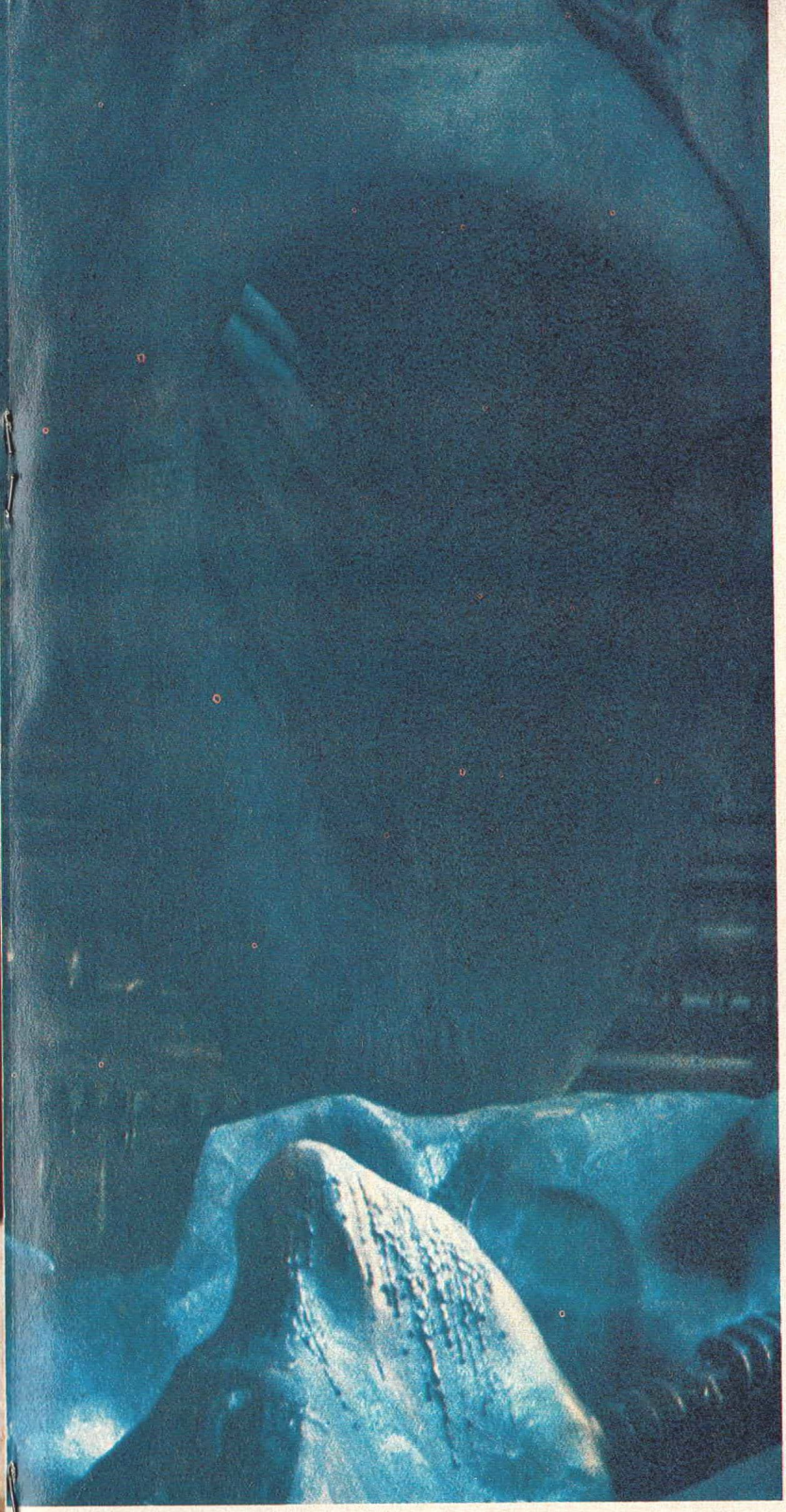
A permissive society is generally defined as one which permits indiscriminate sexual behavior. In my view, a truly permissive society is one which permits children to starve, Aborigines to be decimated, the poor to get poorer, the environment to be polluted, the lonely to remain friendless, and the ordinary people to remain oppressed and be continuously "screwed" (non-sexual). Yet, the self-appointed upholders of decency are strangely quiet about such issues. I know not to what extent indiscriminate sexual behavior between consenting adults has caused the two great wars, the inhumanities mentioned above, the catastrophe in Kampuchea, the agony of Uganda, the hatred in Iran or the hideous slaughter of the Israeli athletes at Munich, but I do know that hatred, greed, selfishness and prejudice have been major factors in these crimes against humanity.

I shall never forget my first interview on *Four Corners* as Minister for Customs. That incredible interviewer, John Temple, in his most self effacing way, innocently asked me: "Minister, assuming you ban sexual material because it erotically stimulates people, tell me, what is wrong with being erotically stimulated?"

Indeed!

> The concept of censorship must be abhorrent to all men and women of goodwill who believe in the basic freedoms. As a philosophy, censorship is evil and to be condemned.

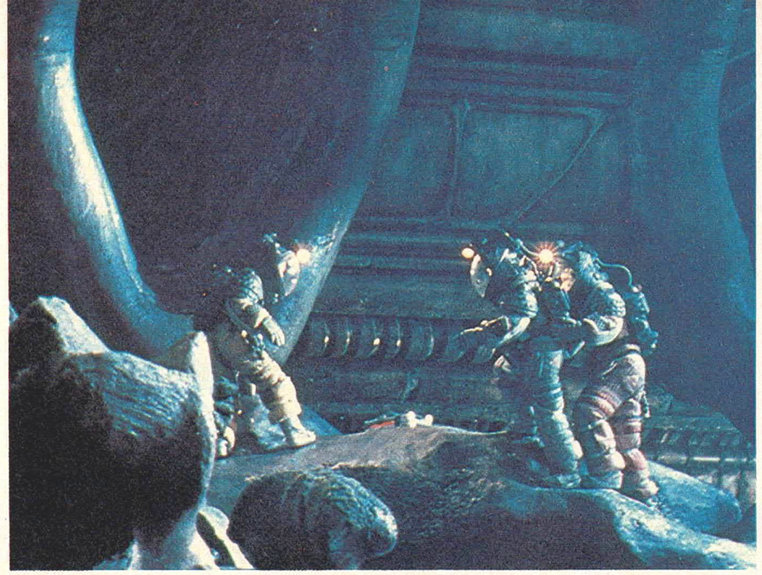
Landing on an uncharted planet, the freighter crew find a giant abandoned starship and gain access through a vagina-like entrance. Inside they find the remains of the giant 4.3m (15ft) pilot (right) still at the controls.

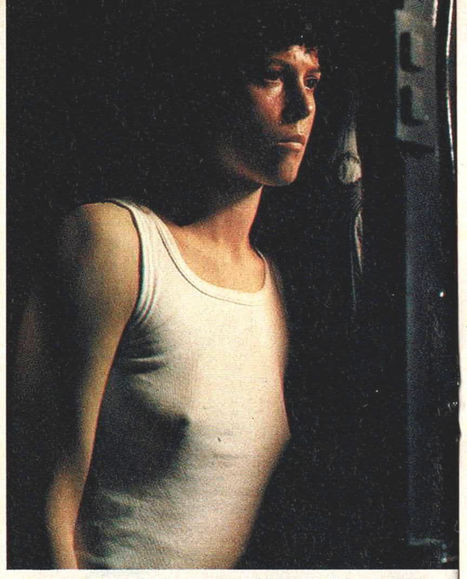


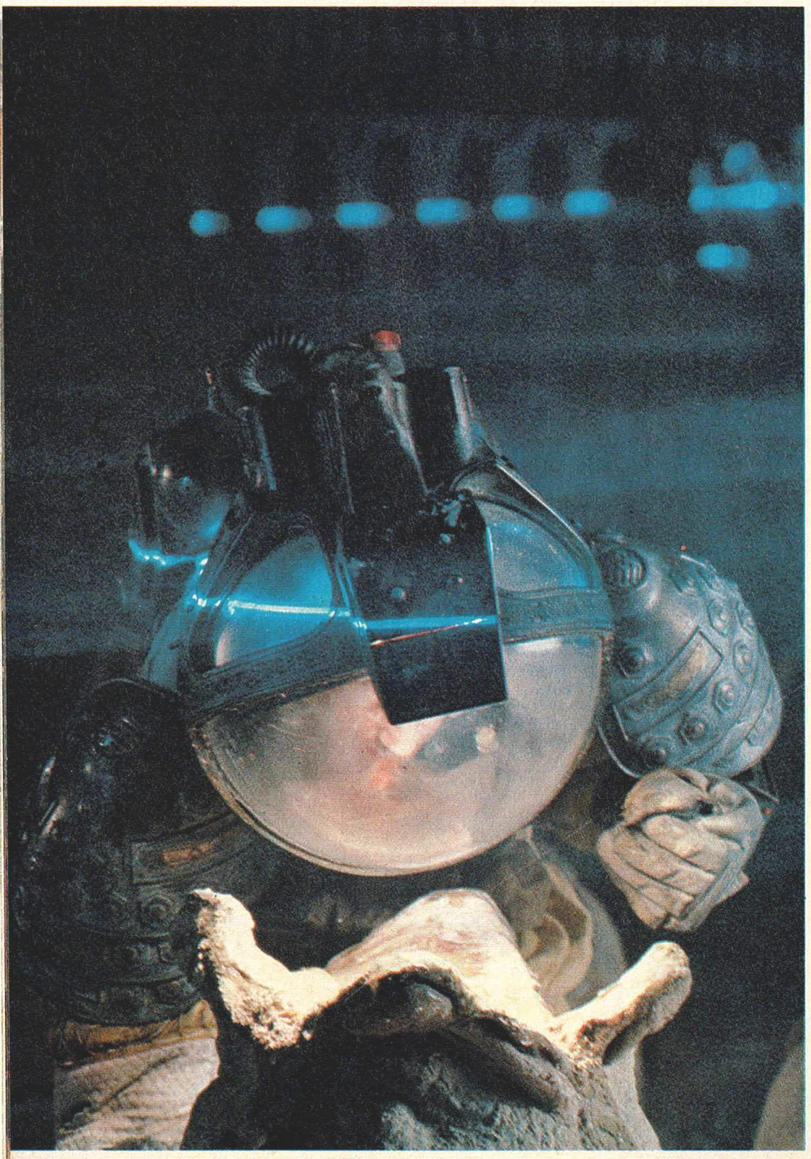
Over this Christmas-New Year holiday break, Hollywood's future fantasy factories are flooding our senses with a wealth of science fiction offerings, including the most serious xenophobia feast yet produced, 20th Century-Fox's *Alien*. If you're not paranoid, but you know they really are out there waiting to get you, then *Alien's* your movie. The special effects are there — God help any SF spectacular without them — but are used to steer right away from the brightly-lit and antiseptic doo-dahs of lighter films. The sombre and moody "organic technology" approach to the sets by Swiss artist H.R. Giger creates an environment which has stunned hard-bitten and blase SF film freaks. Writer Dan O'Bannon and director Ridley Scott add to the reality of the eerie sets by giving audiences a workaday, ordinary feel to the human space freighter and its crew. But the $9 million film's real punch is packed by the star in the title role. As O'Bannon says: "You'll go in and tap your toe and say 'Okay, show me the monster, show me the monster.' And when we show you the monster, you will jump and run out of the theatre." We can't show you the Alien — it wouldn't be fair and besides, Fox have imposed a ban on photographs of it but we can give you some of the film's flavor. We're also able to show you shots from one of *Alien's* major competitors for the space addict's dollar this year, *Star Trek — the Motion Picture*. Anyone familiar with the television series of the same name — hence the cumbersome distinguishing title for the film — which gave birth to the movie will probably be asking, why so long? The TV *Star Trek* has not been produced since 1969, yet continues to expand its band of Trekkie fans. Whatever the reason, Paramount is sparing no expense to provide serious opposition to *Alien*. By mid-October budget had gone to $40 million, making it allegedly the most expensive movie ever to come out of Hollywood. Part of the enormous expense has gone to satisfy the demands of *Star Trek's* creator, Gene Roddenberry, that the film capture as much of the TV show's ambience as possible. One way this has been done is to have the actors operating real computer-based display panels to create interior visual effects, rather than

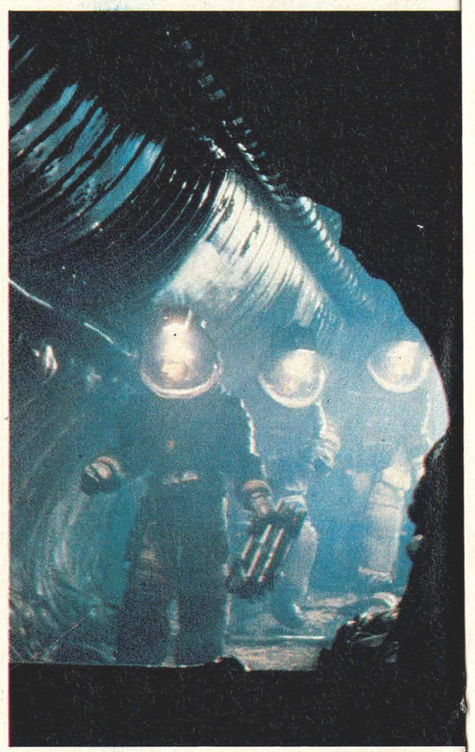
BATTLE FOR THE STARS

Two new sagas lead Hollywood's race to meet the soaring taste for space among the world's film audiences.





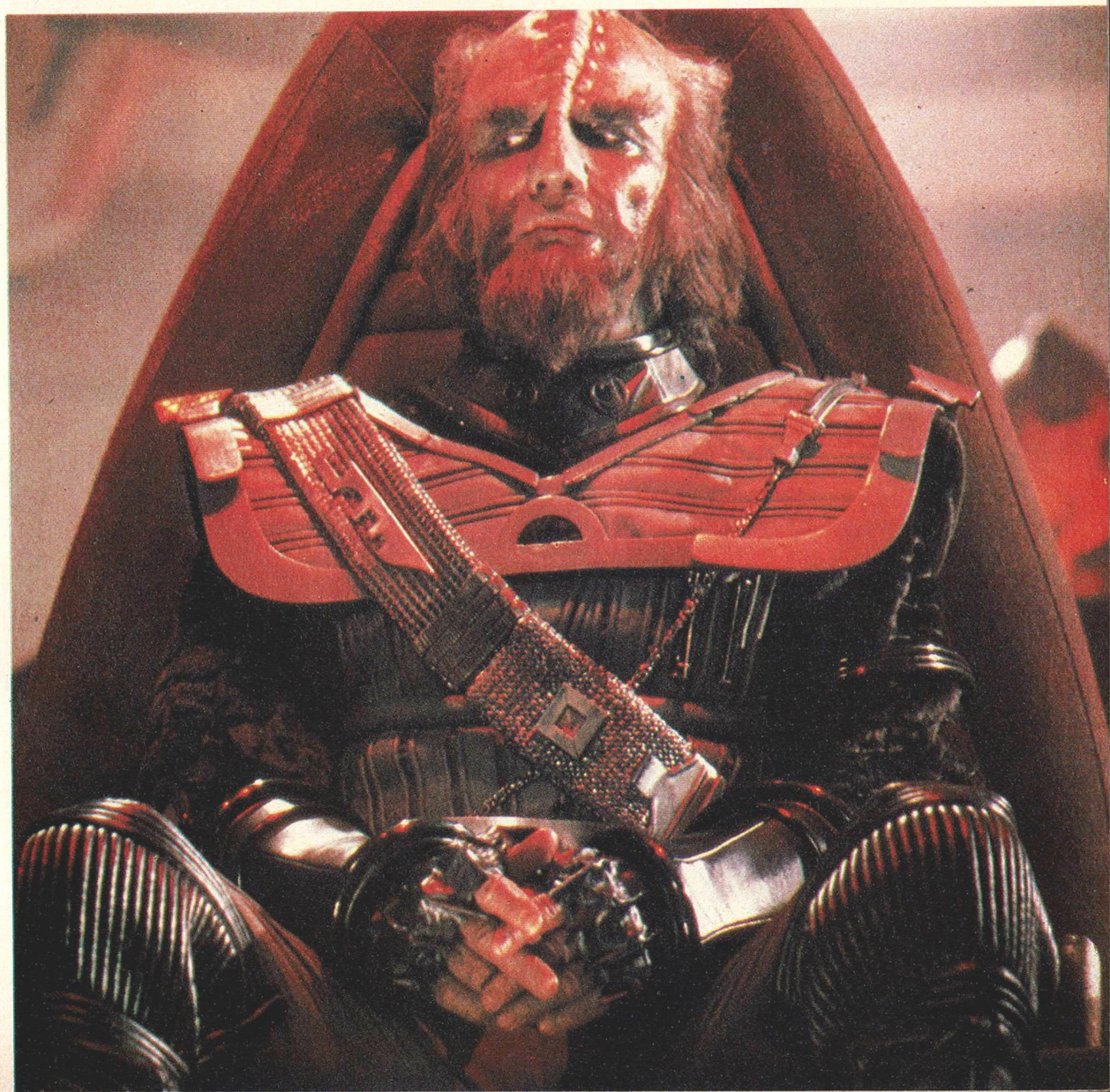




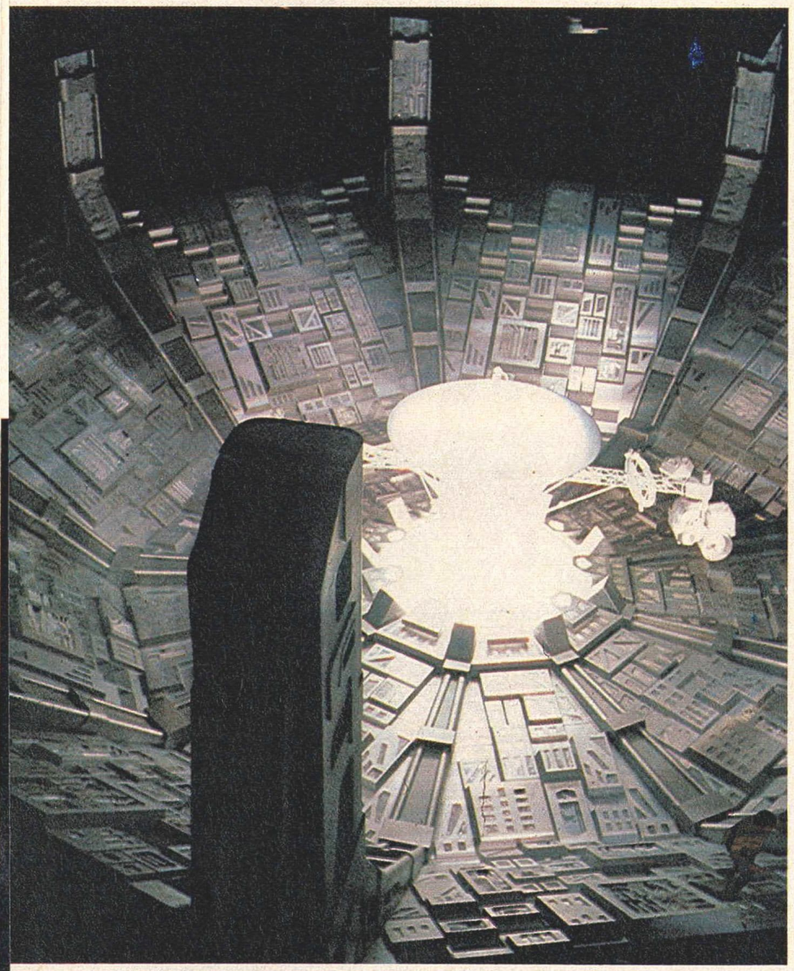
Clockwise from top left: Crew explores uncharted planet; actress Sigourney Weaver worries about the find; humans traverse part of H.R. Giger's "organic technology" set; astronaut inspects one of hundreds of strange seed pods, and wishes he hadn't. Right: The alien menace which brought USS Enterprise back to life in Star Trek — the Motion Picture.

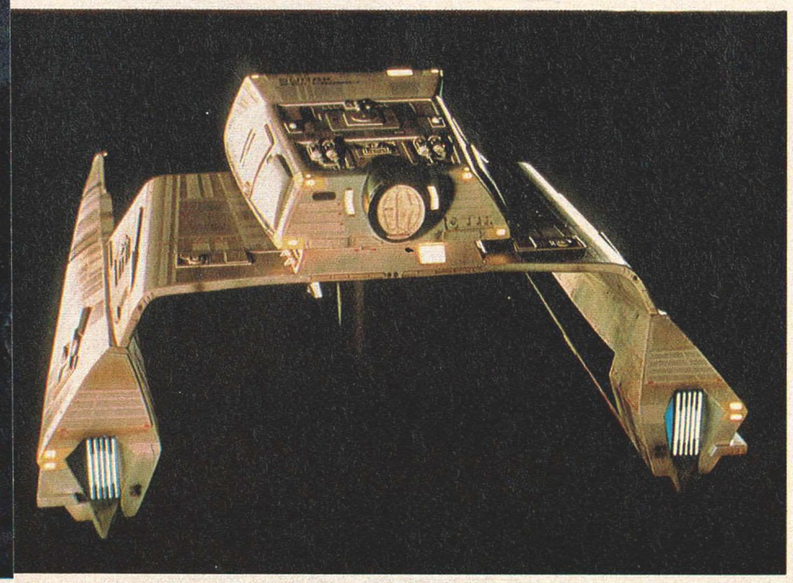
"When we show you the monster, you will jump and run out of the theatre."

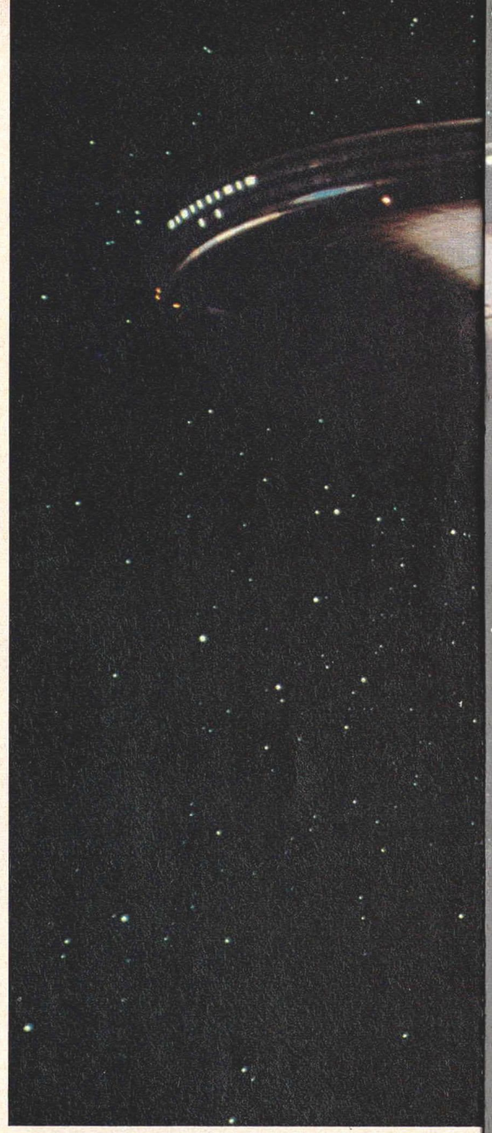
using dummy boards. Another, and probably the most telling for the end product, is that all the key members of the original cast have been assembled to play their old roles. There are some additions, including a former Miss India, Persis Khambatta. Whether they spoil or enhance the cast chemistry that made the show such a cult success will probably decide the movie's fate. But Roddenberry certainly hasn't relied on nostalgia alone to make *Star Trek — the Motion Picture* work. He has based the plot on the type of action adventure which first gripped *Star Trek* audiences and also made *Star Wars* a giant success. Roddenberry's aliens mightn't be as eerily stomach-wrenching as O'Bannon's, but they are more accessible to the bravery and endeavor of the crew of the updated USS Enterprise. These days the producers and distributors need almost as much bravery as the stars, because the competition's pretty fierce out there. Leaving aside the more or less abysmal *Star Wars* look-alikes, and apart from *Alien* and *Star Trek — the Motion Picture,* this season we are almost certain to have, somewhere, a rerun of that great seminal influence on modern SF movies, *2001: A Space Odyssey. Buck Rogers in the 25th Century* might find a new vitality,

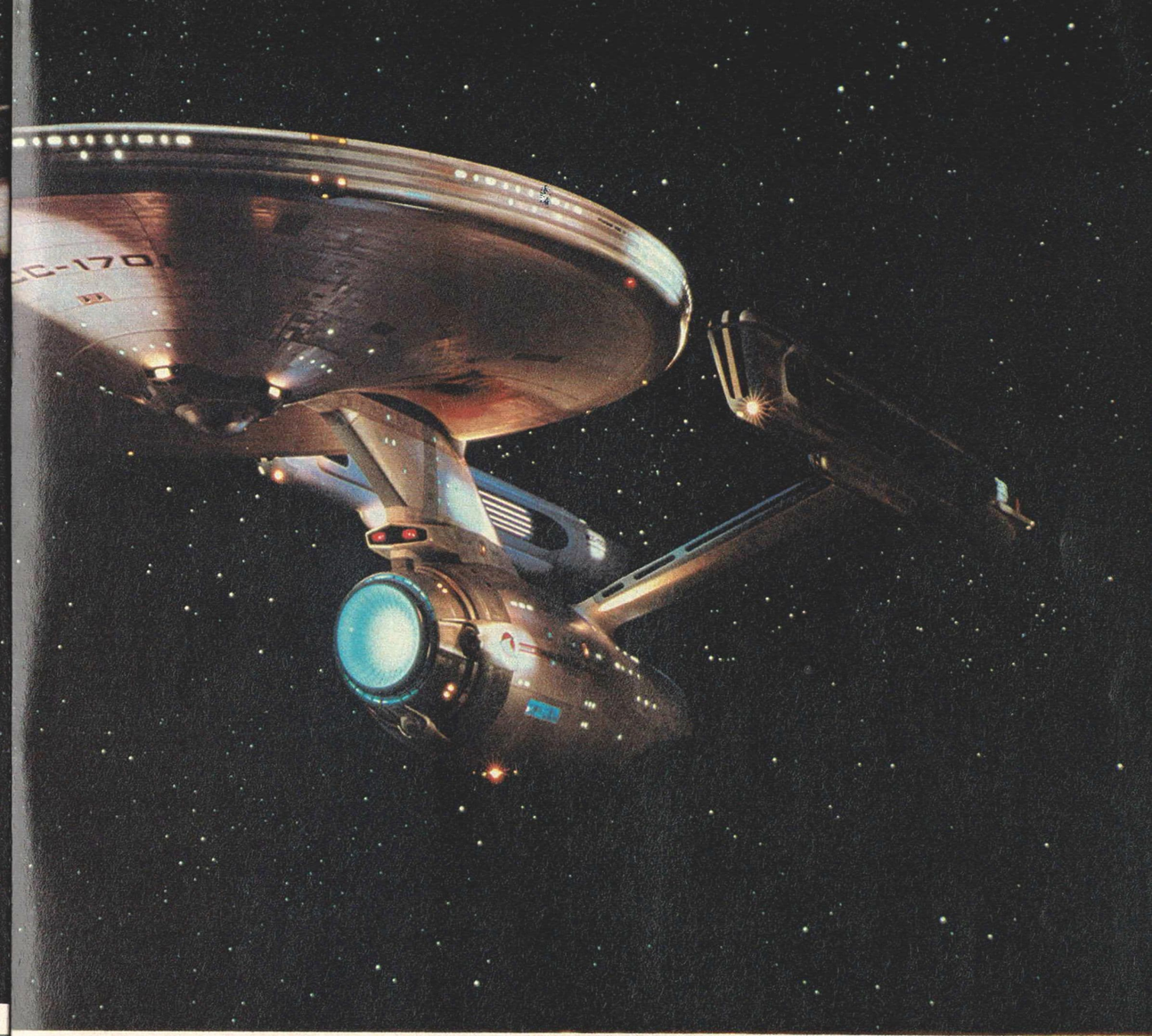


Clockwise from right: The refitted USS Enterprise launches out to meet the alien challenge; Persis Khambatta as Ilia, the Enterprise's new navigator lieutenant; one of the new spacecraft designed for the film; part of the computer-oriented control systems developed for the film, a far cry from the TV set days of plywood, wire and war surplus instrument panels.









a revamped version of *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* is on the cards, even *Star Wars* could make a late run as holiday fare — especially as it now appears it will be some time before we see the *Star Wars* sequel, *The Empire Strikes Back*. If it seems like we're suddenly awash with star sagas, that's only because the filmmakers have caught on to the box-office potential of a market which the SF book publishers have been tapping for years. Another very important factor is the recently-developed technological ability to produce dazzling special effects. SF and monster movies have been made for as long as film features have been produced, but have failed to win mass audiences because of ex-cruciatingly bad effects — with some very rare exceptions such as the first *King Kong*, which captured the popular imagination in spite of its crude special sequences, rather than because of them. Things have come a long way since George Lucas couldn't find a studio to buy *Star Wars* before the ailing 20th Century-Fox took the gamble. These days it's no longer a gamble if the studio is prepared to spend the money to do it right, because SF buffs are just bursting to fill the seats. And a lot more people are finding themselves SF buffs these days . . .

"All key members of the original cast play their old roles."

SHOE
free
free
free

capitalism. This would solve the income distribution problem without taxation by distributing the ownership of the assets which produce income. Income is provided to the unemployed simply by allowing the workers to own the machines which put them out of work.

Economists have not seriously considered this starkly simple solution to the chronic and endemic income redistribution problem created by technological unemployment because it requires changing the system. Amazingly, this is not usually considered to be part of economics. In any event, changing the system requires detailed practical knowledge of how the real world works.

Many economists will now admit that they are no longer certain of how to manage existing market economies. They agree a new system is required but they keep on trying to do the impossible because their professional training, experience and conditioning has not prepared them to do otherwise. Indeed, the thought patterns of contemporary economists make it much more difficult for them than others to understand the simple, practical solutions provided by social capitalism.

Social capitalism creates a major intellectual blockage for economists. It creates a radically new type of economic system which is quite different from capitalism, socialism, or communism. Social capitalism is unique because it does not use the public sector for redistributing a nation's income. Not only is social capitalism beyond the experience of economists, but it introduces quite new thought patterns and methods of analysis on how the world works.

Throughout the history of science there have been grand misconceptions created by the most gifted and knowledgeable scientists in the world thinking about things in the wrong way.

Perhaps the longest and most famous use of a wrong paradigm was the one named after the Greek astronomer Ptolemy. The paradigm of Ptolemy was a model of reality in which the sun revolved around the earth. This belief was universally held from around 150 B.C. until Copernicus proposed in the 16th century that the earth revolved around the sun. Although wrong, the paradigm of Ptolemy was useful in telling the time of day and for navigating ships. In a similar fashion today, many current economic theories may be wrong but they can still be of use.

It was only during the last century that the evolutionary theory of Charles Darwin and Alfred Wallace gained acceptance. Both Copernicus and Darwin were inhibited from publishing their views immediately because they anticipated the professional derision and public controversy that their ideas would bring. Human nature has not changed in this regard. Today Louis Kelso, the father of social capitalism is either ignored or derided by professional economists because his understanding of how the economy works is different from that of the economists. Kelso's framework of analysis is the *capitalist paradigm* and the model used by conventional economists is the *socialist paradigm*.

I refer to the framework of analysis used by economists as a socialist paradigm because orthodox economists in all countries simply do not consider the option of redistributing national income through redistributing the ownership of capital assets. Why should they? The communists and socialists are ideologically committed to public sector transfers. In Western or market economies the redistribution of national income through the private sector is not significant and until Louis Kelso developed Employee Share Ownership Plans (ESOP's) 20 years ago there was no practical method for entertaining an alternative to public sector transfers. The fact that even many right wing professional economists are intellectually locked in to a socialist framework of analysis illustrates the blinding power of a paradigm to create mental blockages.

> Not only do specialists learn more and more about less and less, but their knowledge becomes more isolated and irrelevant.

There are other reasons why the most gifted and knowledgeable economists of the world cannot offer insight and solutions to current economic problems. One is that the solutions require knowledge outside their field of expertise in such areas as law, accounting, human and institutional behavior.

A similar situation existed in the last century when a man who was not trained in medicine claimed that he knew the cause of a sickness afflicting the Emperor of France and many of his citizens. He was ridiculed and derided by the high panjanderums of the medical profession until his preventative measures were proved to work. We call these measures pasteurisation after Louis Pasteur. Louis Kelso, who is a lawyer, is in a similar position today with economists.

As a result of the technological revolution, people in the Western world are concerned that governments are becoming too powerful, while governments in the Eastern Bloc countries are concerned that their people are becoming too powerful. Residents in the Third World are concerned that nobody is sufficiently powerful to help.

The growth and spread of technology is making the world more incomprehensible to more and more people. The most frightening feature of the technological revolution is that the world is becoming incomprehensible to the technical specialist.

Excessive specialisation can be counter productive. This is becoming increasingly obvious to ordinary people who come into touch with specialist medical practitioners, lawyers, accountants and economists. Not only do specialists learn more and more about less and less, but their knowledge becomes more isolated and irrelevant to the practical world. This is why their knowledge can also be counter-productive, if not dangerous.

There has been a growing occurrence of articles in popular magazines and newspapers on the theme of the 'crisis in capitalism'. If the Eastern Bloc countries had a free press there would no doubt be articles on the theme of the 'crisis in socialism' or communism. In the Western world socialists have admitted that while they do not like capitalism, socialism will not work. At the same time more and more of those who favor a market economy are becoming worried about its ability to survive.

The problems facing us must be seen in context. The technological revolution has no geographic or ideological constraints. It provides threats and opportunities to every soul on the planet, weak or powerful.

Because of machines the leisure rate in industrialised societies has already doubled since the last century. A 72 hour or longer working week has been replaced with a 35 hour week with less weeks worked per year and less years worked per lifetime. Even though the hours worked per person in industrialised societies has more than halved, the goods and services produced per person has increased by around 100 times.

The power of new technology to reduce work and increase output is increasing at an accelerating rate. The robot revolution into which we are just entering will produce machines which will put both men and machines out of work. By the end of this century, the work rate could halve again in some countries. If the present working week were maintained then this would create a 50 percent unemployment or 'leisure rate'.

The leisure rate is now being accelerated by the emergence of quite a new global phenomena of satiation. This

Balloonheads

BY ART CUMINGS

"Did it ever occur to you
I might not want to be saved."

occurs when consumers obtain more income than they wish to spend on food, clothing, shelter and other goods and services. As a result, consumer demands do not increase sufficiently to keep labor and machines fully employed.

The effect of technology on satiation can be seen in the television industry. Once, valve operated black and white TV sets cost $1000. Today, with miniaturisation and printed circuits the much more complex color sets cost half as much. And because almost every home has one the TV electronic industry has to try to create a demand for something new, like videocassette recorders. The slow growth of this new market indicates this item is not seen as a necessity. Satiation also occurs when people change their values. Instead of seeking conspicuous consumption and possessions they may turn to more spiritual satisfactions or those which conserve the environment.

Satiation can also be created by the ability of society to produce excess goods and services or by obtaining excess income. Increases in productivity created by new technology is increasingly providing the means for individual countries like Germany and Japan to produce more than they wish to consume. Other people and countries are becoming satiated from owning scarce natural resources which can provide them with incomes in excess of their need to consume. The Arab oil states provide not only the best example of this situation but an outstanding illustration of the international economic turmoil which is created when the value of imports and consumption of a country cannot match the value of its production and exports.

All three causes of satiation have emerged together during the 1970s.

Another economic problem created by the technological revolution arises from the concentration of wealth in market societies. Typically, less than 10 percent of the population own around 90 percent of all income producing assets. Owner occupied homes should not be counted as an income producing asset. In practice they represent an income absorbing asset as they require repair and maintenance and may take many years to be paid off. As a result people need to work to keep their homes whereas income producing assets work to keep their owners.

Because so few people typically own most of the machines, factories, mines and other assets which produce goods and services, income distribution is also highly concentrated. Taxation is then required to transfer income to the majority of consumers so that they can obtain sufficient money to pay for the goods and services produced by the enterprises owned by the minority. A higher rate of taxation is required on both a humanitarian ground to provide a survival income for the unemployed and for the practical reason of providing consumers with the money to pay for the goods and services produced by the new machines.

Trying to solve this problem through higher and higher levels of taxation soon becomes self-defeating. High levels of taxation not only encourages tax avoidance but reduces the incentive for individuals to become employed productively and for investors to risk their money in developing more productive technology. But improvements in technology continue to emerge. This is gradually forcing market economies into a crisis which could result in either a breakdown of the existing system or a breakthrough to a different system.

In the affluent industrialised or resource rich societies social capitalism will allow private wealth in the form of income producing assets to replace public welfare. Sufficient private assets would

> A social dividend would mean people could afford to work for reasons other than just obtaining money to live.

be *provided* to all adults so that they would obtain a minimum income or 'social dividend' as a birthright. This would allow a fee to be charged for all basic needs and services to eliminate the need for government health, education, social and other services. It would also eliminate the need for big government and taxes to substantially increase the income available from private assets and so the social dividend.

The private income available to all adults would allow them to buy the health, education and other services of their choice from locally owned and managed enterprises. These would provide a diversity and quality of service most appropriate to the locale. But, more importantly, the social dividend would avoid the need for people to work to support themselves. People could afford to work for reasons other than just obtaining money if they so wished. The difference between work and leisure would become blurred or meaningless as people sought employment to further their natural aptitudes and interests or their drive for recognition, power, status and influence. Thus the unemployment rate would be referred to as the leisure rate. Advances in technology would be welcomed as a means of increasing both the level of the social dividend and the leisure rate.

An illustration of how social capitalism could eliminate taxes is provided by considering the Northern Territory of Australia. The territory has about the same area as France. It has a population of 100,000, 25 percent of whom are Aboriginals.

An Australian Government inquiry chaired by Mr Justice Fox estimated in 1977 that the total income of the territory was $445 million in 1974. Thirty percent of this income was paid to non-residents leaving an income of $300 million (or $3000 per man, woman and child) in the territory. The total income tax collected in 1974 in the territory amounted to only $25 million or $250 per person. Other Australians had to pay taxes of more than $175 million to support the territory — a subsidy of $1750 per person in the Territory.

The Fox report estimated that the mining of uranium in the territory would produce a surplus (for the mine owners) each year between $306 million and $1313 million in 1976 prices by the end of the century. If we use an average of $800 million a year this would provide a dividend income of $8000 each year for each man, woman and child in the territory on today's population. Even if the population had increased by 33 percent at the end of the century a per capita dividend income of $6000 a year at 1976 prices would be available. This would be *twice* the value of all wages, salaries, and locally owned profits obtained in 1974.

If everyone living in the territory obtained shares in the uranium mines the $1750 per capita subsidy to residents by taxpayers in the rest of Australia could be eliminated. All residents would be able to afford to pay a fee for health, education, social security and other services of their choice. There would thus be no need for the government to provide these services. Even after paying fees equal to the present $1750 per year per capita cost of government services, each resident would still have $4250 a year in addition to any income obtained from working (if they wished) or owning other income producing assets. The need for work, taxes, public welfare, and their attendant bureaucracies would be eliminated. All this would become possible from introducing ownership sharing for just the uranium mines.

The territory also has in operation world scale bauxite and manganese mines with other prospects for extracting coal, copper, and oil, and so on.

The elimination of all income taxes in the Territory would provide such a big advantage that investors would obtain a far greater incentive to invest to develop the mines even though they would be required to give up their ownership at the rate, say, of 10 percent a year after they

had maintained exclusive rights for the first 10 years. Such an arrangement would introduce 100 percent local ownership of all the mines in 20 years.

The arrangement would not only be more attractive to foreign investors but it would at the same time, slowly eliminate all foreign ownership as well as all local taxes, and the need for big government. It would reduce the need to raise taxes elsewhere in Australia to subsidise the territory and eliminate the loss of foreign exchange earnings after 20 years to provide greater domestic and foreign purchasing power for all Australians.

Everybody wins. But the thought of eliminating all taxes is so radical that it is not seriously considered by political leaders and economists in the Western world. Indeed, it is considered to be the wishful thinking of fanatic right-wing profiteers, or simple and impractical ideologists who wish to revert to an unsophisticated primitive society. Taxes on incomes and profits, rather than on expenditures, are in fact a relatively recent innovation of market economies. The first income tax was introduced in England in 1798 to finance the war against France and was repealed after Waterloo. Taxes on incomes and profits did not become a significant source of revenue until the First World War, government finance being principally based on expenditure type taxes such as tariffs and excise.

The only advanced industrialised societies not to introduce taxes are the socialist and communist countries. In such countries the surplus income accrues directly to the government because it owns most of the means of production. This illustrates the practicality of eliminating all taxes with social capitalism as the surplus income of production is distributed by ownership sharing. The ownership sharing is achieved in the private sector on a highly decentralised and pluralistic basis, instead of a centralised monolithic government basis.

Social capitalism is radically different from socialism or communism because it is based on this decentralised and popular-voting system of political and economic power. The power is based on private property, rather than on monopoly centralised state ownership. The power of private property to motivate people to produce and maintain their environment is dramatically illustrated in the Soviet Union where more than 60 percent of primary production is obtained from 3 percent of the land which is privately owned. As well, the 55 percent ratio of private home owners in the Soviet Union is higher than the ratio of home owners in the United States, which is around 45 percent. The low ratio of the US is created through the concentration of private wealth. In the Soviet Union the costs of repair and maintaining residential units is so high that the Government has instigated programs to promote private home ownership. To this end the government provides 15 year loans at only 3 percent interest.

The reaction against centralised bureaucratic control in the non-capitalist world has moved countries such as Yugoslavia towards a decentralised society based on a popular system of self-managing social, economic and political units. However, the trend in the Western world is in the opposite direction with increasing centralisation of power in the hands of government, business and labor organisations.

There are ways to slow down and reverse the trend. It is already happening in the field of computer technology. In the mid fifties and early sixties the economies of computers demanded centralised processing of information in business,

> In the Soviet Union, more than 60 percent of primary production comes from the 3 percent of land which is privately-owned.

military and government organisations.

In the June 1979 Scientific American, it was reported: ". . . the entire approach to the computer control of industrial systems has changed. Today's approach to the control of complex industrial plant is based on the concepts of decentralised control, distributed data acquisition and distributed information processing. The implementation of these concepts calls for a hierarchy of computers, each performing tasks appropriate to its position in the hierarchy."

I believe in the eighties and nineties the social organisation of advanced societies of all ideologies — but especially the market economies — will undergo a similar change. We will then be able to paraphrase the above quotation on computer organisation to read . . . Today's approach to the control of a complex society is based on the concepts of decentralised control, distributed economic wealth and distributed political power. The implementation of these concepts calls for a hierarchy of social organisations each performing tasks appropriate to its position in the hierarchy.

Rather than wait for a massive breakdown of our present market economies, we could start to create the basic building blocks of social capitalism within the present system. These building blocks should be created quite unilaterally by different groups of people in different places, at different times, in different ways, for different purposes. Alternatively, regional, state and national governments should provide incentives for the voluntary transformation of existing institutions to follow the principles of social capitalism. Both approaches are already occurring in the US.

The unilateral process was initiated 20 years ago when Louis Kelso devised a way within existing US legislation for employees to purchase their employer from pre-tax profits. During the last few years the US Government has introduced a number of fiscal and monetary incentives to encourage the development of "Employee Share Ownership Plans" (ESOP's). As part of the pact the previous UK Labor Government had with the Liberals to govern, tax incentives have also been introduced for ESOP's in England. These govenment initiatives were adopted for pragmatic short term political reasons rather than for any ideological commitment or even understanding of the theory and practice of social capitalism.

Louis Kelso and some of his followers understand very well the theory and practice of social capitalism. But the public is largely ignorant of the potential economic benefits of the widespread adoption of ESOP's. This is because leading economists not only do not understand the theory but reject any challenge to their conventional wisdoms.

Kelso believes our most influential economists, faced with the choice of saving their country or saving their reputations, will always choose to save their reputations.

Knowledge of the theory and practice of social capitalism is very limited. Kelso has been a prolific writer. He has written many articles and three books: — *The Capitalist Manifesto; The New Capitalists* and *The Two Factor Theory — The Economics of Reality*. Kelso uses the term 'universal capitalism' in his writings. During his visit to Australia in 1975 he agreed that social capitalism was a more appropriate name.

My proposals, which complemented and extended the Kelso concepts to urban land and natural resources, are outlined in my book *Democratising The Wealth of Nations*. This book was written exactly 200 years after the founding father of economics, Adam Smith, wrote his book *'An Inquiry Into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations'*. My book proposes three complementary methods to the ESOP's and Consumer Share Ownership Plans (CSOP's) proposed by

Kelso. All three methods are based on changing the rules by which people own things. These new rules create new economic structures which I have referred to as Ownership Transfer Corporations, Co-operative Land Banks and Producer-Consumer Co-operatives.

The potential for social capitalism to obtain an overwhelming political mandate was illustrated by the publication of *Democratising The Wealth Of Nations.* The book was published by the Company Directors Association of Australia, a pragmatic body of business leaders. The concepts proposed obtained the interest and favorable comments from political leaders of both the major political parties. Receptive responses were obtained from right wing leaders of the Liberal Party, which is supported by the business community; the left wing leaders of the Labor Party, which is supported by the unions; and directly by a union leader. A Deputy Prime Minister in the Labor Government expressed the view that ownership sharing was the only practical and effective means by which the unions could obtain more income and industrial power for their members. The present Prime Minister asked me during Kelso's visit to prepare a policy statement on the concepts of social capitalism.

The political acceptance of the concepts of social capitalism by political leaders identified with the more extreme positions of the opposing political parties is of particular significance. The opposing ideological extremes of Australian politics are much further apart than those found in many countries of the Western world such as the US, Germany and Japan and are more similar to those found in the UK, South America and some parts of Asia. The widespread political appeal and acceptance of social capitalism in the Western world is a natural consequence of the very high concentration of income producing assets in our market economies. Social capitalism can offer more for more people simply because so much of the productive assets in market economies are typically owned by so few of the population.

The rules by which people own assets are made by man and so can be changed by man. The present widely adopted rules for owning natural resources like land and minerals or corporate assets have two fundamental defects. One common, but by no means universal defect, is that perpetual ownership rights are provided. Such perpetual monopoly claims not only deny the ability of market forces to make changes in the allocation of resources but they can provide an excessive economic benefit.

Surplus profits are inconsistent with the operation of a market economy which assumes that profits are limited by competition. But surplus profits are more the rule than the exception. It can be said that all venture capitalists who obtain ownership rights over corporations and natural resources in excess of 20 years and obtain revenues after this period are receiving surplus profits. This is because venture capitalists like everyone else cannot accurately predict the future or the size of any future surplus of profits. The venture capitalist will thus invest his money on the basis that he recovers all his costs and obtains his reward as soon as possible in the immediate future. Normally the longest time horizon which is acceptable to commercial enterprise is less than 20 years and it is rarely longer than 12 years. Another reason why investors will not accept longer time horizons is that there are usually alternative investments available which offer greater and/or quicker returns with less risk.

The establishment of a fully owned subsidiary of the US-based General Motors Corporation in Australia provides an example of surplus profits. The subsidiary known as General Motors-Holden's was set up in 1926 with an investment of $A1 million. Fifty years later this investment had remitted back to the parent company more than $A300 million in dividends. Its book value in Australia had also increased to be in excess of $A300 million. Even after allowing for inflation the original investment had paid for itself 100 times over. But the size of the surplus obtained has nothing to do with the concept of surplus profit. An investment which pays for itself 100 times creates a 10,000 percent return. This is not a surplus profit if it is obtained within the time horizon used by the investor in justifying his investment. When I worked for Standard Oil (NJ) as a financial analyst in New York the longest investment time horizon used was only 12 years. Even if General Motors had a 15 years time horizon we can say General Motors-Holden's has been producing surplus profits at least since 1941.

> "Surplus profits are a bad deal for the host country. Foreign operations which remit any dividends from the host country after 20 years are providing surplus profits."

The remittance of surplus profits not only represents a bad business deal but a bad deal for the host country. In fact, all foreign operations in any country which remit any dividends after 20 years are providing surplus profits. In all such cases the host countries are paying more than they should for foreign technology and enterprise. It is by this means that the rich nations of the world get richer at the expense of the poor.

This mechanism of wealth concentration cannot be measured, let alone detected by the current methods of economic analysis. The modern tools of economic analysis are as rough and useful as a sundial for measuring a 100 metre sprint record. What they cannot detect they cannot measure, and what they cannot measure they cannot understand. The result is the very high concentration in the ownership of productive assets — concentration which has not been abated or even ameliorated by high levels of taxation.

Surplus profits introduce the need for more taxation so that purchasing power can be distributed to consumers to keep the economy operating. In many situations consumers may be directly responsible for increasing the economic values of owning an asset beyond that anticipated by the owner. These unexpected values are windfall profits, the second major problem created by the present rules used for owning things.

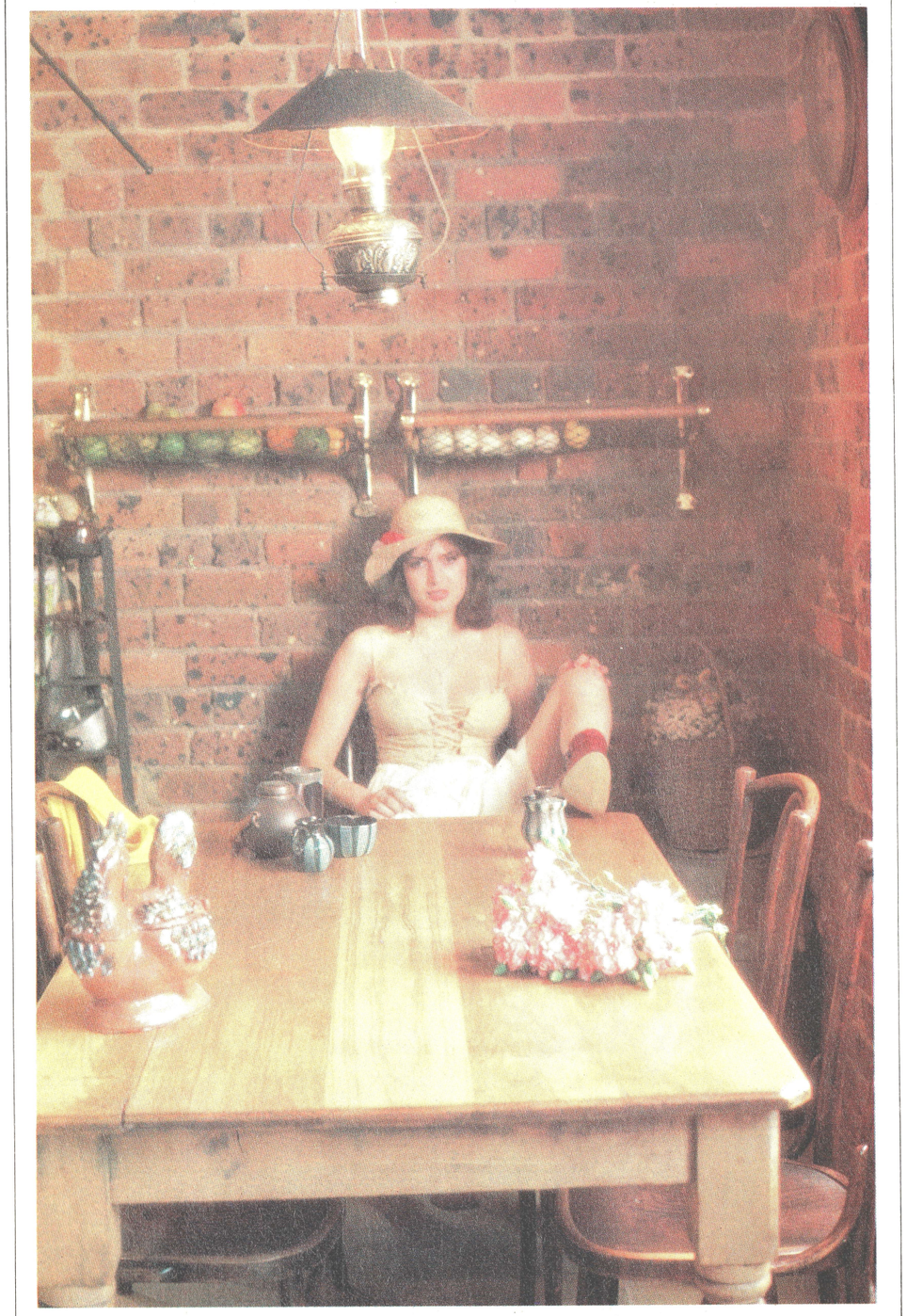
This increase in value is not created by the owners but by the non owners or consumers. If the consumers create these new values, should they not share in them according to how they contributed to the increase? Such a result could be produced by adopting a dynamic form of ownership which transfers ownership rights from the venture capitalist to the consumers who generate the values of ownership in excess of its development cost. The concept of dynamic ownership rights not only minimises the emergence of surplus profits but provides a means to distribute windfall profits.

The basic needs of all are fulfilled through providing a guaranteed minimum income. This allows people to work for fulfillment, rather than because they need a living income. Individuals obtain more than the minimum income according to their 'contributions' to either production *or consumption.*

Traditionally, society has only recognised the economic values generated by production and neglected those created by consumption.

This explains why consumers, who far outnumber the owners of the means of production, obtain the thin slice of the nation's income cake — an imbalance which is reaching a critical position with advancing technology.

The introduction of new technology and the robot revolution will thus make social capitalism the inevitable economic system of the post-industrial age.



Kerrie

"When I meet a man who attracts me my skin begins to tingle."

"I'm going to have a lot of fun before I settle down," says 18-year-old Kerrie Williamson from Melbourne. "My dream is to be famous. I want people to notice me. I'd love to be very rich and have lots of beautiful clothes and jewellery. I fantasise about being in the jet set and touring around the wonderful old cities of Europe," she says.

Fun lover

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MIKE GIDDENS

Kerrie enjoys heavy rock music, and she keeps her 36-24-36 figure by spending some of her nights dancing at discos and clubs. "I had ballet lessons for some years and loved it," she says, "but now I prefer the freedom of dancing to rock music. I feel so alive on the dance floor. The movement of my body becomes an outlet for my emotions. Dancing is a great way to express yourself."

INSIDE OUT
FOUNDATIONS
BEAUTY
PERFUME
FASHION BLADE
VOGUE

Jag clothes from Myriad Lingerie by Hickory Scarf and jacket by Fiorucci

"It's very important for a man to know how to talk to a woman," says Kerrie. "He must know how to make her feel beautiful, important and secure." Kerrie is drawn to extrovert men who have a good sense of humor. "I prefer men with long hair," she says, "and when I meet a man who attracts me my skin begins to tingle. If I'm really turned on by him I feel my body glow."

"The movement of my body becomes an outlet for my emotions."

Kerrie is very much a lady who's aware of her own sexuality, and it's also clear that she's attuned to her own emotions as well as to those of her special man. "For a relationship to work, it must be based on trust," she says. "If a beautiful woman walks into the room, I expect the man I'm with to make some comment. And if a good-looking man comes along, I wouldn't be surprised if I did exactly the same."

A CONVERSATION WITH MAX

A millionaire who claims to be the first man to have himself cloned, accuses the scientific community of blocking progress and evolution.

When word leaked to the press, in the late summer of 1978, that an old, respected publishing house was planning to issue a nonfiction book about the purported cloning of a human being, the reaction was instantaneous and seismic. The book, *In His Image: The Cloning of a Man,* by science writer David Rorvik (formerly on the staff of *Time* magazine and the recipient of a Pulitzer prize), tells the story of "Max," a rich man who, for a variety of reasons, wanted to duplicate himself by cloning. Cloning is an asexual method of reproduction, previously used only in lower animals, in which a single body cell is stimulated to produce an exact replica of the individual from whom the cell is taken. According to Rorvik's book, a medical team consisting of three individuals code-named "Darwin", "Mary", and "Paul", conducted its research at a tropical outpost, where native women served as egg donors and surrogate mothers, in an effort to carry a cloned embryo to term after its implantation in a "surrogate" womb. After numerous failures, Rorvik recounts, success was achieved with a teenage girl, "Sparrow", who became the surrogate mother.

In His Image immediately spawned an industry of clone-conscious television movies, a television series, and books and articles *about* Rorvik's book, as well as cloning jokes and "self-cloning" kits. It was front-page, and talk-show news for months. Controversial because its subject matter threatens our basic sense of self and because the author refused to disclose his sources, the book was denounced by some as a fraud and a hoax. Other scientists withheld judgment and said that, hoax or not, the book raised serious bio-ethical issues that desperately needed to be aired — because cloning, if it had not already happened, could indeed occur very soon if someone, or some group, wanted badly enough to do it. Since the book's initial impact, millions of words have been written and debated on the pros and cons of cloning and on the other advances in genetic engineering that, Rorvik warns, pose far more threatening challenges to man than anything yet encountered.

The book has now been published in 15 languages in more than 20 different countries. Its credibility has been enhanced by the recent success of Dr Landrum B. Shettles in growing three human embryos in test tubes to the point at which he believes they might successfully have been implanted in surrogate wombs. Its credibility was also furthered by the birth, in England, of Louise Brown, the first baby conceived in a laboratory test tube.

Rorvik was interviewed by US *Penthouse* last year and was then asked to interview Max. Negotiations took place over the period of a year. According to Rorvik, Max finally agreed to an interview on his yacht in an unnamed location. David Rorvik reports:

My first meeting with Max since publication of my book took place in the late spring of 1978. I was in London when the arrangements were made. By telephone I told Max that I would soon be heading to Australia. I said that I could make some stopovers both on my way there and again while en route back to Europe. Max was worried about my being followed and suggested I give him a list of places — the more the better, he said — where he might reach me. He suggested Abu Dhabi as one possible meeting place, one of the Seychelles Islands as another. Later we added Sri Lanka, Manila, and Bangkok to the list. Soon, dates and places where I would be staying were conveyed to him. He asked me not to try to reach him by phone again.

When he did contact me — by first sending a message to my hotel room — the terms of our meeting were as follows: I would tape our afternoon conversation on his recorder, transcribe the cassette tapes that same evening, and turn them over to him by the following morning while remaining, at all times, in his care. He would edit the transcript, deleting anything he wanted to, and I would be obligated to return the transcripts to him along, with the finished interview, before submitting it to *Penthouse.*

Later, it was decided that a second interview session would be desirable. This did not take place until early 1979. Again, the terms, to which I agreed, knowing that otherwise there would be no interviews, were very similar. Max promised to be candid and surprised me by saying that he hoped to make himself "a little more exciting" than — he thought — I had portrayed him in my book. Throughout the interview we referred to Max's clonal offspring by his given name, but Max deleted the

name in each instance and substituted "the child" or "the boy" or "the kid".

Rorvik: Do you mind our saying where these interviews took place?

Max: You can say that it's on the water.

Rorvik: On a vessel, the first time near the Philippines and this time near Hawaii.

Max: That's enough.

Rorvik: The first time we talked on this vessel, several months ago, there were only you and the crew. You said you wouldn't risk having Sparrow and the child present, but they're here with you this time. Why the more relaxed attitude?

Max: The times are a little more relaxed, although I'm still taking every precaution to protect us. I can finally open a magazine or a newspaper and not read something about the great cloning controversy.

Rorvik: The BBC is preparing an hour-long documentary on it.

Max: I don't think I ever recall a story so many profess to disbelieve yet persist in talking about. I've noticed that some commentators seem to find the story a bit more credible in light of the various test-tube babies that have been reported born or about to be born.

Rorvik: How did you feel about all the publicity surrounding the birth of the world's alleged first test-tube bay, Louise Brown?

Max: Both relieved and anxious. It was nice to have something new divert attention from your book. On the other hand, as I say, anything that makes the book more credible makes me nervous. And the carnival-type hubbub that attended the birth of Louise Brown was a reminder of precisely the thing I've wanted to avoid.

Rorvik: A lot of people find it difficult to understand why you haven't come forward to substantiate the claims in the book — the proud "papa" of the world's first clone.

Max: It doesn't serve my interests — or the boy's. I have no desire to see my picture in sensational newspapers or have the kid hounded to death for the rest of his life like some kind of creature from outer space. I know that not only the press and the public but even the scientific world would exploit him, because he's unique — he's irresistible. The only thing that really protects him is the uncertainty over his existence. I told you a long time ago, right at the beginning, when I said you'd write this book at your own risk, that I wasn't out to prove anything.

Rorvik: Still, you could confirm that this cloning had taken place without giving away your identity — or that of the child.

Max: It's possible, yes. We could go to some remote site and then permit a couple of experts in to take blood and tissue samples . . .

Rorvik: To carry out the tests that would prove beyond any doubt that you and the child are genetically identical — that he is your clonal double?

Max: Yes. Of course, we'd have to worry about someone getting wind of this, following the experts and so on, but in theory it's possible that it could be done without anyone finding out who we are. But the point is: why risk it? I have nothing to gain by this sort of confirmation and everything to lose. The minute it was confirmed beyond any doubt that a human clone existed, news organisations all over the world would spare no effort to ferret the kid out.

Rorvik: The last time we talked you said that, under certain circumstances you wouldn't let me write about, you *might* agree to some sort of independent confirmation before your death, something that you might agree to as the lesser of two possible evils. Do you still feel that way?

Max: There's still that possibility, although the contingency that might occasion such a decision hasn't yet arisen.

Rorvik: You also said, when we first spoke

> I have no desire to see my picture in sensational newspapers or have the kid hounded to death for the rest of his life.

about this, that the reception the "test-tube baby" was given would influence you to some extent. At that time Louise Brown hadn't yet been born, and most of the world knew little or nothing about her.

Max: As I recall, a number of your critics were saying then that there would be no test-tube babies or clones in our lifetime. Of course, I'm thoroughly convinced that Louise Brown was *not* the first test-tube baby. [Dr] Douglas Bevis [at Leeds University in England] announced that he had delivered three such babies, all healthy, in 1974. The only reason he's doubted in the face of his formidable credentials is that he had enough integrity to refuse to provide the kind of documentation that would have revealed the identities and whereabouts of the babies and their mothers, all of whose lives would have been destroyed by the publicity.

Drs [Patrick] Steptoe and [Robert] Edwards, on the other hand, were out selling rights to the [Louise Brown] story to the seediest of the tabloids even before the kid was born. Equally amazing, they have yet to publish their results in a respected medical journal. This is supposed to be playing it straight, whereas what we did is supposed to be somehow evil.

Rorvik: Didn't Steptoe and Edwards work in secret for a couple of years, with how many unsuccessful efforts before finally announcing the birth of Louise?

Max: Right. And yet this is the medical establishment that — I'm told, in effect, by many of the people who have commented on your book — I should trust. Bullshit! Would a potential Nobel Prize winner sell you down the river? You're damn right. People all too often confer some sort of mantle of piety upon those with scientific degrees.

Rorvik: So you're clearly not much encouraged by the Louise Brown episode. But in the event, for reasons of your own, you found it wise to prove unequivocally the existence of your clonal offspring, what would the problems be?

Max: A lot of naive people think it would be so simple — to conduct the tests without giving away our identities. I say let them come up with a plan. How do you move highly visible experts to some remote location without everybody and his dog knowing about it? Experts usually come complete with friends, families, colleagues. They say they won't tell anyone, but human nature being what it is, you know damn well they will.

Rorvik: So if someone can come up with a fail-safe plan, you'd consider it?

Max: Certainly. Let's hear some ideas.

Rorvik: And you said you'd welcome suggestions as to who should carry out these tests?

Max: Right. Obviously, someone reasonably trustworthy. I don't imagine James Watson would qualify.

Rorvik: For those unfamiliar with the position Watson [the Nobel Prize Winning geneticist] has taken, could you clarify?

Max: Well, originally, Watson was warning his colleagues that cloning of humans was going to happen very soon and that those who doubted were outdated. Then your book came along, and he said that it was science fiction, that both clones and test-tube babies were out of the question.

Rorvik: How do you explain that?

Max: A lot of these fellows who talked about cloning as a real possibility a few years ago suddenly found themselves hip-deep in recombinant work.

Rorvik: You're referring here to the recombination in the laboratory of the genetic material, the DNA, of unlike organisms to create new forms of life?

Max: Right, and this had placed on the public plate the unpalatable, or at least politically unpalatable, prospect of genetic engineering — breeding a superrace and all that sort of thing, taking life in our own hands, playing God. Suddenly, the boys who had titillated the public with talk of clones and the like, whether they approved of them or not, were embarrassed by their speculations. It was all getting too close to reality. A few years before your book came out, they had begun to perfect the techniques of molecular cloning that have caused so much controversy. And because there's so much money to be made in recombinant DNA, nobody wanted to alarm the public or rock the boat unnecessarily. And your book rocked the boat.

Rorvik: Hence some of these about-faces?

Max: Right. And I can almost sympathize with someone like Watson. I don't know that I'd characterise all the opponents of recombinant work as "shits, kooks, and incompetents", as he did, but I do think there are a lot of poorly informed people out there, including some Nobel Prize winners, who want to stand in the way of progress. I'll go further: who want to stand in the way of evolution.

Rorvik: I take it you don't share [Columbia University biochemist] Erwin Chargaff's fear that we might mess everything up, by tinkering with things we don't really understand — like life. He asks: "Have we the right to counteract, irreversibly, the evolutionary wisdom of millions of years in order to satisfy the ambition and curiosity of a few scientists?"

Max: Well, you know what [Dr Stanley] Cohen's response to that is, don't you? That it was Chargaff's "evolutionary wisdom that gave us the gene combinations for bubonic plague, smallpox, yellow fever, typhoid, and cancer". What sets man apart from all other creatures is his natural propensity and his natural ability to be perpetually in a state of redefinition and re-creation. For man, to be *is* to become. We see ourselves reflected in our dreams, and we alone are capable of realising our imaginations.

Rorvik: Creating new images of ourselves?

Max: Yes. And what is unnatural is whatever stands in the way of that impulse, which is as much a part of us as our heartbeat.

Rorvik: Of course, many of the critics of genetic engineering do not want to see this work halted entirely; they simply want to make us more mindful of the risks and to safeguard the public interest through legislative restraint You were quite enthusiastic about a recombinant bug General Electric constructed in the lab. This one was designed to enable us to eat grass and hay. The idea was that it might help ease the world food-shortage problem. The trouble was that the organism didn't work like it was supposed to, and lab animals that were infected with it developed intestinal problems that killed some of them.

Max: The G.E. scientists recognised the problem and destroyed the organism. But even if it had got out, there isn't a chance that it would have infected humans.

Rorvik: *Science* magazine, which is actually pro-recombinant DNA, said otherwise. It referred to this matter as a "close call" and speculated that if the organism had got out of its laboratory cage, gained a selective advantage, and spread throughout the population — which it might have done in short order — we might all have come down with a global case of the trots, many of us perhaps dying of the same diarrhea-type syndrome that killed the lab animals.

Max: I've heard all the horror stories — that we might create an Andromeda strain, a cancer-causing virus, that another bug G.E. has patented can eat up oil spills and might also devour all of our natural reserves of oil or get into the fuel supply of a jet airplane and cause it to crash, that terrorists might construct recombinant bombs.

Rorvik: Along those lines, I read not long ago in a Boston underground paper of a "recipe" for what was called "lambda-phage-carrying clostridium genes". It was cooked up by an M.I.T. biologist, who said another name for it might be "botulism soup". It's a fatal recombinant concoction, and yet all the ingredients and precise instructions on how to put it together were available for less than $350. The instructions concluded: "Have fun, but don't lick your fingers." It was a very dramatic way of demonstrating how easy it is to misuse this technology.

Max: Certainly. It's also very easy to misuse sticks, stones, fire, nuclear energy. Look, I happen to know that the military, in the United States and elsewhere, has been very interested in using genetic engineering and especially the new recombinant techniques to find what can only be called ethnic weapons. I've shown you papers related to some of this work.

There's all nature of fascination with various genetic means of disrupting a complexity of enzyme activities, some of which are specific to certain ethnic types. There are genetically ordered metabolic functions that differ dramatically between whites and nonwhites. Even among sub-groups within specific ethnic groups you can find these differences, which are in essence vulnerabilities, points of possible recombinant attack. If you can engineer a recombinant bug that will infect everybody — and that, of course, we can already do — then you have the perfect carrier to introduce the genetic instructions that will disrupt the metabolism of the target population. In particular there's been a lot of attention paid to the vulnerabilities of blacks and Jews.

That the Pentagon has been involved in funding some of these studies shouldn't surprise anyone who's alert. It has confessed to covertly testing live germs in such places as downtown Washington, D.C., and San Francisco Bay. It even showed how easy it would be to assassinate a president by releasing some germs in the White House — parts accessible to

"Microbiology, Aisle 4, Section B."

tourists, whence they can reach the Oval Office via the air-conditioning system. When it were able to test this without detection, it jubilantly reported that they had "assassinated" President Kennedy. So far as I know, the Pentagon didn't inform the president in advance. That was back in the Sixties, and of course all that sort of thing was supposed to have ended with Nixon's moratorium on any new germ warfare research — that was in '69 or '70. Yet in '71 the CIA pretty well turned Cuba's economy belly up by introducing a virus into the island that killed half a million hogs. Later it tried to do the same things with other bugs, designed to attack Cuban turkeys and sugarcane.

I probably know a bit more about some of these perils than most people. I *still* think we ought to press ahead. Just because you can do something diabolical with a knife doesn't mean you should ban knives. The devil is not in the knife. If the devil is there, he's in a man's heart.

I'll grant that we have a tendency to be devilish. This appears to be natural; so there's probably not too much we can do about it. And I'm not too worried, to be frank, because we also have an even more powerful natural tendency to survive. I think we'll check ourselves when and where we need to; we may get burned a few times, but we'll ultimately strike the proper balance between risks and benefits. In the meantime, the Cassandras would do well to focus on the risk of outlawing or seriously curtailing this research — the risks to all those countless sufferers of diabetes and other metabolic and genetic misfortunes who finally stand some chance of being helped.

By introducing the genetic material that "codes" for the production of all manner of badly needed biological substances, growth hormone, insulin, you name it — by introducing these instructions into bacteria that reproduce themselves millions of times over in short periods of time, we have at our disposal one of the most powerfully revolutionary tools of all time: molecular cloning. There are bugs on the drawing board that could solve the energy crisis for all time, bugs that will alter brain chemistry and overcome various forms of madness . . .

Rorvik: There's even talk of a bug that some corporation has in mind to make garbage smell good, a real boon, supposedly, in an increasingly overcrowded and polluted society. That seems to be the crux of the problem: that this technology, like so much other technology, is not going to be used to make man better, wiser, and more compassionate but rather more malleable and manipulable, more adaptable to a deteriorating society.

If we can't feel the pain or smell the rot, what possible impetus are we going to have to halt the decay?

Max: Again, the technology itself is amoral. It didn't create the stink. Man did. And it seems that he's intent upon creating an even greater stink. It's not the poor that choose to crowd together. The very affluent stand in line to spend half a million dollars on condominiums in the most crowded sections of Hawaii, Hong Kong, New York. It's human nature, not technology, that dictates this. Technology merely acts in this instance — should said deodorising bug ever materialise, and I understand it's already nearly a reality — to remove one unpleasant side effect of that tendency.

Rorvik: I don't think you'll mind my saying that you have a vested interest, quite a strong one, in the area of recombinant DNA. Isn't that so?

Max: Yes. I don't know of any major corporate interest that doesn't have some interest in this field. There are billions to be made, particularly in the pharmaceutical field, which is only one of my interests.

> We have at our disposal one of the most powerful revolutionary tools of our time: molecular cloning.

Rorvik: Over the years you've invested in a great many different fields and have succeeded rather spectacularly in a number of them.

Max: The only place I ever failed was in the fast-food business.

Rorvik: Then you're obviously not Ronald McDonald or Colonel Sanders. What I'm getting at here is that a lot of people say to me: how could a man as rich, powerful, and successful as the one you describe in your book keep such a low profile?

Max: Okay, let's assume that I'm one of the thousand richest men in the world. I'm willing to bet that out of 100,000 people you wouldn't find more than two or three who could identify even twenty or thirty of those thousand. Hell, there isn't one in a thousand who knows who the richest man in the world is. After John Wayne and the president — maybe — most people go blank, and that isn't too much of an exaggeration.

Rorvik: I've been asked over and over, "Is Max a homosexual?" People thought you must be some kind of self-loving narcissist to do this. Not all, but some. They seem particularly hung up on this notion in France. The closest I could get to your real motivation in the book was your having been an orphan, and that through cloning you could in a sense remake yourself, give yourself the firm sense of identity you perceive lacking in your other, present — or should I say "older"? — life. Does that get close to it?

Max: It's as good an explanation as any.

Rorvik: But there was another, more practical reason wasn't there?

Max: Well, that I needed an heir; you said that.

Rorvik: But not just any heir; you could have designated anyone that. You don't deny that you wanted someone who would think like you do, or at least would have the potential to think like you do?

Max: I don't deny that.

Rorvik: And you also liked the idea of springing this particular heir on some of your unsuspecting business colleagues — ten or fifteen years down the road — for reasons that go beyond business to revenge?

Max: I think justice would be a better word.

Rorvik: You have forbidden me to include any direct conversation with Sparrow or the child — and he is talking quite a lot for his age — but they both appear to be in excellent health. Last time we talked, the child was having some sort of intestinal problem; there was the fear that this might be some manifestation of a genetic defect, perhaps caused by the nuclear transfer procedure or the test-tube incubation.

Max: That's all cleared up. We didn't have to do anything. It went away as mysteriously as it arrived. The boy seems to be developing, if anything, at an accelerated rate.

Rorvik: You said something earlier about "mystical" aspects to this. Do you still feel, as you once did, that a clone and its identical donor might enjoy some sort of shared consciousness?

Max: [Nobel Prize winning geneticist Joshua] Lederberg suggested that years ago. He said that cloning might be the perfect way of bridging the generation gap, provided the donor acted as teacher as well as parent to his clonal offspring. He speculated that members of the same clone might be able to communicate with minimal words and gestures, almost by ESP. That's why he suggested it might be useful to send clones into outer space and on other difficult missions where communications by normal means would be hampered and where extraordinary rapport and coordination would be required. A number of scientists have commented on this possibility.

Rorvik: The last time we spoke, you mentioned some early incidents that were suggestive of unusual rapport.

Max: Yes. Well, the morning we discovered the digestive problem we just talked about, I woke up with one hell of a bellyache. I've never had any such problems in my life — before or since. When the kid started bawling, the first thing that came to me was that it was a digestive problem, and I told Mary to check that out first. And that's what it turned out to be.

The really amazing thing to me was that my feces that day and the next turned almost white — light clay colored, something I'd never noticed. The kid's was just like that.

Even before that, though there were things we noticed. Whenever he'd cry, usually when he was in his crib in a room alone, different people would try to quiet him by going in. Sometimes only my presence would do it. The funny thing was, once I was summoned — even from a distant part of the house — and had made the conscious decision to go to him, he'd almost always stop crying *that second or the next.*

On the occasions when that didn't work, my walking down the corridor to his room would usually quiet him so that by the time I actually got to the door he'd have stopped crying. For a while we thought this might just be the reassuring sound of footsteps. So we actually experimented, with different people walking toward the door but stopping just short of it. Everytime we did this, he'd respond — stop crying — only when I approached. In fact, he seemed to "learn" what was going on very quickly and would, after we'd done this a few times, actually bawl louder when someone else approached.

Rorvik: That's eerie.

Max: It made me a little uncomfortable at first, but now it seems absolutely natural. I could never prove it, but I'm convinced now that my mind locks into his, automatically, without any conscious decision to do so on my part, whenever it senses, at whatever level, that he needs me.

Often, in the middle of the night, I'll experience a momentary surge of fear or panic or uncomfortableness, and I'll actually feel a cry begin to well up in me. This happens so quickly it hardly registers. I'm convinced that each of these episodes is reflective of some momentary, minor distress he's feeling; but now, rather than have to get up or make a conscious decision to get up and go to him, my mind just reaches out and tells him that he's okay. A couple of times when I've been conscious enough in the middle of the night to *override* this natural inclination to be comforting in my thoughts, just what I've expected has happened: he's let out healthy screams. Other than that, he's about as serene as they come. Or so Mary says, and she's seen plenty of them.

Rorvik: Are you with the child most of the time, then?

Max: As much as I can be, but actually there are occasionally periods of some weeks when I can't be. Then he's with Mary or Sparrow. During those periods, I'm told, he tends to be more fretful. Before he was born, by the way, I was as sound a sleeper as you'd ever encounter. There were a couple of crises, in fact, on one of our first long separations, where he simply wouldn't stop crying. By the time I got telephone message to that effect, I was convinced something was wrong, because my head was buzzing and my stomach jumping.

What I do now is to set aside three periods in each day to meditate; I do this anyway, but when I'm on the road I devote these almost exclusively to him, trying to feel what he's feeling, trying to convey my presence.

It's worked very well. The first trip away, when I did this, he behaved better than he ever had before.

There are other things: I'm beginning to see all kinds of expressions, movements that he makes, that remind me of myself. It's an incredible experience, in many ways like going through infancy and early childhood all over. I find myself thinking odd thoughts, having strange sensations. At first I thought senility might be setting in prematurely.

> I'm beginning to see all kinds of expressions, movements that he makes, that remind me of myself. It's an incredible experience.

Rorvik: In the book you do not say which cell was used in the successful experiment. Will you say now?

Max: It was a liver cell. I don't know why Darwin was so secretive about that. Certain types of liver cells, apparently, particularly after growth in culture, are almost indistinguishable from some embryonic cells. As you know, he worked with a lot of other cells, including the diploid sperm-producing cells Shettles used. I notice you took some flak for mentioning his work with red blood cells. Even though you didn't say these were used as body-cell nuclei donors, some jumped to the conclusion that that's what you meant.

Rorvik: Actually, prior to publication of the book, I informed the publisers of possible confusion on this score and said that if I couldn't go into detail as to why these cells were of interest we should delete references to them. That was done in all but one case, which later caused some embarrassment. Of course, what made these cells interesting was their self-enucleation process prior to entering the body's circulation. The mechanisms by which cells enucleate themselves and survive without nuclei is obviously of interest to anyone intent upon cloning.

Max: Or at least it was for a while. It turned out that Darwin didn't learn much from that particular inquiry.

Rorvik: Apart from Shettles's effort, do you know of other cloning projects?

Max: I've heard rumors of several. I have no further plans in this area; at least no personal plans. Audrey Muggleton-Harris, I understand, has a sizeable grant.

Rorvik: She's at Worcester Polytechnic Institute. The grant is for cloning mice?

Max: Right. She's using a technique similar to the one we adopted.

Rorvik: I notice she's using the fungal metabolite Cytochalasin B that I reported was used in our work. Interesting, in light of the fact that some of my critics have said this wouldn't work with mammalian cells. Any other efforts?

Max: I understand the Soviets are very interested. They're not so hypocritical about it, either. Imagine a top US government scientist talking in glowing terms about human clones. He'd be shot down. Yet that's exactly what has happened in Russia.

Rorvik: Can you say who the official is?

Max: Dimitri Belyayev, president of the International Genetics Federation. He's said that the Soviets have "a definite technique" for the cloning of large mammals. He specifically added that it could be applied in the future to humans, as well as to livestock. He talks as if they are already able to clone livestock.

Rorvik: You have no desire to have yourself cloned again?

Max: I did at one time, but I'm finding that one is responsibility enough.

Rorvik: I don't want to be morbid, but are you afraid that you might die before your clonal offspring reaches maturity?

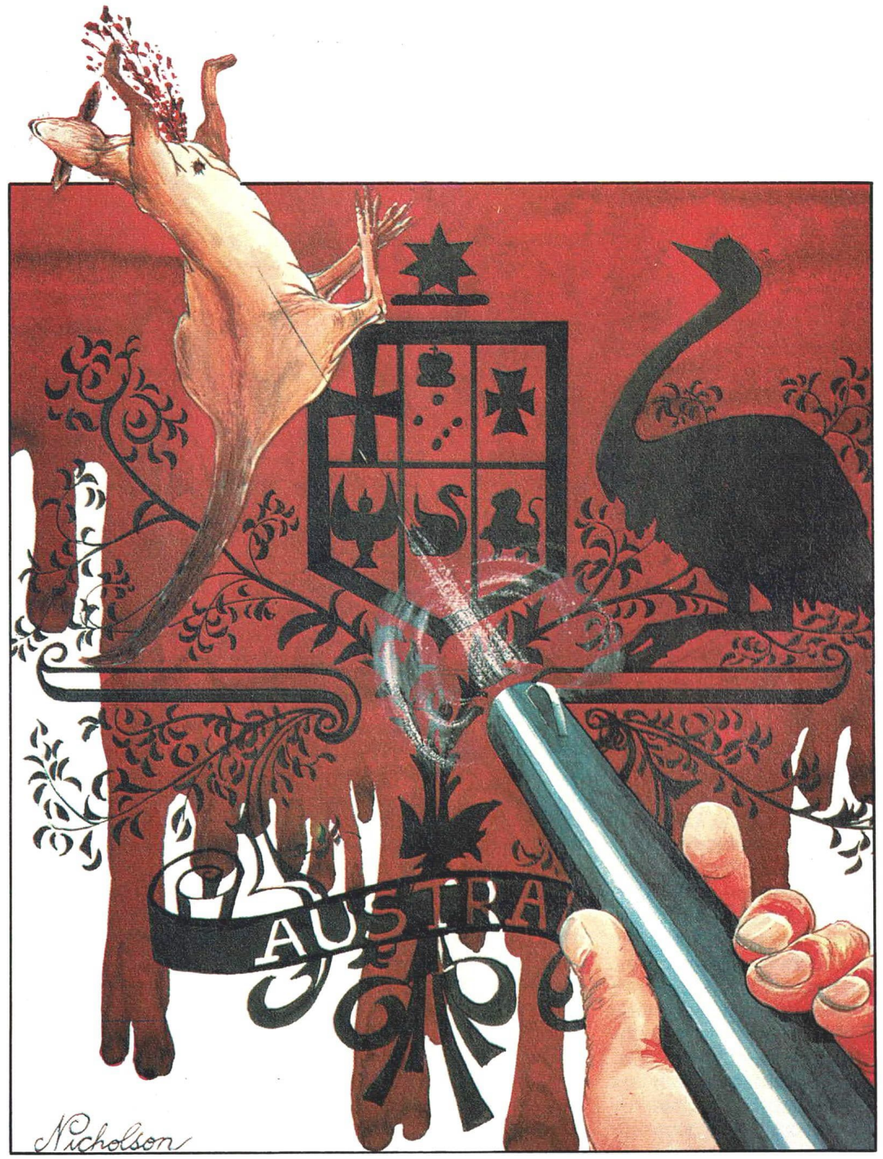
Max: That's a worry — one that I'm taking into account in my contingency planning. I've done certain things to safeguard the child.

Rorvik: If you do not choose to permit independent confirmation, do you think that the story will ever be verified?

Max: I'd have to be a fool not to think that someone, someday, will provide at least some evidence in support of your story. Obviously, when I die the picture may change dramatically. I can't control things from beyond the grave.

Rorvik: But in a sense that's exactly what you're hoping to do, isn't it — to cheat death?

Max: Cheat is the wrong word. When you have an adversary as formidable as death, the best you can hope for is some kind of deal, and even that's better than anyone's got — so far.



Kangaroos are protected fauna.
Protected by what? Governments
which allow millions to be massacred.

THE KANGAROO SLAUGHTER

The pictures which follow on the next six pages are not pretty. They are horrific. They document the brutal killings of our national symbol. They demonstrate, even to those who argue that culling of kangaroo numbers is necessary, the inhumane barbarism of this uncontrolled industry.

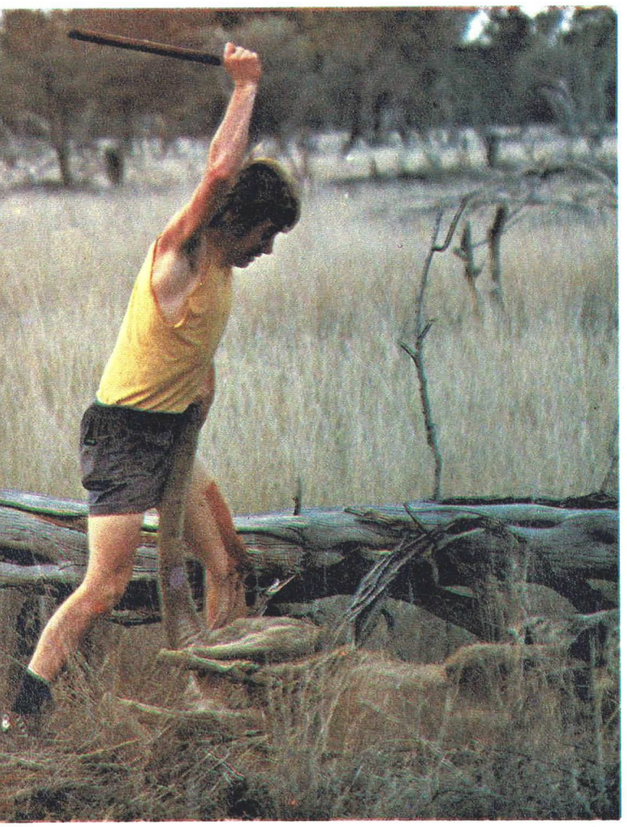
Australia's coat of arms has become the nation's most bloody symbol. A vital part of our national heritage has been allowed to become the victim of haphazard slaughter. Most of it is the result of bureaucratic blundering, poor planning and lack of control. The killing of millions of kangaroos each year is a million dollar business and it's about to boom beyond all proportions.

Some three and a half million 'roos are likely to die this year. State governments sanction the culling of 2.8 million, and an estimated half a million will die at the hands of poachers and illegal shooters hunting the outback. As the annual kill continues, some politicians, unaware of deep concern and suspicion by authorities here and overseas are pressing for more and more kangaroos to be killed, and adding their pressure to have the lucrative US market re-opened for kangaroo products.

The roo industry is Australia's last frontier in uncontrolled slaughter. It is a nagging national disgrace which isn't going to go away.

The reasons for roo culling are numerous. Most takes place under government sanction, aimed at regulating the natural yearly increase in the numbers of certain species, containing their numbers and controlling their ravages of new and established farming land. All kangaroos are classified as protected fauna, requiring any roo killer to be licensed. All are under the authority of State

BY MARTIN RIORDAN AND DAVID RICHARDS
PHOTOS BY PETER CARRETTE



governments, with the Federal Government only responsible for allowing, and controlling, any export sales of roo products.

Authority and responsibility for kangaroos sounds simple and clearly defined. But until recently, no one has known much about roo management or control. Even fewer had any idea of kangaroo numbers.

Wholesale killing became the natural sport or past time when numbers on properties appeared above the norm. And it continued through both drought and good seasons, with authorities unwilling or unable to cope with their control.

The export market of roo skins grew to $2.7 million by 1973. During the peak periods of the 1960s, the value of Australia's export earnings from kangaroo meat alone reached a high of $1.4 million. For some it was big money, and there was bigger money to be made. But it was in the early seventies when this ad hoc market, operating with little government regulation, was almost overnight brought to its knees.

After complaints from American conservation groups about roo mismanagement, the Attorney-General in the Whitlam Labor Government, the then Mr Lionel Murphy, invoked a 50-year-old provision from Australia's customs regulations and banned all exports of roo products. The April 1973 decision caused the roo "market" to collapse. Murphy's move provoked an outcry from property owners across the country, while conservationists in Australia and overseas sat back in triumph. One benefit of Murphy's decision was to illustrate just how little was known about Australia's emblem. Two years before the Murphy ban, a leading research scientist, Professor Geoffrey Sharman, of Sydney's Macquarie University, told a House of Representatives committee of inquiry into kangaroo control: "If any of the scientists have told you that they are dealing with scientific facts in this whole confused kangaroo situation, they are wrong; because nobody knows the facts." The committee concluded there was amazing "paucity" of scientific fact and an array of scientific opinion on any subject touching on kangaroos.

The US Government followed Murphy's action with a complete import ban on all kangaroo products from Australia, which took effect from January, 1975. Suddenly the die was cast for rethinking the kangaroo question. And it's an issue which, if left unsolved, could have ugly consequences for the future of the animal and for Australia's reputation abroad.

The US Department of Interior is currently reassessing its bans on the importation of threatened species of animals across the world. A decision is likely in January on whether the roo ban will remain.

But in the years of the ban nature has been taking its course. With lower returns there are fewer shooters — licenced or illegal — and kangaroo numbers have increased. A recent good season in Queensland's expanding grainbelt has brought

hordes of them towards food and a comfortable, well-fed way of life. To see them is to admire their superbly athletic and balanced creation. If they weren't hopping freely, ears flicking and tails bobbing, among the crops they would be a tourist's dream and a conservationist's delight. But to the farmers they are a pest, and pests are vermin, and vermin must be destroyed.

In Queensland, culling is done under licenses issued by the State's National Parks and Wildlife Service. The Service provides tags to shooters for 30 cents each and requires they be attached to each roo killed.

We toured with one roo shooter, Keith Street, from the outback Queensland town of Charleville. Later we inspected one of the State's hundreds of smelly meatworks, where roo meat is prepared inedible for humans but saleable as pet food. Street, a 47-year-old professional shooter, complains of poachers and illegal shooters and shows us his night in the outback, his way of bringing home an average $640 a week.

This bronzed Aussie, his face lined from years of late-night shooting has had a good night — 18 skins in less than three hours, the last being a big red. Street shoots an average 30 to 35 roos a night.

He seeks the big red kangaroo because their skins fetch good money. At $4 a skin, he's learned to be a good shot, always selecting carefully. Tonight's quota of 32 means $128 for six hours work. After five long nights, that's not a bad take-home-pay of $640 a week.

Keith Street is one of hundreds of professional roo shooters across the country who hunt for their living, helping to rid State governments of their "problem" and providing pet food companies with cheap meat.

Overseas markets gladly buy the kangaroo skins, particularly for those icy cold Japanese, German and Italian winters. Street is not particularly concerned about which countries take the skins on the export market. He's merely a pro-shooter. His tally hangs from the back of his four-wheel-drive, blood draining, making skinning an easy task at the end of the night.

Skinning takes only minutes. His razor sharp knife slices through the prized fur to the carcass. When the right cuts have been made, the skin peels away like an orange. It's easy and swift. He leaves the bleeding carcass to rot in the fields. Lately, Street has found the market is restricted to skins. After the US market collapsed, meat exports plummeted from their peak in the mid-Sixties, when sales topped the million dollar mark, to last year's sales of just $16,000.

It is this tightening of the market which leaves Street even more cautious when aiming his .303. He's cut his kill numbers down since even the skins have become harder to move. His savings have extended to the way he kills the beast.

Street clubs the roo to death if still alive after the first shot.

"Bullets," he drawled, "are about 25 cents each. If you have to use two on every roo the cost soon adds up. With skins selling for an average $4 to $5 a pelt, a shooter has to outlay about 90 cents a skin just to cover overheads. And it takes time; that's another problem."

Street mentions one of tonight's kills as an example. One roo failed to stop after a poor shot hit and shattered a big red's leg. It still tried to run, but fell constantly. Smith's dog soon stopped it by clutching at its throat, holding it until Keith's young assistant, Tommy, reached the roo. Seconds later it was dead . . . its throat cut with a scalping knife . . . too torn and battered to be worthy of any sale.

Tommy then found a joey in the big red's pouch. Seconds later, it was also dead. Tommy adopts the usual procedure of smashing its head on the ground or beating it with a two-inch metal pipe. They die instantly, he says.

The carcasses which are collected for sale are taken to meat works established in remote outback areas. We visited one soon after daybreak, only hours after the night hunt had finished and shooters were returning with their prey.

To describe these places as primitive would be a massive understatement. Most are tin sheds with crude facilities. Although not pretending to be abattoir staff, the workers perform their duties with little fuss, and tell of their desire for an expanded market of kangaroo meat. It would mean many more jobs, they say.

Officials from the RSPCA have been concerned for years about kangaroo culling. Mr Colin McCaskill, from the animal group's Sydney office, says most concern centres around the methods used when killing roos.

"It's a free-for all out there in the wilderness," he said. "The National Parks and Wildlife Service simply haven't enough people in the field to ensure humane culling practises. It leaves the problem of trying to control hundreds of thousands of square miles of outback. Obviously, some hunters are going be cruel and kill the roos with too much stress — that's the crucial difference, the *level of stress.*"

Mr McCaskill said because of the remoteness involved, many shooters merely wound the animal, leaving it to lie in misery through the night. "That allows them to make the kill on their return, making the meat still fresh. It's this level of stress which we're concerned about."

But as animal lovers express their concern, quotas for this legal slaughter are being increased. Queensland has upped quotas from 800,000 to one million, then again to 1.5 million. New South Wales has also doubled its roo killing levels from 365,000 to 645,000. Other States which permit commercial "harvesting" have increased numbers to 300,000 in Tasmania, 220,000 in Western Australia, and 104,000 for South Australia.

This makes a staggering 2,322,800 kangaroos which can be legally killed.

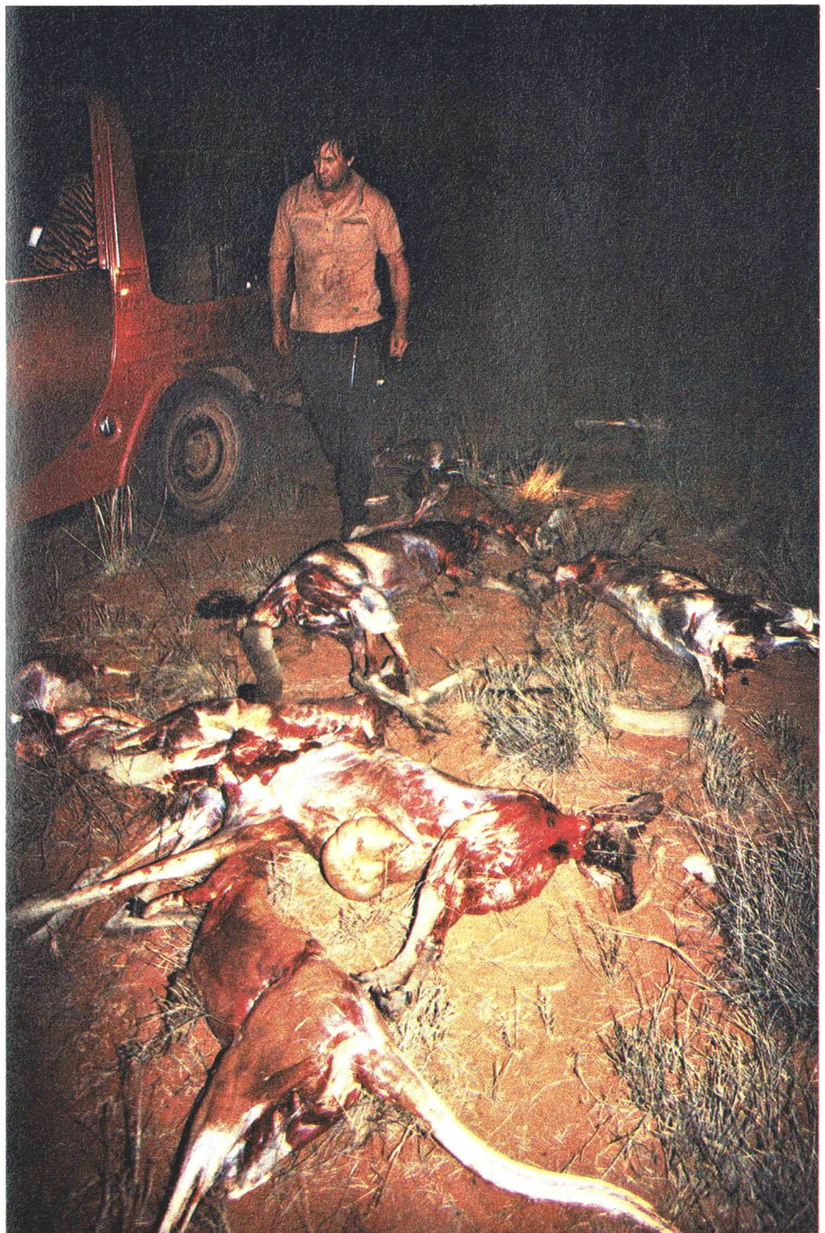
Jack Giles, acting assistant director of the NSW National Parks and Wildlife Service, estimates the illegal kill could be 20 percent beyond these figures. Three and a half million dead kangaroos is not impossible to imagine.

The Federal Minister for Science and the Environment Senator Webster, has estimated that the number of roos to be killed this year is likely to be the highest for almost a decade. And he said a steep rise in export earnings could also result, particularly if the US import ban is lifted.

It is these forecasts of huge earnings flowing from the kill which Macquarie University research scientist, Professor Sharman, mentions when talking about the future of roo culling. He says his views on culling have changed little since his controversial submission to the House of Representatives committee of inquiry on the kangaroo industry in 1971.

He explained: "The question invariably not answered is whether this roo market is worth enough to justify its existence. Should the shooting for commercial gain be allowed? Is this process, however crude, a blasted nuisance to both the roo and wildlife authorities?

"Having the animals merely culled and allowed to revert to blood and bone — rotting in the fields where they are shot — with no market may not be a bad idea. At least it might rid the industry of shonky culling practises. Of course, the alternative is a



productive market with enough money going to governments to control the cull."

The national director of the Australian National Parks and Wildlife Service, Professor John Ovington, sides with the second Sharman alternative. "We think if roos are going to be culled and controlled, then a proper market should be established — that includes the US market. At least with money entering the industry, meat inspectors could be employed and allow these fairly basic meatyards to be clean, ensuring the meat to be edible for humans. Presently, there are just not enough people and processes to maintain adequate standards."

The question of whether the US market is worth enough is one which has obviously struck more minds than Professor Sharman's. The likelihood of this lucrative buying force again opening has revitalised interest in the current culling. The US Department of Interior, the government agency conducting the current import ban review, invited submissions on the roo question. One submission is more interesting than most.

On 13 March 1979, William John Sandwith, a member of the NSW Legislative Council, sent a letter to the US Department of Interior on behalf of two constituents. The letter came in the form of a submission on aspects of the current US import ban on kangaroo products and makes various recommendations on action the author thinks would be appropriate.

Mr Sandwith wrote:

I wish to make representation for an import quota license on behalf of Kelso Station to allow that firm to export from Australia to the USA kangaroo skins, including the Red, Western Grey and Eastern Grey varieties.

After a thorough examination of the situation in Australia and agreement by the Commonwealth and State Govern-

ments on kangaroo conservation, certain necessary culling levels have been established.

Of necessity kangaroo culling levels have been increased since 1975 by the Australian Government. Both State and Federal Governments and conservation authorities endorse the view that proper management programs are being undertaken to assure continued existence of each of the species and balance these views with practical necessity for culling programs.

In recognising the above, each Australian State has issued licenses to cull and accordingly licenses to export from Australia can be lawfully obtained.

The only real problem facing us here is to ensure that the good principles of planned culling set down by the Government are strictly adhered to, and it is my firm view that if your Government allowed Kelso Station to have quota rights to the USA this would give a substantial control and enforcement of Government policy and I am sure would be in keeping with American thinking regarding preservation of the species.

I would suggest that there are two courses that could be adopted:

(1) Complete control through a one-company licensing system; or

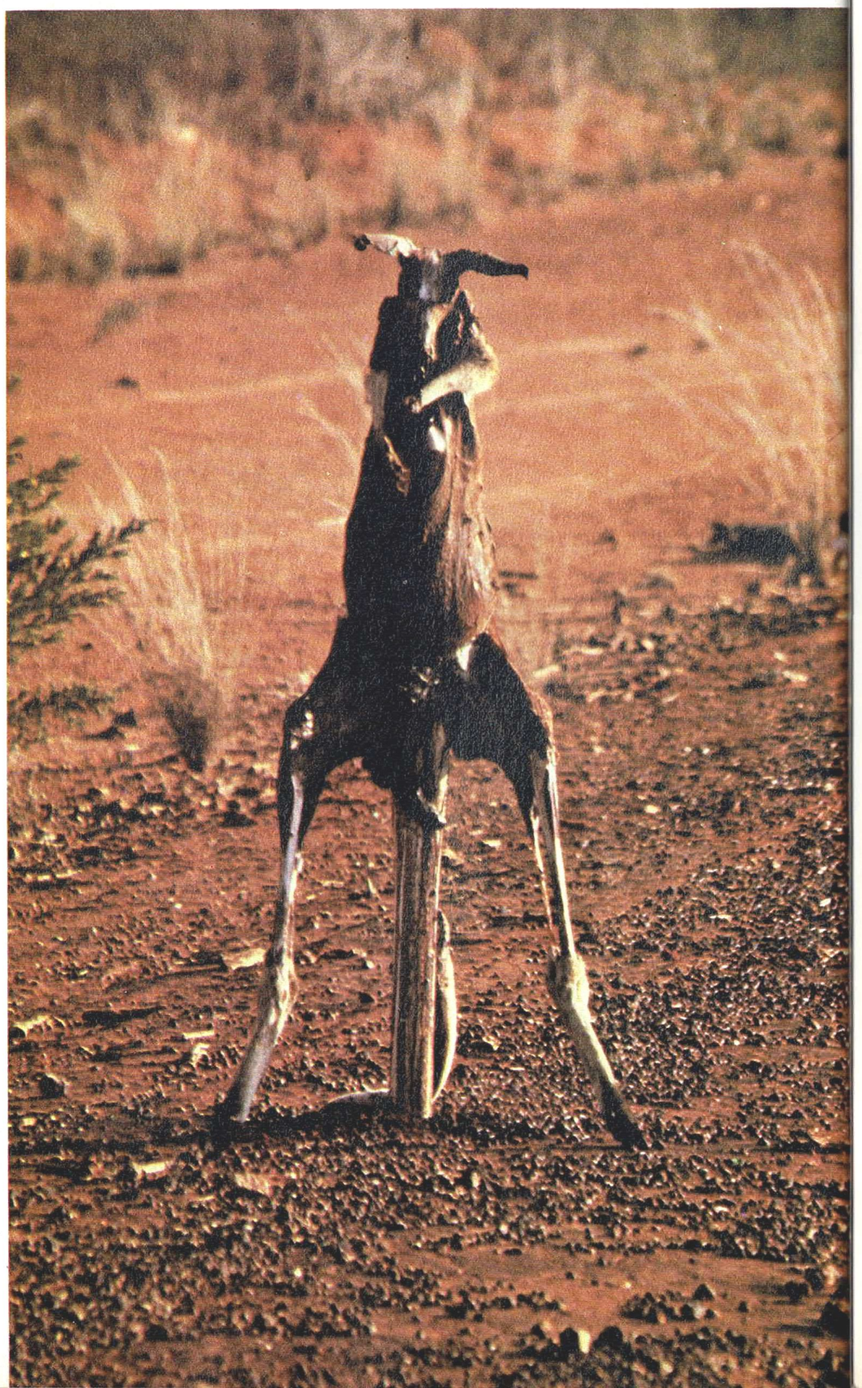
(2) Allowing only firms or persons to export to your country who understand the history and background of the problem.

I would suggest that, if you approve, course (1) would be ideal in such that complete control could at all times be ensured and policed.

To assist you to give, what I hope may be, favorable consideration to granting the rights to Kelso Station I submit the following background information regarding that firm:

(1) Kelso Station is a partnership conducted by Mr Bruce Finlay of Emu Plains, Texas, Queensland and Mr Raymond Lord, Chartered Accountant and Company Director of 12 Reiby Road, Hunters Hill, New South Wales.

The partnership already holds licenses to cull from both Queensland and NSW Governments which are presently for 600,000 head per annum. In addition, between them, the partners own 15,625 acres on the border of NSW and Queensland, property overlapping into both States.



(2) Mr Finlay is a highly respected grazier whose family has owned grazing properties in and around Texas for some 70 years. Mr Lord is a Chartered Accountant and an Under Writing member of Lloyds of London and has, in addition to his grazing interests, interests in newspapers, printing, the footwear industry and a slaughter yard.

(3) If required adequate bank and financial references would be wilingly supplied.

Both the gentlemen mentioned above would be jealous of their reputations and you may be assured that any arrangement or commitments they enter into, whether of a conservation or financial nature, would be strictly adhered to.

When contacted by *Penthouse,* Mr Bruce Finlay said he was surprised the submission had been made. He said he "floated" the idea some three years ago with his brother-in-law, Mr Raymond Lord. He said it was Lord who contacted Mr Sandwith.

"He's got better contacts down there than I've got up here," Mr Finlay said. But he said Kelso Station had at no stage held culling licenses for 600,000 kangaroos. "That's almost the total quota for Queensland," he said. "The figure is fantasy."

Investigations by *Penthouse* confirmed that no licenses had been issued to the Kelso Station or to either partner by either the Queensland or NSW National Parks and Wildlife Service. An official added that the property "had no kangaroo problem".

Asked why he had made the submission, Mr Sandwith said he was acting purely as a Member of Parliament sending submissions on behalf of his constituents. Concerning the false information on culling licenses, he said: "They just gave me the figures, I sent them." When questioned on the reasons these particular men should be supported in having the sole exporting rights of roo products into the US, he replied that they appeared "decent men who are jealous of their reputations — people who seemed to have a sound idea".

Did he know the men or have a business association which prompted the move? Mr Sandwith: "That's irrelevant. I know thousands of people. I'm not a terrible person. I just represent people in the things they think are good for Australia. It's irrelevant to know who they are." What Mr Sandwith chose not to reveal was his connection with one of the partners, Ray Lord, through recent building society corporate battles.

Mr Sandwith was on the board of the NSW Permanent Building Society from 1971 until he was defeated in the December 1978 election of directors. At that time, he was standing for re-election along with Ray Lord. Both were part of a group well known in Sydney's business and Liberal Party circles attempting to beat the society's chairman, Sir John Pagan, a former NSW and Federal president of the Liberal Party.

Both Lord and Sandwith were supporters of another former Liberal MLC, Mr Stanley Eskell, known for leading the fight for control of the society. Both Eskell and Lord are also members on the board of the Sydney stationary firm, Smith and Lane and Smith and Lane Holdings Pty Ltd. Both bear the address of 51 Bathurst Street, Sydney, which was the same address used in a large number of new accounts opened just before last year's election for the building society's board. The address of 51 Bathurst Street is the same as Eskell's firm VAM Pty Ltd, of which he is the chief executive.

The case of the new accounts gained publicity when it was alleged the Eskell group opened the accounts from their 51 Bathurst Street office, attemptig to gain extra voting rights for the election. Lord and Sandwith have been nominated by Eskell for the society's board election, currently being held.

Concerned at the prospect of the Eskell group gaining control of one of the State's building societies, the NSW Minister for Co-operative Societies, Sid Einfeld, threatened during the year to appoint an administrator if their move was successful.

Ironically, Lord, a 44-year-old millionaire, is currently trying to raise public funds for his new venture, Enterprise '79. It's a campaign for the introduction of 20 percent flat income tax in Australia, no doubt attractive to a millionaire and a man bidding for exclusive rights to the million-dollar kangaroo export market to the US. So far Lord has spent $33,000 on advertisements for his tax scheme, currently showing in picture theatres.

While it may seem a long way from flat tax campaigns to harvesting our national symbol, in reality it is not. The kangaroo market is seen as potentially highly profitable. For those people who can get exclusive rights, the returns can be enormous.

The tangled web of corporate association outlined above illustrates how the high profits of the kangaroo industry are attractive to those with the business nouse and investment money able to take advantage of — or exploit — the present lack of control over Australia's kangaroo industry.

Perhaps proper controls will come only after the public cries out against influential businessmen with casual political contacts who are granted exclusive access to a million dollar market — based on statements which are demonstrably incorrect. Meanwhile, the shonky operators are allowed to continue. Farm hands can butcher roos as they please, with little fear of prosecution. Even illegal hunters cannot be prosecuted in some parts of Australia.

In a reply by State National Parks and Wildlife Services to a questionaire from the US Department of Interior, Queensland revealed no prosecutions had been successful for violations on kangaroo killing during the preceeding five years because "service officers have lacked the power of arrest".

One Wildlife Department official in western Queensland, Roger Turnbull, also spoke of inadequate powers for controlling the roo killing. Turnbull, who lives in Charleville, told of one incident when he caught a poacher skinning roos along a bush track. "I confiscated the guy's guns, pelts and vehicle. I've got the power to confiscate but not to arrest."

As the cull continues unabated, as millions are shot or clubbed to death, taken to unsightly roo meat yards, and as people manoeuvre around present regulations, our governments sit idly by, doing nothing. The prospect of the lucrative US market re-opening under these conditions terrifies many animal lovers. Unless proper management is introduced, it's clear the haphazard slaughter will continue, leaving our emblem a bloody symbol for a world too busy to care.

Move over Walter Mitty . . . Ainsley Haversham in his Holden Kingswood is the scourge of the skies.

THE VICTORY ROLL

FICTION BY PHILIP FITZPATRICK

Ainsley Haversham gazed across the twin mounds of his wife's breasts. A crisp morning was reflected in the galvanised iron of his back fence. He felt the sun begin to dull the edge of the day and knew that it was going to be hot. He returned his eyes to his wife's ample bosom. By squeezing himself down into the bed he could line up both nipples with the handle on the window. He noticed, without alarm, that one nipple lay too far to one side. He had always suspected that Constance was lopsided. Nevertheless, the rising and falling breasts excited him. He could feel himself growing and pressing against the sheet that covered them both. He eased his hand down between his legs and tentatively drew back his foreskin with an index finger. The sheet rubbing against him felt good. He closed his eyes. Another hand gently pushed his aside. His wife's slim fingers began to caress him. He moved his legs apart so that she could cup his balls in her hand. He felt her slowly rise and kneel above him. He pulled both his hands from the covers and cupped her sharp and firm breasts. She leaned on his hands and rose higher on her knees. She slowly began moving herself along the underside of his penis, jamming it between herself and his stomach. She leaned forward and let her hair caress his face.

He felt the warm bush between her legs become damp. When he was amply wet she dropped her head to his chest and covered his face with her hair. She slowly drew her hair across his chest until her mouth reached the tip of his penis. He slipped into her mouth and she gently nipped him with her teeth. She slowly brought him to a climax with her tongue. He shuddered silently and she eased herself down until she was lying on top of him. Her head came up and she kissed him on the mouth. He felt his saltiness as it passed from her mouth to his. He gulped involuntarily in the same instant that Ainsley Haversham junior and his sister, Prudence, threw their combined weights on top of his perpendicular erection. Mrs

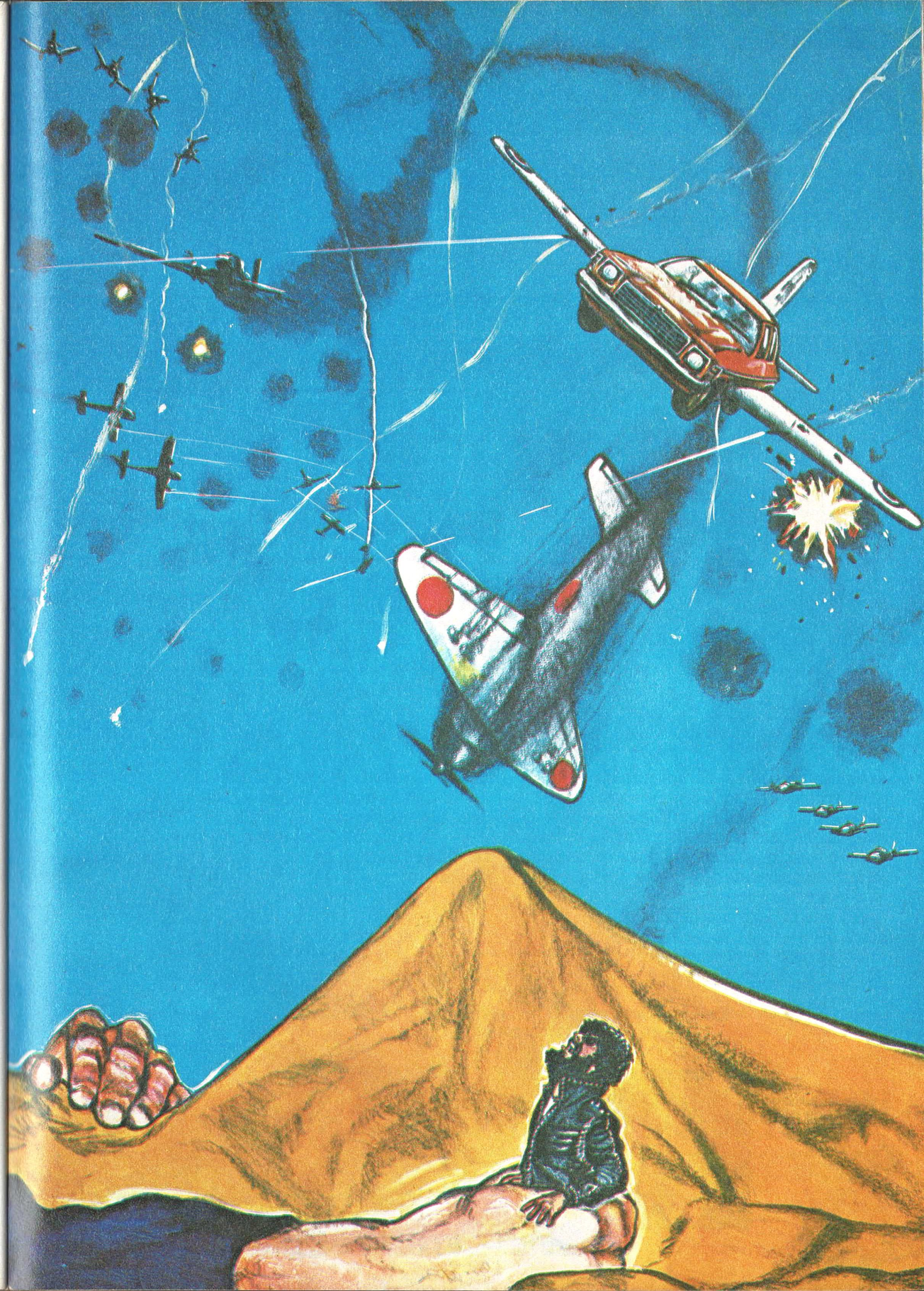


Illustration by Ted Blackall

NOW THE EASY CONTRACEPTIVE BECOMES THE EXCITING ONE

The male condom has always been the easy contraceptive method: easy to carry, easy to use, spontaneous, and free from side effects. Now the easy method has become the exciting one, with Horizon male contraceptives. Each of our thin, sensitive condoms is designed to yield an extra dividend of pleasure.
Four kinds of Horizon condoms. Four kinds of Pleasure. Choose from Prime... thin, transparent. Conture...perfectly fitting, extra-sensitive, shaped.

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SEAU 0059

Haversham stirred and yawned. She caught the children and climbed out of bed, wrapping a gown over her generous body as she did so. On her way to the bedroom door she noticed Haversham's erection and frowned. She pushed the children hastily out of the door. The erection wilted immediately.

Haversham climbed into his Kingswood. Mrs Haversham hurriedly moved to the car and handed him a green plastic lunchbox and a plastic sandwich bag containing a green apple and a green banana. She waved perfunctorily as he backed out of the driveway and on to the road. He didn't look back at her as he drove off.

The Zero appeared out of nowhere, only feet away. One moment clear blue, the next the sinister battle grey of the slanty-eyed raider. Haversham watched the blood spot of the rising sun slough off below his port wing.

He executed a quick loop-the-loop and dropped on to the raider's tail. His grip tightened on the firing control as he waited for the Spit' to ease out of its bumpy roll.

He contemplated the back of the pilot's head. Then, very slowly, he pressed his thumb down on the firing button.

He watched fascinated as little brown and red tufts flew from the Jap's head. The Zero began to falter and slowed rapidly before finally coming to a halt behind seven or eight other Japanese machines and a sprinkling of Holdens and Fords.

A dusty green Landrover rattled up behind. Haversham glanced into his rear vision mirror. A jutting and bearded jaw, topped by a sunbleached blue squint emerging from a faded khaki battlejacket greeted him. As the steel grey Jap ahead of him pulled away, Haversham shifted in his seat. The wound in his back felt uncomfortable.

Sticky blood covered the whole seat now. He gunned the Jeep as he approached the rise, became airborne and slewed into the dust on the windward side of the dune.

Below him the beleaguered fort rested in the sun. Pockmarks from the shelling stood out on the grey walls.

Haversham righted the Jeep and hit the flat. The crates of ammunition in the back had begun to split open and mortar shells rattled around the floor. He gritted his teeth and put his foot to the floor. In the distance he heard a rushing noise. The earth to his right suddenly exploded in an orange cascade.

Another shell landed a hundred yards ahead. He pulled hard on the Jeep's wheel and bounced over the crater. The dull clatter of rifle fire from a ridge to his left began.

He wrenched sideways as one, then two, bullets ripped into his left arm leaving it hanging helpless at his side.

With his good right arm he spun the wheel, first left and then right. The Jeep began a crazy zigzag towards the massive door of the fort. He tasted blood on his lips.

With maddening slowness the gate began to swing open. Huge chunks of wood were splintering off it as he roared through.

Unable to operate the gears with his left arm he plumped both feet on the brake and shuddered to a halt in a billow of dust. Miss Primrose held a small handkerchief to her nose as Haversham leaned across to open the door.

Haversham pressed a button on the walnut dash and the windows of the Jaguar simultaneously and silently wound themselves up. He pressed another button and the faint hum of the car's air-conditioner intruded on the taped music from the console beside him.

He smiled pleasantly at Miss Primrose and flicked an imaginary speck of lint from his tweed covered arm. Miss Primrose smiled back and leaned into the plush leather upholstery. She placed her right hand on his left knee and removed her glasses.

Haversham felt a quickening in his loins. Miss Primrose fluttered her hand there momentarily and smiled again. With

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a practised deftness she rose an inch off her seat and flicked her skirt behind her. Haversham's bulge concurrently expanded. Miss Primrose slowly pulled back the part of her skirt covering her knees. Her light blue silk panties were exposed.

She hooked her thumbs in the elastic and slipped them off revealing a tangled mass of damp hair. Haversham fumbled with his fly. He had difficulty with the disgorged member but it finally popped free. It bobbed between his legs touching the steering wheel.

Miss Primrose edged closer and dropped her blue silk panties over it. Haversham felt an index finger, a thumb and a third finger lightly nip beneath the ridge of his glans.

Miss Primrose's other hand disappeared in the mat between her legs. She began to move both hands in a slow but quickening rhythm. Haversham gripped the wheel tightly and drove on.

The rhythm increased. He felt an inordinate ache along the base of his penis and knew it foreshadowed an inevitable climax. Finally he exploded into the cool blue silk.

Miss Primrose decreased the pressure on his member as it shrank. For a brief few seconds she rubbed furiously between her legs. Finally she shuddered. They both sat breathing deeply for a few moments.

When she was completely relaxed Miss Primrose recovered her panties from Haversham. She dabbed a speck from his trousers and drew the panties away.

With another deft movement she flipped her skirt back over her legs. Haversham watched her drop the panties into her handbag and vaguely wondered what she proposed to do with his entrapped sperm.

He tucked himself away and cruised into a parking area outside a squat inner city building. Miss Primrose stepped from the car and made her way to the front entrance. Haversham hefted his lunch box and fruit under his arm and after throwing an old blanket over the car's steering wheel and seat dodged out of the sun and entered the double warehouse doors.

He shoved his time card into its slot and ambled over to his battered desk and the piles of manifests and delivery dockets.

At precisely three minutes past twelve, Haversham entered the saloon bar of the pub across the road. He ordered a beer and grilled steak.

He quaffed two more beers before the steak arrived. The latter, accompanied by a fourth beer, was carried judiciously to a corner table. When he had finished his overdone steak and dry chips he ordered a fifth beer. He sat sipping this while he watched the other patrons of the establishment at the bar.

A large burly sort of over-aged hippy stood at one end of the bar. The front door opened and a tall, lithe blonde entered. She sat at an empty table near the hippy. Presently the hippy crossed the bar and sat down beside her. The blonde looked away.

The hippy edged closer. The blonde rose to leave and the hippy placed his hand over hers on the table. At the same time he slid his hand under the table and on to her knee. The blonde attempted to rise, but the hippy held her hand fast. His other hand moved up her leg. The blonde looked about her desperately. The hippy grinned.

Haversham eased his chair back and stood up. He crossed the bar to the blonde's table. Looking directly into the hippy's eyes he drawled: "Let the lady go!"

The hippy looked at him and grinned again. He shoved his hand further up the blonde's skirt. The blonde shrieked.

All eyes at the bar turned to the table. Nobody saw Haversham move. The hippy sprawled in the tangle of his chair. His face grew dark and he rose slowly. He charged Haversham, fists flailing. Haversham stepped adroitly aside and the hippy sailed past him. He rose from the edge of the bar, murder in his eyes. He picked up a chair.

Haversham's face betrayed no emotion. He rocked gently on his toes. The hippy charged again.

Haversham intercepted one of the arms holding the chair and it bounced harmlessly over his head. He brought his knee up into the hippy's stomach at the same time.

Two quick, but deadly, jabs to the chest and the chin laid the hippy out.

Haversham dusted off imaginary flecks of dust and turned to his table. The blonde proffered a grateful arm. Haversham walked past her unseeing and sat at his table. His beer had gone flat.

He contemplated ordering another but noticed that it was almost 12.30. He downed the flat beer and scuttled across the road. Before sitting down at his scruffy desk he emptied the contents of his abandoned lunch box into his wastepaper.

From his pile of carbon-smeared invoices Haversham watched Erma Scrugg's beflowered backside appear and reappear as she bent over the cutting table.

Occasionally she turned and smiled in his direction. Her blonde-on-blonde hair contrasted starkly with her black and green eyes.

She bent over the table again and her

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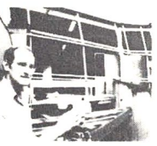

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skirt rode up her back. He noticed a plateau between her bulging thighs and imagined he could discern a small valley there.

She absent-mindly reached an arm behind her and scratched the spot. Immediately she became aware of Haversham's eyes.

She turned her head, still leaning over the table. She rubbed the spot vigorously. Haversham flushed and fell to grubbing among his papers.

A few moments later, Erma left the table and walked in the direction of the women's toilet.

She looked pointedly at Haversham as she passed.

Haversham waited a few moments and, after furtively glancing about, quickly rose and strode purposefully towards the floor manager's office. He mentally calculated that all of the other girls were still on the floor.

Before reaching his purported destination, however, he dodged into the corridor leading to the toilets. He passed the men's door and slipped into the women's toilet. There was no one to be seen. He almost panicked then, but a shuffle of feet from the end cubicle caught his attention. He edged towards it and listened. Erma Scruggs was humming a tuneless tune. He pushed the door open.

Erma sat there aghast, skirt up and panties around her ankles. Haversham pushed the door closed and clicked the hitherto unused lock into place. He bent over and grasped Erma's panties and pulled them free. Then he dropped his own trousers and underpants. Erma edged silently back on the toilet seat. Haversham's penis stood out level with her nose.

He approached and leaned over her. With his knees he spread Erma's legs apart. As he bent forward towards her she took him into her mouth and clenched her teeth tightly. Haversham stifled a yell and fell back.

Erma sat smiling innocently up at him, her thighs wide. He leapt upon her and pushed her upright against the wall. He found the place and moved into her, pinning her bottom against the water closet.

He smiled to himself. She was moist and warm.

They left the toilet a few minutes apart. Haversham reached his desk and buried his nose in carbon copies.

After a while he glanced up. Erma Scrugg's beflowered bottom bobbed provocatively before him.

Haversham lay under a tree on the lawn outside the building. He sippped a Coke and idly scratched his groin. His five beers at lunch time had produced an inordinate thirst.

He glanced at his watch. Ten minutes of the tea break had gone. He rolled on his back and closed his eyes. The Lee Enfield rested heavily on his chest. Slowly he turned his head.

A noise from below had alerted him. His wounds had left him incapable of movement beyond that of his head. A British captain in dusty khaki led a cautious patrol along the spur of the ridge. He held a service revolver pointed away from him in his right hand. One by one they encountered the German bodies. Haversham watched them.

As they reached the summit of the spur the patrol fanned out. The captain reached Haversham first. Haversham moved his head. The head of the German officer, the one he had strangled when his ammunition ran out, lay between the captain's feet.

The captain kicked the Luger away from the outstretched hand. He stood on the edge of the pool that was Haversham's blood and stared down. Haversham smiled up at him.

"Two-thirty," the captain said. "Time to go back in mate." Haversham rose stiffly and followed the man into the building. He absent mindedly scratched an ache in his groin.

At 4.30 Haversham donned his coat and marched out of the building. He eased the door of his car open and flipped the blanket off the steering wheel. Then he climbed into the cockpit.

When the chocks were away and the prop spinning, he taxied out on to the black runway. He pulled level and gunned the engine.

The aircraft's tail wheel lifted and a moment later he was airborne. He climbed upwards into the grey sky. Other aircraft followed him. Above the clouds Haversham called them into formation.

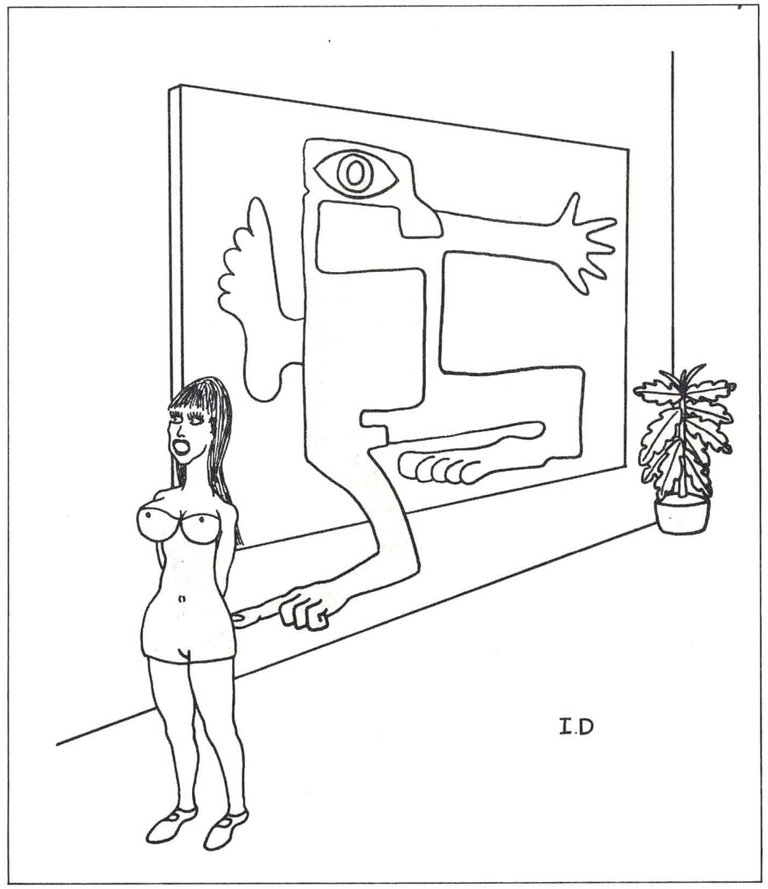
He sat impassively and watched the Hurricane on his right. The formation sped above the clouds. Haversham stamped his feet on the floor of the aircraft to keep out the cold.

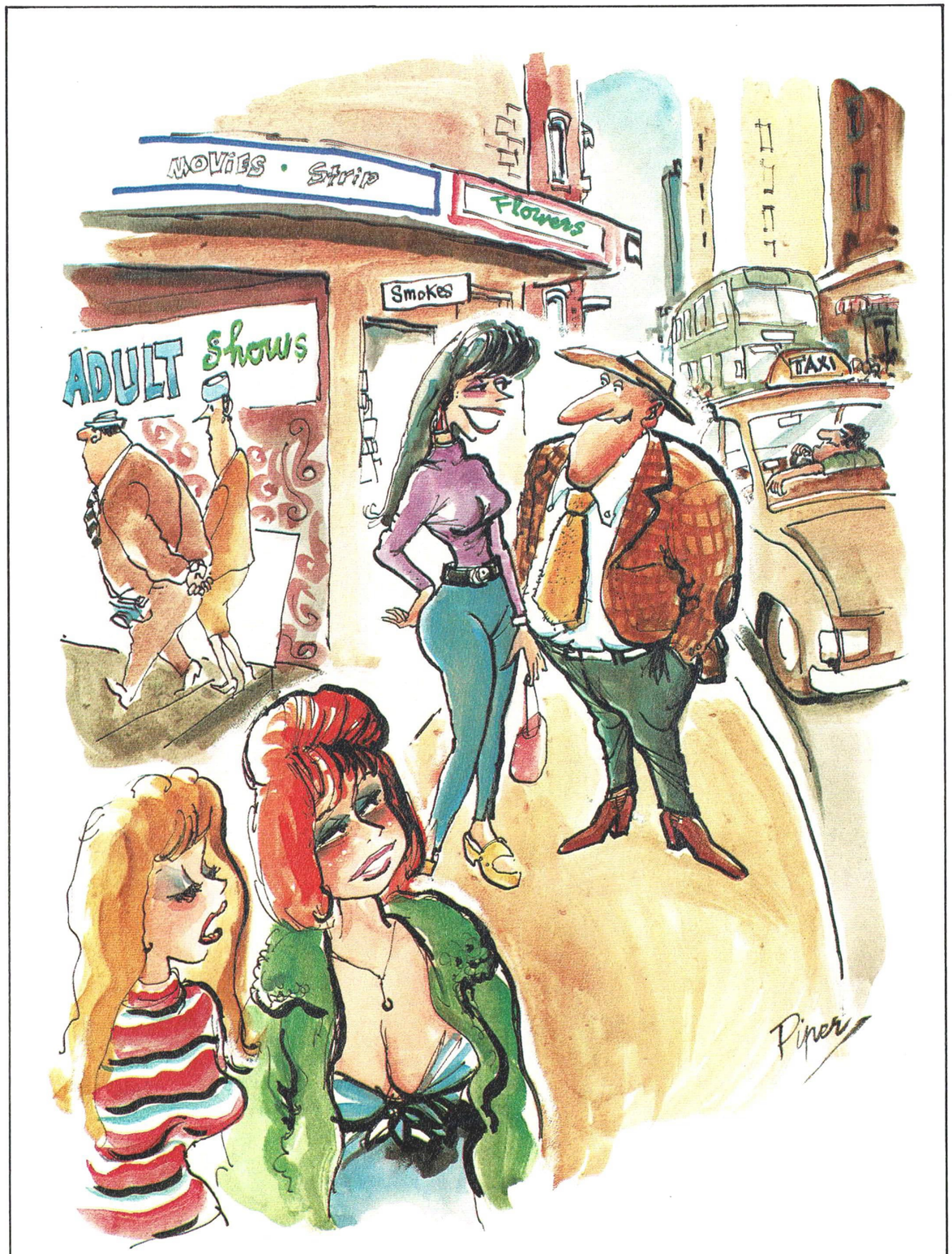
He scratched his groin. Something there felt sore. Surreptitiously he glanced at the aircraft on his right again. It was flying too low to notice his right hand undoing his fly.

He pulled his underpants down under his balls and flipped his penis out. The plane rocked and he had to pull back on course. It was several minutes before he could return to his inspection.

He steadied the aircraft and gently lifted the limp member. He stared incredulously. Teethmarks! He sat bolt upright. Good God!

Then he pulled back on the controls and threw the Kingswood into a wild victory roll.





"He's into wool at Wagga, beef at Bathurst . . . and into Kings Cross at Christmas to sow his oats!"

CUNNING STUNTMAN

BY PHIL JARRATT

What really burns Ian Jamieson up is not the five-metre wall of flame which engulfs him as he jumps 25 or 30 metres into an exploding landing pad. What really burns him up is the kind of guy who'll come up to him at a party and insist he has a death wish.

"I get them all the time," says Jamieson. "People who think I'm weird or sick or something, and that I really don't care what happens to me. Christ, I've got everything to live for. I have no intention of ending up a sack of blood and bones in the middle of a showground."

Given the nature of Jamieson's line of work, it's not difficult to see how people get the wrong impression. At 27, Ian Jamieson is one of Australia's best and highest paid stuntmen. He can roll cars at frightening speeds, blow himself up, cop the heaviest of punches and coolly allow stunt drivers to knock him off his feet and send him crashing through windscreens. He can do all this and what's more he has the intelligence and business acumen to co-ordinate his own stunts, direct the filming of them and manage the affairs of his team of lesser lights. But his big number is the high fall. Jamieson can jump from greater heights and with more tricks than anyone else on Earth.

The figures don't do him justice, but Jamieson holds the world record for a high fall on to a cardboard landing pad (a little under 40 metres), and world records for jumping on fire and blindfolded into explosives (30 metres for each). Put another way, that's 11 storeys down with no tricks and nine with a bit of dash. When he's up there on the crane before a jump he can see far beyond the crowd, over the stadium walls and out into a world where stuntmen are thought of as freaks. Simpletons in cowboy clothes. When he's up there on the crane, Jamieson doesn't think about that, or about death. He calculates the wind velocity and the allowance he'll have to make to avoid landing on the gelignite and blowing himself apart.

The trim little guy in the sports coat and tie doesn't seem to fit into the bizarre world of shonky "thrill spectaculars", fast buck promoters and Z-grade clowns whose showstopper is generally a boot up the bum.

Jamieson could be a stockbroker on his lunch break, but he's a stuntman on the hustle. Dapper, well-groomed and softly spoken, he's out looking for backers for a stunt show that will drag the genre out of the '50s and into the '80s.

His idea is to combine rock music with what he believes to be the best stunts in the world — his own dramatic high fall and Dale Buggins' amazing motorcycle leap. A fast-paced evening of hot licks and daring tricks. Jamieson wants to see the stunt game come of age. He says he's had a gutful of

Photographs by David B. Simmonds

low-rent fiascos staged between the cow patties on country paddocks. It wasn't always so. Like most stuntment, Jamieson got his start in Hicksville, surrounded by conmen, creeps and cowboys.

At 16, Ian Jamieson was into the first of five years' training to be a wool classer. A determined kid, he'd overcome a weak heart and a succession of childhood diseases to take out South Australian titles in hurdling and javelin throwing. He liked the country life, and wool classing seemed like a career he could abide.

His motorbike wouldn't start one morning, so he set out for the farm in his father's new sedan. He flipped it into a gum tree and woke up lying on the road with a searing pain down the length of his spine. Jamieson was paralysed for a week, and his doctor told him another heavy jolt could twist the nerve permanently. So he lit out for New Zealand, chasing a girl who eventually got away. Jamieson worked at odd jobs for a year, saving the fare home.

Back in the South Australian shearing sheds, he and a mate answered an advertisement for a stunt school about to start business in Adelaide. They paid $10 to join, $5 a lesson, and drove the 200 or so kilometres after work Fridays to train all weekend.

The instructor, a nuggety Irishman, told them stuntmen wore denims and riding boots and performed in satin cowboy shirts. They didn't make a lot of bread, but they sure had a wild old time. That was how it was, according to the Irishman.

His students were a strange crew, ex-commandos who couldn't shake the pain habit down to clerical types looking for weekend thrills. They trained in a quarry, jumping into sand, out of cars and kicking and punching the crap out of each other.

Saturday nights they'd drink beer and pick the sand out of their hair. "We put our bodies through some incredible pain," Jamieson recalls. "I remember that 130 people started the course and after three months there were 13 of us still at it. I started to feel I had a natural flair for it."

Three weeks before the opening of a shopping centre the Irishman made his remaining students an uncharacteristically generous offer. "I need someone to do a high fall and I'll give you three free lessons for it," he said.

Jamieson and two others took him up on it and were taken to a jetty for the commencement of basic training. Says Jamieson: "We had to stand on the railing and somersault into the water, landing flat on our backs. The Irishman reckoned if you could do that you could high fall. The first guy knocked himself out and burst blood vessels in his back. The next guy came up dazed and bleeding and I started to wonder what I'd let myself in for. Landing on water is like landing on concrete. Anyway, I had more clothes on than the others so I climbed on to the railing and rolled over. My back was bleeding but I felt okay. We then went to the Irishman's house and jumped off his garage roof on to cardboard boxes. The first guy was bigger than me and he went straight through the boxes and hit the ground. I jumped and broke through the first layer and barely felt a thing. The Irishman said, 'You can do high falls, go out and buy a silk shirt kid, you're on'." The young man with the dodgy spine was off and jumping.

The Adelaide Show was next on the agenda, and the Irishman signed on his 13 students for a series of stunts. The show was a disaster, seven of them wound up in hospital and the Irishman shot through with the takings.

"That was typical of stuntmen in those days," says Jamieson, who thereafter considered himself a graduate of the Irishman's school of hard knocks.

A year or two later Jamieson was back in New Zealand odd-jobbing it. He strolled past a cafe in Queenstown and saw the Irishman sitting inside. He hurled himself through the door, stuntman-style, and grabbed his former instructor by the throat. "You bastard," he muttered, and the pair set to between the tables. Between swings the Irishman spluttered: "Wait a minute, I've got a proposition for you."

> It takes a special kind of person to drop from 10 storeys up, tuck the head down and roll with the breeze.

The Irishman was managing a troupe called the Los Angeles Hell Drivers. They weren't from Los Angeles and there was nothing particularly hellish about their driving, but the Irishman had swung some promoter a few bucks to use the name. His stuntmen were in hospital all over New Zealand and he needed a high falls man. "Two hundred dollars a show, two shows a week and we leave for the North Island right now," he told Jamieson. The reality of the deal was two shows in three weeks and $100 a show, but Ian Jamieson was back in business.

The Irishman split without paying the rest of the team and the Hell Drivers went back to more mundane pursuits. Jamieson teamed up with a Maori stunt driver and put on shows around the North Island. They worked up an act of 18 stunts which went for two and a half hours. Jamieson did the high falls and the motorbike stunts, and his partner drove a beat-up gas guzzler into him at high speed. They made $90 a night each. "The experience was invaluable," says Jamieson. "I learnt how to do everything myself."

The rebirth of the Australian film industry in the early 1970s created a new and lucrative field for the better stuntmen and, although he wasn't as well-known as Grant Page, Ian Jamieson had two talents which would serve him well in the film world — he could roll cars at high speed and he knew how to use explosives.

He was hired to roll an FJ Holden for the opening sequence of *Sunday Too Far Away* (ironically, a film about the South Australian shearing sheds he'd only recently left behind) and flipped the beast at an astonishing 108 kilometres an hour. Previously, 80 kilometres had been considered the maximum safe speed.

His credentials established, Jamieson went on to roll a Toyota Crown six and a half times at 117 kilometres an hour for *The Man From Hong Kong,* in what was generally regarded as that film's only saving grace.

During his stint in New Zealand with the Hell Drivers, Jamieson had been appalled at the slapdash way explosives were used in stuntwork. After a stunt in which the charges laid on the obstacle course all went off simultaneously and scared the hell out ot him, he made a study of the art of blowing himself up.

The early experiments using black powder resulted in minor burns and several near things, but by the time he transferred his talents to film, Jamieson had become an expert in the use of gelignite.

He designed a 20-channel board which enabled him to direct explosions over large areas. "I was tired of seeing people get hurt," he says. "Explosives were gigantic in America but it was an area that was virtually unexplored here, and I saw it as my ticket into film production." Soon he was orchestrating battle scenes, blowing up bridges and detonating minor charges all over himself.

Jamieson worked the special effects on *Money Movers, Blue Fin* and a stack of minor films. He co-ordinated stunts and assisted the director on *Picnic at Hanging Rock, Storm Boy* and *The Last Wave.* He played bit parts as well and he made a lot of money, but it was all leading back to the big one, the high fall. Other guys could blow themselves up and roll cars. No one could high fall like Ian Jamieson.

No matter what you think about stunts, the high fall is a mind blower. It takes a special kind of person to drop from 10 storeys up, tuck the head down and roll with the breeze. At 130 kilometres an hour the impact on landing is pretty close to

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the edge of human endurance. Jamieson lands on cardboard cartons covered with canvas, a method which has been superseded in the United States. There, high fallers have recently taken to landing on giant air bags, lifting the upper limit to around 85 metres, but the air bags are not completely fool-proof.

A film stuntman recently died attempting a jump from 110 metres when the bag burst at the seams. Jamieson prefers his cardboard boxes, and the record he set three years ago in Adelaide still stands. On that day, Jamieson signalled the crane higher and higher until it ran out of shaft. It was a jump that scared shit out of his safety crew. Jamieson, in a chapter from his book, *Australian Stunts* (soon to be published by Rigby), describes the jump thus:

"I signalled over the walkie-talkie to Jerry, the crane driver, to take me up slowly. The platform was quite narrow and I didn't want to be bounced off by uneven movement. As I started to rise and leave the crowd and my friends below, I was overcome by a feeling that occurs every-time at that moment in a high fall, complete and utter loneliness.

"At 80 feet I signalled Jerry to stop. At that level the wind was fine and the pad looked small, but an achievable target. I felt inside that I could go higher. I felt safe, aware of the situation and in control. I signalled the driver that I wanted to go up further . . . The crane arm slowed its upward movement and stopped smoothly. I asked Jerry what had happened and his voice came over the walkie-talkie high pitched, excited. 'That's it, it can't go any higher.' The people below me had no faces. I was higher than the grandstand roof across the other side of the arena and I was alone. The feeling that must accompany an attempt at suicide is very strong at that moment . . .

"I made the decision to stay (at that height) and I signalled to the tiny figures of my safety crew to reposition the landing pad . . . The wind picked up again and I had to judge how far I might be blown to the right if a gust hit me on the way down. I signalled the crew to move the pad again, so that when I looked down I was in line with its left hand edge . . . I signalled for the countdown to start by raising my right arm, fist clenched . . . a collective chant floated up to me . . . 10, 9, 8 . . . the wind steadied . . . 7, 6 . . . I raised both arms to shoulder height, outstretched like a bird . . . 5, 4, 3 . . . if the wind dropped I could still pull out . . . 2, 1 . . . I fell forward, pushing off from the platform.

"I screamed as loud as I could to dramatise the fall and the sound cut through the awful silence below. I was floating at first, then flying, then falling faster and faster . . . Suddenly I began losing control, turning slightly sideways. I was going into the roll too soon. Desperately I arched forwards and tried to maintain my position. It was impossible . . . I had to level out, get my legs up, because if I hit in a standing position I would drive straight through the pad . . . I braced myself for a bad landing. There was nothing else I could do. My right leg was slightly higher than my left, I was going to hit the pad in a V position. All I could see was the sky above me, then at a terminal velocity of 80 miles an hour, darkness . . .

"I lay pressed between the bottom layers of boxes, unable to move . . . I could see boxes and a patch of blue sky, then Randy (my number one safety man) filled the blue. He was saying something but I couldn't hear him. My eyes blurred, then darkness. I came to a few seconds later to see Randy next to me. I tried to talk but nothing came out. I passed out again."

Jamieson got up, climbed on to his motorbike and did his victory lap. Every stuntman has to do his victory lap. The people need proof that you haven't snuffed it, that they haven't been cheated. Bruised, concussed, muscles torn in his shoulder and leg, he was ordered to bed for a week.

We're at the Newcastle Showground on the coldest spring night in 20 years, Jamieson, me and Mike Smith. Smithy is Jamieson's friend and the guy who blows his landing pad away a split second after the impact.

We're here to watch young Dale Buggins leap 14 buses on his motorcycle and create a new, if somewhat obscure world record. The marching girls are already out on the arena as we get herded on to the press room terrace along with some people from the Michael Edgley organisation. There are people lined up for miles to get in and before Buggins does his thing more than 20,000 of them will have filled the grandstands and lined the picket fence.

Jamieson doesn't go to stunt shows for fun, he's here to check out Dale's act and offer him equal billing on the Supermen Rock Spectacular. The first half of the show is just plain shonky. Jamieson and Smith grit their teeth and suck on cans of beer while Dale and his sister, Chantel — both of them resplendent in sequins — mess around on a high wire.

Finally the buses are brought on to fill the huge gap between take-off and landing ramps. Someone has blundered and there is, in fact, room for 15 buses. Buggins makes a few practice runs then flies on to the ramp at breakneck speed.

There is quiet around the ground for the two or three seconds that he is actually

"It's your turn to call — head or tail?"

airborne, then a piercing scream as he lands short, sends sparks flying and hurtles, a tangled mess of man and machine, towards the picket fence.

Ashen-faced, Jamieson bolts to the best vantage point and stares blankly while the ambulances charge to the rescue and the cops form a human wall to keep the blood freaks out. Jamieson stands and stares until long after the announcement that Buggins will be okay.

And Buggins will be okay. In fact, the next morning his father will tell us that spills like that are good for business. But tonight there are a lot of people in shock. They'll go away and talk about this one. That's what stunt shows are all about.

Jamieson doesn't see it that way. You don't go out to break your neck. A near thing is a failure, and all Ian Jamieson can feel tonight is an overwhelming sense of personal and professional sadness. We wander back into the press room where the ghouls are drinking and planning a party. Jamieson and Smithy just aren't in the mood.

Ian Jamieson is respectful of the Brush With Death side of his life, but he's careful not to let it get too firm a grip on him. The night before a jump he usually has a nightmare, and nine times out of 10 it's about missing the landing pad. It's either not there or it's blown away seconds before he lands. This latter fear is not without foundation. Twice a trigger-happy assistant has hit the plunger too soon and Jamieson has been lucky to walk away.

Mike Smith, who now presses the button, can't understand how this has happened. "As far as I'm concerned it just couldn't happen to me," he says. "It's so bloody simply. Ian lands and I blow up the pad. In that order."

The gelignite is positioned to blow out, away from Jamieson, and on windy nights he takes the added precaution of placing them further away. But the explosion is not his only worry. The petrol and glue solution lit with flares while he perches on his platform burns so intensely that he needs new leathers every second jump. If there's a gust of wind during the countdown the flames reach three metres over his head and cancel his vision. If he lands in a pocket, the burst of CO^2 from the extinguishers can black him out. And if the pad doesn't explode immediately he just lies there burning and waiting.

"i'm scared every time," Jamieson says. "But I'm not a stuntman 24 hours a day. I psyche myself for it and I know that every small detail has been taken care of. I don't take unnecessary risks and I don't try to do things that can't be done. Everything is calculated."

Jamieson also takes care to keep his fear within. "I feel the spring coil up inside, but I'd never let it explode. If the people around me can see that I'm worried then they'll worry too, and I can't afford to have worried people working with me."

Marina, Jamieson's attractive lady of three years' standing, watches every jump but she, too, keeps her fears well hidden. "I know I'd be letting Ian down if I showed him how scared I get," she says.

At Jamieson's suggestion, Marina has taken to photographing the events. "Taking the pictures make her feel a part of what's going on and keeps her mind off the danger," Jamieson says, in the matter-of-fact way of one who believes life's great problems can be worked out with a pocket calculator.

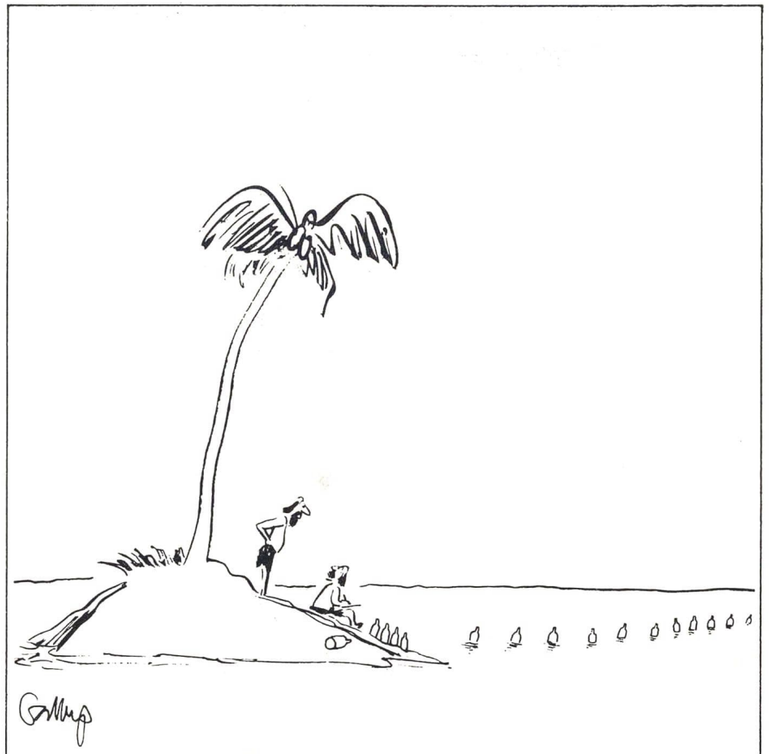
Ian Jamieson carries a reference from Evel Knievel around in his pocket, of which he is understandably proud. But he doesn't see himself cast in the Knievel mould. He worked with the old canyon jumper on the ill-fated Australian tour early last year, and while he respects Knievel's grit and showmanship, he believes the old pro is well and truly past it.

At a similar age, Jamieson plans to be masterminding spectaculars, not breaking his butt on a pile of cardboard cartons. To this end he ups the ante every jump, hoping to get more for fewer and hairier stunts. He says he's far happier standing on the sidelines directing the show.

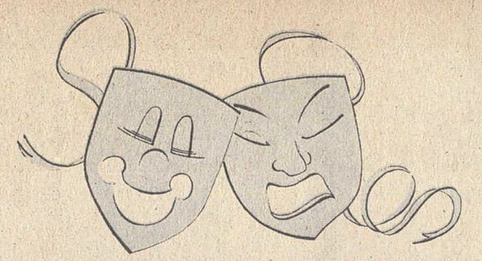
Already, his company, Australian Stunts Inc, has built a reputation for efficiency seldom seen in the haphazard stunt world. And after his stunt rock show has toured the country he plans to sit down at the drawing board with another stuntman, Glenn Mehaffey, and map out the fine details of an even more ambitious project. Space Visions will use spectacular stunts to tell a story of interplanetary travels. "It's the kind of concept that will make stuntwork viable in the 1980s," says Jamieson.

The bottom line is that Jamieson doesn't really like the country fairground world he's now a part of. He doesn't like the people and he doesn't like the bloodlust. "At times I feel sorry for the people who come to watch me. Some of them are real Freds. They'll throw bottles at me when I'm doing my victory lap and when I'm up on the crane they'll yell out 'Jump, you fucker'. That really depresses me."

For Ian Jamieson, those lonely moments high above the arena are merely the means to an end. It's something the people want to see and he'll oblige them until he's in a position to call the shots. "I know that one day I'll go up to do a high fall and something won't be right," he says. "I'll just say no, I don't want to do it any more. I won't be afraid to step down, either. When it happens I hope the people will understand."

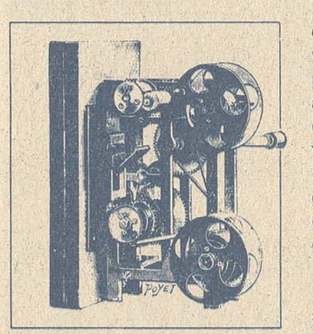


"I s-s-s-stutter!"



REVIEWS

FILMS



FROGGY HUMOR

Could there be anything more ludicrous than a frog peddling a bicycle across the big screen? No, not really. Not if it's Kermit the Frog, resplendent in his natural green terry towelling cover and golf ball eyes. Nor is the sight of that pretty porker Miss Piggy, in a decollette satin evening gown showing off her cleavage for all its worth, ridiculous. It all seems realistic, in a celluloid way, for this is what the world has eagerly been awaiting, the inimitable Muppets starring in their first motion picture. Yes, the Muppets go Hollywood in Sir Lew Grade's production of *The Muppet Movie.*

The Muppets have really gone Hollywood, and in more ways than one. For this is the true (well, "close enough" as Kermit admits) story of how the Muppets became famous and hit the big time in Tinsel Town when they signed that "standard rich and famous" contract.

Does the film work? Or more to the point, can one bear to watch the silly inanities of the 30-minute Muppet TV program extended to 98 minutes? Yes is the answer, for, unlike the TV show, filled as it is with numerous skits scheduled for short laughs, the film is a concise effort at musical comedy with a plausible and very pleasurable script by Jerry Juhl and Jack Burns. The laughs come fast and furious most of the time, and when they don't, it's usually with audience gratitude as it give them time to catch their breath and stop clutching their sides.

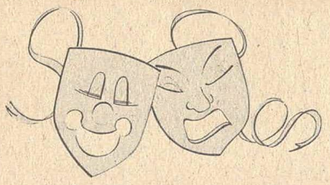
Director James Frawley said "All the humans in the story instantly accept the Muppets as real and relate to them without question. These characters are real to them and to us, just as they are to millions of Muppet fans all over the world." And that's quite true, as we see real life stars like Bob Hope selling Kermit a dragonfly ripple ice cream, or a mad Mel Brooks trying to brainwash our hero, one never thinks it unusual to see the marionette stars mixing with homo sapiens counterparts. It's all so natural, somehow, due in large part to Frawley's faultless direction. His fine touch enhances the comedy aspect of each scene, highlighting the absurdities of each situation. The backgrounds, shot through Isidore Mankofsky's lens, are a nice balance between location shots and obvious sets. Both intermingle well, but preference is given to colorful location settings with sunsets and sun rises predominating this bright film. Storyline has our amphibian hero Kermit sitting on a log in a Georgia swamp, singing his mournful heart out. He's relatively happy in his swampy surrounding, but something's missing. Paddling by in a canoe is a Hollywood talent scout (played with abandon by Dom DeLuise), lost while on a fishing trip. So, naturally, he asks the frog for directions. And he just happens to have in the bottom of the boat, amidst his fishing tackle and bait, the current issue of *Variety* (doesn't every Hollywood mogul and agent?).

Pointing out an ad for auditions for "all frogs wishing to become rich and famous", he convinces Kermit to head off to Babylon. That settles it, and our web-footed friend leaves the swamp and heads off to fame and fortune on the Hollywood sound stage, and we watch as he makes his cross-country journey, picking up a host of familiar Muppet characters along the way.

And this is where the fun really begins, as we watch these famous puppets, created by Jim Henson over 20 years ago, go through their paces, doing things they've never done on the little screen before. They walk, they run, they cycle ... why they even drive an automobile, Fozzie's very own Studebaker (which, as Fozzie confesses is right: "Ah, a bear in his natural habitat — a Studebaker"). They're all there on the silver screen, that porky little pleaser Miss Piggy; the ever-apologetic, but lovable Fozzie Bear; Plunging Artiste, Prince of Plumbers, Gonzo the Great. They're all there, those characters we've all learned to love over the years, as well as many more, for creator Henson has not only utilised the 22 main puppets, but as many as 250 more for the film's final, true Hollywood spectacular finish.

It's a well crafted work, this comedy with music created by Paul Williams (Phantom of the Paradise, Bugsy Malone) and Kenny Ascher. Each tune is melodious, but the most soulful is one called Something Better, sung by Rowlf the Dog and Kermit, after poor Kermmie thinks Miss Piggy's deserted him. After the song is sung, a downhearted frog schleps off out of the frame as a wise Rowlf quips, "It's not often you see a guy that green have the blues that bad."

Quite typical of this film's wit, which satirises many film cliches, is Miss Piggy's first



sighting of her own true love, the delectable frog Kermit. Stars shine, literally, in her eyes, and the screen dissolves into a misty lensed dream sequence which has a gossamer clad Miss Piggy, sunlight shining on her golden tresses, as she runs, arms flung wide, into the embrace of her own green love, violins melodiously serenading . . . and was that the crash of waves on a distant shore somewhere in the background, as the dream fades to a heart-shaped dissolve?

No more can be divulged, for the magic of the Muppets in 35 mm has to be seen to be believed.

"I said to myself when I first saw you — what a beautiful girl with a nice body and no brassiere," banters the male lead in Anthony Page's *The Lady Vanishes.* He's talking to, needless to say, the female lead who smilingly accepts his accolades. And how well these complimentary words sum up the actress who carries the lead role: Cybill Shepherd. Why, yes, it's true that the lady is beautiful, in a rich bitch, tall and willowy sort of way, with nice boobs that sport no brassiere at all during the film's entire 99 minutes. But there's only one thing wrong with the attractive Miss Shepherd — she can't act.

Time and time again, Cybill Shepherd has proved this sad fact to movie-going audiences. The only decent portrayal of her entire celluloid career was her debut in 1971 in *The Last Picture Show,* in which she was cast by one-time live-in boyfriend, director Peter Bogdanovich. From there on, her acting career was a series of no-talent, hollow papier mache portrayals in which emotion and feeling for her roles had no part. Words that passed for scripted dialogue fell impassively from her stiff lips. Simple day-to-day expressions like a smile or a frown seem too difficult an accomplishment for this one to master. Neither one seemed to cross that oh so classically beautiful, but expressionless face.

Daisy Miller, At Long Last Love, Taxi Driver and *The Silver Bears* all bear out the undeniable truth. The lady has no talent. None. But if all those exercises weren't enough to prove the point, she tries yet again. This time in a remake of Alfred Hitchcock's classic thriller, *The Lady Vanishes,* released originally in 1938. Shepherd takes the Margaret Lockwood role . . . oh, to have a lady of that talent for this remake. Unfortunately Shepherd's no-act performance ruins what is essentially a most entertaining, if flawed film, with some of the wittiest dialogue heard in a long time. Sad.

Set in pre-war Germany, the cast is introduced carefully in the film's opening sequences. All are trying to board a train at a remote railway station in lower Bavaria. But, as fate would have it, the Nazi's have already taken command of the station, and the cast all assemble at the local guest-house as they await the train's rescheduled departure the next morning. There's a charming English nanny, Miss Froy (Angela Lansbury in a far too short, but most entertaining performance), leaving her last posting to retire in Cornwall; a *Life* photographer, Robert Condon (Elliott Gould), off to cover a story in London; top German surgeon Dr Hartz (Herbert Lom), off to care for a "special" patient; two mad English cricket fans, Charters (Arthur Lowe) and Caldicott (Ian Carmichael); and the much-married mad-cap American heiress, Amanda Kelly (Cybill Shepherd), off to London to meet husband-to-be number four.

All leave in the morning to catch the express, and to prove the zaniness of our heroine, the scriptwriters have her fly from her room, not packing a single item. For being hung-over from the previous evening's goings-on, in which she pantomines the Furheur, she's in no fit state to do anything more than to throw her fur coat on over her white satin, backless evening gown. And so mad Amanda is to appear throughout the film, through every type of experience imaginable (including changing the railroad ties in one "climatic" moment) still unsullied and immaculate to the very last scene. Could this be what some like to call "movie magic"?

Cybill Shepherd: mad-cap heiress in The Lady Vanishes.

On board, our heroine makes the acquaintance of Miss Froy ("It rhymes with roy"), who is fleeing Germany because of the times. Also sharing the same compartment as these two ladies, is the Baroness Kisling (Jean Anderson, suitably stuffy) and her party. After some very polite pleasantries, Amanda and Miss Froy head off to the dining car for afternoon tea.

But, as in all these films, something mysterious happens after the two return to their compartment. Miss Froy disappears, while Amanda naps. And the Baroness and her party deny the existence of Miss Froy at all.

Needless to say, all ends well, and Miss Froy is found after much adventure. Naturally, the hero and heroine survive, too, just in time for the movie's happy reunion meeting. It all works so well together with George Axelrod's (*The Manchurian Candidate*) script based not only on Ethel Lina White's novel *The Wheel Spins,* but also on the original Hitchcock screenplay penned by Frank Launder and Sidney Gilliatt. The only minor flaw of the piece is the relative newness of the sets in some sequences, and the only major flaw is Shepherd. What in fact is a good period piece could have been great: a tribute to the master, Hitchcock. — *Alex Anthony.*

TV

DAYTIME DOLDRUMS

Let us briefly contemplate the horrors that could be inflicted on a bewildered public at future Australia Day celebrations. I am speaking here of that section of the public, that vast happy throng that could fit comfortably into two telephone boxes, who actually attend the excrutiatingly boring ceremonies that mark the great Australia Day wassail.

The ceremony could begin with a few childish, blue-tinged jokes, the sort heard around schoolyards that begin with the query: "Did you hear the one about Dad and Dave and Mabel . . . ?"

The crowd, having been warmed up, as they say in show business, would now be treated to a juggler who plays with his balls (the juvenile humor continues), a singer from the RSL club circuit, a comedian of the pants-dropping school of comic behavior, a contest for the biggest banana in the land to provide some more pre-pubescent wit, a chat with a justifiably out-of-work actor, a discussion with a doctor on the subject of piles and an interview with a man who would have engraved Advance Australia Fair on the head of a pin except he couldn't remember all the words.

I suggest this nonsense only because Mike Walsh has been included on a new national Australia Day committee. If he has his way — and may the shade of Captain Arthur Phillip haunt him forever if he does — Walsh could well organise the celebrations along the lines of his midday television show.

This outpouring of all that is mundane, this flood of foolishness, goes out to several million Australians five days a week. Most of this vast audience consists of bored housewives and to them Walsh belongs in the gallery of the gods, to be worshipped, to be dreamed about in the evenings when the kids are screaming and the old man is still at the pub.

The *Mike Walsh Show* fills part of the bleak hours of a cheerless day. It is almost sad. The show is the housewives' daily window on the world and everything they discover by peering through it could be engraved on the head of a pin.

The housewives worship Walsh with such single-minded devotion that they come from near and far to be at the Channel Nine studios in Sydney when his show goes to air, to actually breathe the same air as their god. Nice Old Ladies, who wouldn't get excited over anything, except possibly a new macrame pattern, rise from their beds long before dawn in, say, Scone, and travel by bus in an organised party to be at the studio before midday. All seats are booked out months ahead.

To the Nice Old Ladies it is the biggest event in their lives. See Mike Walsh and die!

The extraordinary thing is that the Nice Old Ladies are subjected to a number of unfunny jokes that would earn anyone else a slap in the face. Or even a complaint to the nearest police station. "Officer! This man has embarrassed me by what he said!"

Walsh, of course, denies that his show is unsavory in any way. But it is, not so much because many of the jokes are about sex — after all, sex can be very funny — but because sex is treated in a giggling, behind-the-playsheds fashion.

Take, if you will, the experiences of two intelligent young Sydney women, Kathy Lette and Gabrielle Carey, who sing, dance and write under the name of The Salami Sisters. They have written a book called *Puberty Blues,* which is an astonishingly frank look at what teenagers do when they are not at school or at home.

They went on to the Mike Walsh show to publicise their book and later wrote about it: "Mike Walsh was wonderful. He has a deeply perceptive intellectual insight into people and did a marvellous profile on us.

" 'Just turn sideways would you?' his director asked. 'You're a healthy specimen of womanhood. Well, you've got two good points going for you.' "

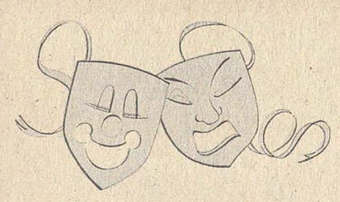
"Mike Walsh sniggered, the make-up oozing out of the crease in his skin. As we smiled endlessly back at him and gazed at his forehead, we wondered if he was having a hair transplant (could it be — surely not?). During the ads, Shirley the cameraman pranced about on the shag-pile, entertaining the twittering mums. 'It's your time of the month, isn't it Mike?' They teased each other with smutty remarks. The audience giggled naughtily. We fled the studio thinking of what we could send Mike Walsh through the mail: like a gift-wrapped tiger snake."

In the same week he interviewed a man who had, through the marvels of plastic surgery, a private part of his anatomy enlarged. The man had undergone a number of operations for plastic surgery, which is as commonplace these days as getting tonsils removed. His presence on the show allowed Walsh to make jokes — if you can call them that — about the area below the belt.

This he did. He smirked, raised eyebrows, made innuendos, milked the situation for every thing he could.

And all the time he wore a look of boyish innocence as if to say it was not his fault that someone with an unusual operation ap-

Mike Walsh



peared on his show. He was not to be blamed, declared his little-boy look, for such things.

It reminded me of a geek show. And the authorities, in their wisdom, banned carnival geek shows years ago on the grounds there was nothing even remotely entertaining about human deformities.

Let me prove my case by recalling the time the *Mike Walsh Show* invited two world champion ballroom dancers into the studio. Now there was nothing wrong with that, even though, as a form of entertainment, ballroom dancing can be put on the excitement scale beside croquet.

But the Nice Old Ladies in the audience were pleased with the spectacle. Then Walsh introduced two alleged comics, Jan Adele and Sean Kramer, who did a send-up of the ballroom dancing pair.

It wasn't even an amusing spoof. Adele stripped off her clothes, a sight memorable only for its grisliness, and Kramer dropped his trousers. Rightly, there were scores of complaints about the sketch.

Walsh is seemingly unconcerned about embarrassing those he invites on to his show. He perhaps believes they should be subjected to all sorts of indignities, asked any kind of impolite question.

But he is not so keen on being on the receiving end when he grants a journalist an interview. One well-known Sydney writer dared to ask Walsh about his love life. Walsh was so offended that he rang the station executives who had arranged the interview and tore them to shreds.

But in spite of Walsh's attitude to journalists, newspapers still print gushing stories about him. One Sydney newspaper even published a story telling where Walsh bought his suits, his shoes, his meat and, I swear it, his carrots. (For those interested, Walsh buys his carrots, from the North Richmond Fruit Growers Market. Jesus!)

All this for a man who I believe mocks the intelligence of people, who sniggers, winks and smirks like a young lad who has just discovered his first erection.

And for doing this, Walsh this year signed a three-year contract with Channel Nine in Sydney for the truly astounding sum of $4 million.

The mind does not boggle. Instead, it collapses into a stupor, except for one small portion which repeats over and over again: "Did you hear the one about the television compere who . . . ?" — *Neal Akerman.*

SOUNDS

DUBBO DYNAMITE

Since most rock writers hail from Sydney and Melbourne, it's not altogether surprising that a band from the cultural wastelands of Dubbo, NSW, should generate reams of novelty-style publicity. What is surprising is the fact that ***The Reels***, who left the home of Seven Seas Stamps behind only 18 months ago, are white hot.

Their self-titled debut album (Polygram) is quite simply the best Australian album I heard in 1979. Recorded on a 16-track mobile at a property near Dubbo, The Reels is as cosmopolitan and contemporary as anything put down on 52nd Street last week. Better than Devo, wittier than the B-52s and funkier than most of the post New Wave staccato stylists who have emerged these past six months, The Reels pour it on for two generous sides of frantic rock and roll.

No stops, no solos. Vocalist David Mason jerks his way through a range which is not so much limited as uncompromised. Colin Newnham on keyboards and Craig Hooper on guitar share leads, and the unit is held down by drummer John Bliss and Paul Abrahams on bass.

Newnham's organ grinder riffs are particularly pleasing, but this band really is a unit. No stars on centre stage. There's nothing new in music, but The Reels have succeeded in combining a ragbag of influences — New Wave, reggae, Sixties light pop, Roxy/Eno art rock — with startling originality where predecessors, like Split Enz only almost made it.

There are 14 good songs on this set, ranging from Top Ten certainties like Love Will Find A Way and Prefab Hearts to true weirdo stuff like the opener, Livalafaway and Spot The Ridge.

According to the blurb, Baby's In The Know concerns Jane Fonda and an alleged lesbian relationship, but don't let that put you off. What would a bunch of blokes from Dubbo know anyway? Well, they know how to make music, and after this debut it's safe to assume they'll know all about making money, too.

Ever on guard for accusations of parochialism, I should now even the score by saying that ***Mondo Rock's*** *Primal Park* (EMI) is dreadful. Alas, I can't. The long-suffering Ross Wilson is a true rock and roll survivor, and while *Primal Park* isn't in the same league as Daddy Cool's *Teenage Heaven,* it's up there. Or out there, as they say in Fitzroy. Mondo Rock has been playing this sort of good-time rock for a long time now and they ought to be good at it. They are, and the live cuts, recorded at Bombay Rock, are standouts that capture the excitement of the Wilson-dominated stage performances.

Ellen Foley: a winner.

It's raw and honest rock, played with a smirk. Wilson seems to have spent an inordinate amount of time searching for the anarchist soul of rock and roll. Now he's 31 he'll probably never find it, but *Primal Park* is another nice try. Listen to it loud and stoned.

After last year's *A Single Man,* it seemed that ***Elton John*** was going to grow old and bald with grace and taste. *Victim Of Love* (Rocket) goes to show you never can tell. This is the svelte one at his worst, cashing in better late than never.

It's official — Elton John is the Donovan of the disco decade, adding new meaninglessness to the genre just when you thought it was safe to turn on the radio again.

Victim Of Love is competent, unadorned wompadompdomp over-produced to the nth degree. And if I were Elt I'd give Mr Charles Berry a wide berth after what he's done to Johnny B. Goode.

This rubbish is probably shipping platinum (love that sort of talk) as I write. It'll be roundly shitcanned and Elton will laugh all the way to the Watford Football Club.

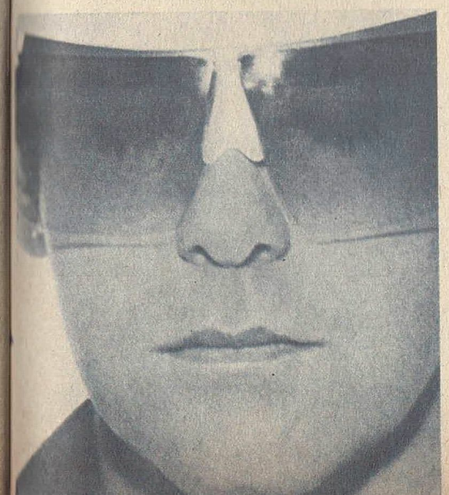
Fleetwood Mac's magnificently packaged double set *Tusk* (Warner Bros) is actually worth the considerable effort it takes to get to the vinyl. One suspects that the great days have gone for the Mac, and for most of the '70s superstars, but *Tusk* is a nice way to see out the decade.

A monument to the bland style of music which eventually took the band to the top, *Tusk* alternates between the McVie/Nicks soft soap ballads to the all-in-together-boys-and-girls bluesy pop which has dominated the AM playlists for so long.

There are flashes of Mac's hard-edged blues roots here and there, but for the most part this is a safe, predictable set. Nothing offends and nothing is likely to get you off your seat either. There are 20 songs on these four sides, five apiece, and they drift whimsically around the hook in the Mac tradition. If you're looking for highlights, try Over and Over or Not That Funny or Brown Eyes or Save Me A Place, and if you're looking for an explanation of Fleetwood Mac's incredible mass appeal try the title track, recorded live at Dodger Stadium with the help/hindrance of the USC Trojan Marching Band. You can feel the excitement of the teeming masses at the stadium, and Warners have released this as the first single. A cunning ploy, because *Tusk* is new and exciting and it doesn't sound like Fleetwood Mac. Don't be fooled. The rest of the set is pure Mac.

Fleetwood Mac: a monumental double set.

Ellen Foley has a big voice and some heavyweight friends. She is also beautiful. She couldn't lose with all that going for her and she doesn't. *Nightout* (Epic) is a winner — a high-powered wall of sound in the best Phil Spector tradition. Foley, whose previous work has been with the outrageous Meat Loaf, is produced here by Ian Hunter and Mick Ronson, who pull out all the stops to complement her dramatic delivery with an equally dramatic rhythm section, strings, backing vocals and their own superb guitar work. There is a brilliant cover of the Stones' Stupid Girl, an energetic rendition of Graham Parker's Thunder and Rain, and a showstopper ballad in Ian Hunter's Don't Let Go. In the whatever-happened-to department, ex-Dingo Kerryn Tolhurst turns up playing slide on a couple of cuts. Tolhurst could do worse than hitch himself to Ms Foley's slinky skirts. She's one to watch for in 1980.



Elton John: at his worst.

The thing I like most about the Australian Marijuana Party is its naive belief that dope will solve the world's problems. The thing I like least about it is its evangelical commitment to converting us all to this belief. Fortunately there is very little of the latter and plenty of the former on *Emergency Ward,* the AMP's first recording (available at head shops and some record dealers).

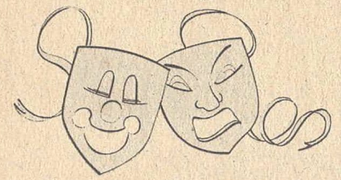
This double set of dope anthems is occasionally tedious, but more often funky and funny. Its basic message is that drugs are fun, and this intelligence is imparted by way of jug band music, a bit of bluegrass, snatches of rock and roll and plenty of late-night backup vocals.

The Melbourne musicians who donated their services remain anonymous for the obvious reasons, but if you listen closely you'll pick up most of the better-known Carlton desperadoes.

My favorite cuts are Men Smoke Dope by Blind Boy Billy Polkinghorn and his Drug-takers, Make That Bust by Harvey Bates and the Wall-bangers, and A Block Of Hash by Bhong Crisby. It's gone down in my collection under P for Party. At $12.95 it's a steal. — *Phil Jarratt.*

New releases from three ladies — each with varying degrees of quality. The first is a new offering by ***Crystal Gale*** entitled *Miss The Mississippi* (CBS). Miss Gale is not straying too far off the path of *Don't It Make My Brown Eyes Blue.* Included in the not overly exciting material is a fluffy piece from the Eurovision-style pen of Roger Greenaway and Geoff Stevens called It's Like We Never Said Goodbye, and the Leo Sayer hit, Dancin' The Night Away. Crystal sings pleasantly enough, but she sometimes sounds very bored with the whole shebang, as do the sidemen who have probably played this stuff day in and day out for years. Not even the superb Dave Loggins song, Danger Zone, makes this album memorable, and the whole thing highlights the role of the producer in these ventures — his skills or lack of same.

Which brings me to the well-produced album by ***Nicolette Larson***. Ted Templeton (Little Feat) handles the reins on *In The Nick Of Time* (WEA) as well as he did on Miss Larson's debut album. And as one would



Judie Tzuke: raising eyebrows.

To The Cruise (Rocket) by ***Judie Tzuke.*** This pretty 23-year-old honey blonde from London is raising eyebrows in her native land with the Top Ten hit single, Stay With Me Till Dawn. Judie's ethereal voice weaves through 10 highly original songs she penned with collaborator Mike Paxman. Her voice has been compared with Stevie Nicks', a comparison she emphatically denies — and I agree. I can hear a touch of Rickie Lee Jones on the ebullient Southern Smiles, and the excellent but complex Steely Dan-style melody of Katiera Island really shows her control of the high register. On the ballad, Ladies Night, I can hear traces of a younger Judy Collins.

Stay With Me somehow reminds me of Kiki Dee's Amoureuse with its haunting vocal and stylish handling of strings. This track is so hypnotic that I find myself playing it over and over. Her first single, For You, is included, and the string quartet used evokes an Eleanor Rigby feel over cascading multiple vocal lines.

If there is a criticism, it is that the record is a little overproduced. A voice like Judie's can stand a lot sparcer sound. This aside, she is still Britain's best discovery since Kate Bush. — *Carol Ashdown.*

After losing their identity in a quagmire of theme and concept albums, ***The Kinks*** have returned to the rock 'n' roll fold. With *Soap Opera* and the depressingly long series of *Preservation* albums in the mid Seventies, it appeared that the band had become a spent force. With *Low Budget* (Arista) the group has made a stunning return.

The album opens with Ray Davies hurling abuse, his stuttering guitar lurching through Attitudes. Davies recognises that the world is on the verge of collapse but prompts us as individuals to do something about it.

It's not your appearance, that they all detest / It's not your manners, that you gotta improve, It's your attitudes . . .

The band is back with style and a certain pessimism that may reflect the 80s.

But Davies is not just angry. He is wry and witty — still the master of slick licks and tight images.

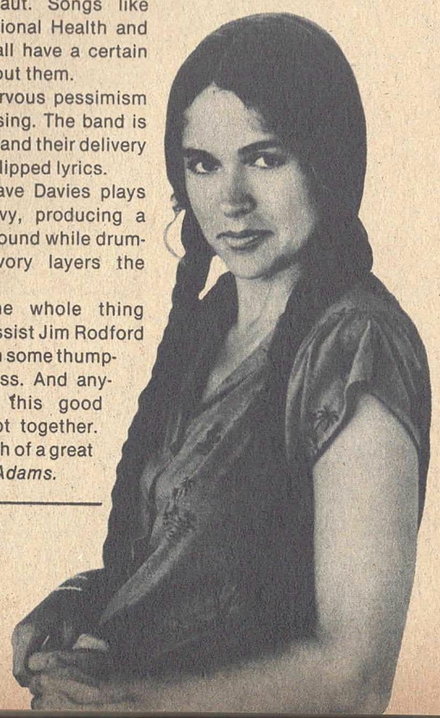
In A Gallon Of Gas we see Davies having just bought his dream machine, a Cadillac, when the world runs out of gas. He checks out his local dealer. He has cocaine, speed, any drugs that you please — but he can't get a gallon of gas.

While the album is not humorless, it is taut. Songs like Pressure, National Health and Low Budget all have a certain tenseness about them.

But this nervous pessimism is not depressing. The band is raunchy, tight and their delivery matches the clipped lyrics.

Guitarist Dave Davies plays fast and heavy, producing a thick wall of sound while drummer Mick Avory layers the drums into it.

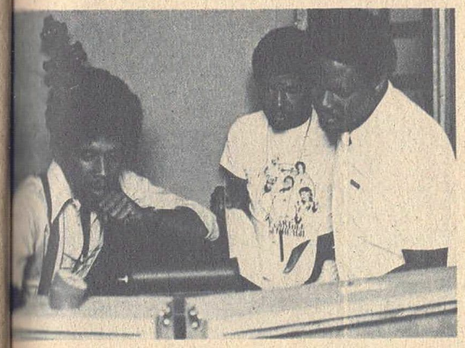
Keeping the whole thing together is bassist Jim Rodford who puts down some thumpingly good bass. And anyway a band this good should be kept together. Truly the rebirth of a great talent. — *Jon Adams.*



Nicolette Larson

McCoy Tyner's place in jazz history is guaranteed by his contribution to the quartet led by the late John Coltrane at the height of his powers. Tyner admits that he was lost for a direction for some time after Coltrane's death. Life in the quartet had been insular and perhaps unreal. Tyner was astonished, when the time came to return to the real world, to find that all other jazz musicians were not attaining the peaks of energy and inspiration to which Coltrane had led his band night after night.

For a while Tyner played in the Ike and Tina Turner Band to get his finances straightened out. Then he began a series of recordings under his own leadership. *Together* (Milestone) is the latest of these to be released in Australia. Like its predecessors, it features a virtuoso line up of talent, which practically guarantees that anything they play will sound good: Freddy Hubbard, trumpet; Bobby Hutcherson, vibes; Hubert Laws, flute; Bennie Maupin, saxes; Stanley Clark, bass; Jack DeJohnette, drums, and Bill Summer, percussion.



Clarke, DeJonette and Tyner

This is well, for the material is not profound. Some tunes would in fact sound banal if it were not for the brilliant rhythm section work — in particular the excitement of Tyner's bustling continuo playing. Tyner has not often attempted to recapture the musical freedom and intensity of the Coltrane days, but he has not, on the other hand, often settled for music that is less than highly pleasing. All the musicians here are capable of great things, and all are so well equipped that they can sound good without trying very hard. None of them is busting a gut here, but they all play superbly in the colorful ensemble, and all turn in sparkling solos.

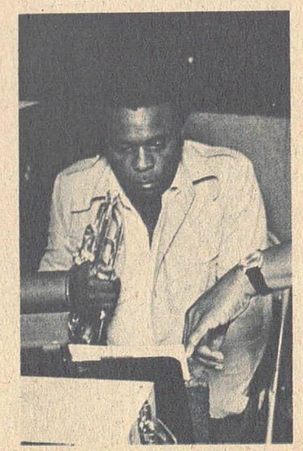
Freddy Hubbard's bright, incisive and superbly accomplished trumpet playing is a highlight. His sound is so tangy and well modulated that he would afford keen pleasure if he settled for playing scales. There have been times when he has very nearly done that, but here he plays melodic, if not fantastically inventive phrases, and raises the level of excitement with a couple of astonishingly controlled arabesques in the extreme high register.

Bobby Hutcherson's vibes are intelligently used in the arrangements and he uses them with great originality in his solos and in improvised interplay with Tyner, De Johnette, Clark and Maupin. His is the most angular and interesting rhythmic concept of all the soloists; his the most effective use of space. McCoy Tyner is of course one of the greatest virtuoso pianists in the history of the music. He is in many ways like a modern Art Tatum: lots of notes, played with brilliant precision, a kaleidoscopic harmonic approach, and a running, lifting swing.

His piano has been recorded here with crystalline fidelity.

This is jazz with an immediately appealing surface, there are some Latin and funky influences, little of great depth, but much that is delightful.

I intend no denigration when I say that this album is just the thing to set the ambience for a party, or to give you a nice lift at the beginning of the day. Recorded sound is excellent. — *John Clare.*



Freddie Hubbard: bright, incisive playing.

WORDS

MOVING STORIES

Chen Jo-hsi was born in Taiwan in 1938, attended Taiwan National University, then emigrated with her husband to America to do post-graduate work. In 1961 she and her husband decided to return to China, this time to the mainland, to work for the People's Republic. Before leaving Taiwan for the States she had already established herself as a bright young writer, but in the seven years she spent in China under Chairman Mao's Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution (GPCR) she found she was incapable of writing a single word.

When she, her husband and two sons were allowed to defect from Communist China (and how they managed that God only knows) she began to write again almost immediately and ***The Execution of Mayor Yin*** (George Allen & Unwin) is a collection of short stories about the time she spent under the aegis of the People's Republic of China.

The Cultural Revolution into which she unwittingly walked was the result of too many factors to reduce its cause and nature to any simplistic formula, but basically it was the brainchild of Mao, whose daft ambition it was to keep an entire country in a state of rebellious upheaval for more than half a century.

By the time Chen and her husband entered China, both as teachers, the rift between China and Moscow was widening fast. Mao disapproved of Krushev's "revisionism" and categorically despised his detente with the West (it is typical of Maoist thinking that within a decade the Chairman himself would invite Nixon to Peking), and he was nothing short of paranoid that the class struggle in China would lapse into complacency, as it had in Russia.

In 1962, delivering his "Speech to The Tenth Plenum", Mao said: "We must recognise the protracted nature of the existence of classes, recognise the struggle of class against class . . . It is necessary to heighten our vigilance. Hence, from this moment on, we must talk about this problem every year, every month, every day."

Sounds like a terrific place for an author to live and work, doesn't it?

By 1966 the GPCR was in full swing and its targets, apart from everything that moved, were primarily suspected political revisionists and, of course, intellectuals. When a government turns on its own universities, a demagogy isn't far away; watch the upcoming events in South Korea and I'll try not to say I told you so.

It's ironic that Ms Jo-hsi did not set out to write a book that was primarily political, and it's disturbing that some of the stories in this volume disturbed the Taiwan officials as much as they would have exacerbated the communists.

"*Chairman Mao is a Rotten Egg*," one of the most mind-shattering stories in the collection, first appeared in the Hong Kong *Ming Pao Monthly* under the less provocative title, *"Ching-Ching's Birthday."*

And yet the book is political, unavoidably so. It provides us with invaluable insights into

what life is really like in communist China and it has, as Simon Leys says in his introduction, "a unique resonance for being surrounded by a massive silence".

It's a hard reader who isn't moved by the story of a woman,who, having told her four-year-old son that he is going to have a birthday, fears political trouble because he has told all his friends and the Red Guard has ears; or of an old man who buys his ailing wife a fish only to be told to return it as it was only on display to impress Nixon's press corps; of the suicide of a leading intellectual caused by the incessant pressures of her "rehabilitation" (the very tenets of her indoctrinisation being reversed a few years after her by-now-forgotten death).

While reading the book I was reminded of Hemingway's brief preface to *A Moveable Feast*, in which he said that although it should be regarded as fiction, it probably had more truth in it than other similar works generally regarded as fact. — *Richard Deutch.*

Much has already been written about Donald Horne's ***In Search Of Billy Hughes*** (Macmillan, $14.95), as one would expect of a new offering from one of our most gifted and elegant writers. But very little has been said about the technique Horne employs to bring the Little Digger's 90 tempestuous years to life in print.

In the way Truffaut makes movies for filmmakers, Horne has written a book for writers, full of the cunning devices of the master wordsmith.

Mr Horne, for all his experience and exalted position in Australian literary life, was clearly making notes when the Tom Wolfe-inspired exponents of the New Journalism arrived on the scene in the middle and late Sixties.

He has taken their rough style of personalised dramatisation and refined it to a point where his words merely trigger visual images. Horne calls this book a "portrait". I see it more as a fast-moving slide show. We jump, with only scant regard for chronological sequence from Hughes on the rostrum in Balmain, to Hughes writing his speeches on the overnight Melbourne Express, to Hughes taking London by storm. And always the images interconnect. A few chapters into this book I could close my eyes and see it all. By the end of it I felt I knew Hughes, or at least knew Hughes as Donald Horne imagined him to be.

This is a work of great imagination and adventure, presented by its publisher in the quality format it deserves. Horne's style may at times seem contrived, but the end result — living history — is all that really matters. — *Phil Jarratt.*

BLUEY AND CURLEY
OLD A.I.F.
NEW RECRUIT
EVER PLAYED TWO-UP CURLEY?
NO, I HAVEN'T COME AT THAT YET.
I'LL NEVER FORGET A BONZER TWO-UP SCHEME I WAS IN NEAR THE SOMME BACK IN 19
THERE WAS FIFTY BLOOMIN' QUID IN THE CENTRE AT THE TIME—WHEN ALL OF A SUDDEN A SHELL BURST RIGHT IN TH
OF US...
WELL, THAT SHELL SKITTLED EVERYBODY, EVERYTHING EXCEPT ME AND THE MONEY
SO I GRABBED THAT FIFTY QUID AN
BOLTED.—BOY, OH BOY, DID I HAVE A BONZER TIME IN PARIS WITH THAT
HEY, YOU! WAS THAT TWO-UP SCHOOL YOU'RE SKITING ABOUT IN A BARN BEHIND OLD MADAME LUCILLE'S ESTAMINET?
EH, YES, AS A MATTER OF FACT IT WAS!!
WHERE'S MY BLANKY FIFTY QUID ?!— I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU FOR TWENTY-THREE YEARS
BREAK IT DO
I THOUGHT YOU WAS DEAD YE
AGO!!

Above and below: Selections from Panel by Panel.

Comics have always reflected the changes, both historically and socially, within our society. They have recorded the fads, the fashions, the social mores and prejudices of their times. For the first time, attention has been paid to the local comic industry and John Ryan, comic book collector and self confessed "panelologist" has put together an excellent book tracing the history of the comic strip in Australia. Titled ***Panel by Panel*** (Cassell $19.95) the book covers the work of such notables as Stan Cross, Ian Clark, Jolliffe and Alex Gurney. It takes us back through time, to the first hesitant panels in the *Melbourne Punch Alamanack* in 1859, where The Great Moral History of Port Curtis was laid bare in 12 stunning pages.

There have been an amazing number of comic strip artists in this country, and it is only after having thumbed through this book that one realises just how big the indigenous comic industry once was. Ryan takes us to Fatty Finn, The Blimps, Ben Boyang, Air Hawk and The Flying Doctor, plus a host of other comic strip heroes starring behind those garish colored covers. And there are more. The newspaper panels with Ginger Meggs, The Potts, Bluey and Curley, Napolean Noodle, Billy Koala and Snake.

The book is profusely illustrated and treats you to a wonderful tour of more than a century of comic strip art. And the text is packed with enough facts to keep the most chronic "panelophobic" content for years. — *Jon Adams.*

YOU HAVE THE MOST BEAUTIFUL EYES IN THE WHOLE WORLD!!
AND THE MOST GORGEOUS PAIR OF
HUMP!
BOY! IS SHE SENSITIVE ABOUT HER TEETH!!
SOLS ©SALISBURY 1978

Even when a lady snake was introduced to the strip, Snake remained friendless and a loser. Daily Telegraph, *1978*

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_____ POSTCODE _____

99 Elizabeth Street, Sydney, 2000

OH, WICKED WANDA!™

by FREDERIC MULLALLY and RON EMBLETON

AT THE VON KREESUB SCHLOSS ALL IS CHAOS...

TAILS! I WIN WE PLAY MY GAME THIS EVENING!

OKAY—BUT MY GAME TOMORROW!

THIS JUST CAN'T HAPPEN! THIS IS A DEMOCRACY! WHAT ABOUT CIVIL RIGHTS?

MAN! ARE YOU LIVIN' IN A FOOL'S PARADISE!

PENTHOUSE INT. OUR CHIEF

YOU'VE DRAWN THE WRONG OPENING PICTURE! IDIOT!

OH! ER...SORRY, MR GUCCIONE, SIR! MY MIND WAS WANDERING!

MIND? WHAT MIND? CONCENTRATE ON THE SCRIPT! NOW START AGAIN!

AT THE VON KREESUS SCHLOSS ALL IS CHAOS.... IF WE ARE TO BELIEVE THIS SCRIPT, HOMER SAPIENS' TIME MACHINE HAS SUFFERED A SERIOUS TECHNICAL FAULT— LEAVING WANDA AND CANDYFLOSS MAROONED SOMEWHERE IN THE PAST!

PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER, SAPIENS!

WHAT HAVE I DONE?

WHAT HAVE I DONE?

NOW—WHERE ARE THEY?

I DON'T KNOW, YOU CRETIN! I DON'T KNOW!

THEY WERE SUPPOSED TO BE IN ANCIENT ROME —BUT THE DIAL'S ALL TO COCK!

YOU MEAN...THIS IS ON THE LEVEL? YOU REALLY HAVE SENT THEM BACK IN TIME? THIS ISN'T ONE OF YOUR CRAZY FANTASIES?

OF COURSE I HAVE!

IT'S ALL SUCH A MESS.... THE NEUTRINO RAY SIGNAL IS STILL COMING OVER STRONG.....

....IF I CAN JUST.....

YES!

THAT'S IT! I CAN SEE WHAT'S WRONG!

1979 1939 1914 1900 1875 1854 1824 1805 1792 1776 1763

THAT'S IT! 1763! WITHOUT DOUBT IT'S COMING FROM 1763! NOW IF I CAN JUST FIND OUT WHERE IT'S COMING FROM?

HEY! WAIT FOR ME!

C'MON, PUSSCAKE— WE'RE GOIN' ON THE WAR PATH! WE'RE GONNA CHANGE THE COURSE OF HISTORY!

? ? ?

WOMEN DON'T GO ON THE WAR PATH! WOMEN STAY HOME AND KEEP LODGE WARM!

WOMEN PLANT CORN, HAVE PAPOOSES, CURE BUFFALO MEAT, CHEW HIDES TO MAKE NICE SOFT HUNTING SHIRT, FETCH THE WATER, CUT THE WOOD, COOK THE FOOD.....

ANYTHING ELSE?

IT APPEARS THAT WE'RE NOW ENTERING INTO A PHASE IN OUR RELATIONSHIP THAT CAN BE DESCRIBED AS A LEADER-SHIP CRISIS!

SPLAT

WHEN DEALING WITH PRIMITIVES IT'S NO USE TRYING TO SOLVE SUCH DISPUTES BY REASON! A SHORT SHARP DEMONSTRATION OF THE FACTS AS THEY ARE IS REQUIRED!

THERE'S NO DISCRIMINATION IN THIS STRIP! SHE TREATS 'EM ALL ALIKE—RED, BLACK, WHITE OR YELLOW!

WHO'S ARGUING, CHIEF?!

THAT SETTLES THAT—WITH NO MARGIN FOR DOUBT!

NOW—FIX YOUR MAKEUP, SWEETIE—AND TAKE ME TO YOUR LEADER!

AND SO.....

HENRY! I THINK THERE'S SOMEONE AT THE DOOR!

SQUAW LIB

NOW LOOK HERE, PONTIAC, I'VE BEEN THE MEDICINE MAN AROUND HERE FOR A LONG TIME—AND I'M TELLING YOU—WE'VE GOT PROBLEMS!

SURE—WE'VE TAKEN VENANGO AND SANDUSKY! FORT LE BOUEF, PRESQUE ISLE AND MICHILIMACKINAC! BUT A FEMALE WAR CHIEF! OH SURE—SHE'S GOOD! —BUT IN THE LONG TERM SHE'S GONNA CHANGE OUR WAY OF LIFE — DRASTICALLY!

UP UNTIL NOW THE WOMEN HAVE ACCEPTED THE FACT THAT THEY DO ALL THE WORK WHILE THE MEN SPEND THEIR TIME PAINTING THEIR FACES AND GOIN' ON THE WAR PATH!

BUT NOW WAN-DA IS CHANGING ALL THAT!

THE WOMEN ARE DEMANDING THAT THE MEN BABYSIT ONCE A WEEK WHILE THEY GO ON THE WAR PATH!

THEY'LL SOON BE DEMANDING THAT THE MEN PLANT CORN! WE'LL BE SCRAPIN' HIDES AN' DOIN' THE COOKING BEFORE WE KNOW WHERE WE ARE!

WE'VE GOT TO ASK OURSELVES A VERY SERIOUS QUESTION! WHICH IS WORSE? HAVIN' THE WHITE MAN AROUND—OR LIVIN' THE SORT OF LIFE WAN-DA'S GOING TO INFLICT ON US?

DECISIONS! DECISIONS!

AND TO THINK—I ONLY JOINED THE ARMY TO ESCAPE FROM MY WIFE'S MOTHER!

REAL THOROUGHBRED BARBARIANS, PUSSCAKE!

I COULD DO WITH A FEW OF 'EM IN THE PUSSFORCE!

THE SWISS MERCENARY, COLONEL HENRI BOUQUET AND THE 42ND HIGHLANDERS ARE AT THIS MOMENT MARCHING TO THE RELIEF OF FORT PITT! IF WE STOP HIM FORT PITT WILL FALL!

ALL THE FRONTIER FORTS WILL BE DESTROYED! WE CAN DRIVE THE WHITE MAN INTO THE SEA!

WE HAVE A CHANCE TO CHANGE THE COURSE OF HISTORY! WE SHALL UNITE THE INDIAN NATIONS UNDER THE LEADERSHIP OF US WOMEN! WE SHALL LAY THE FOUNDATIONS OF A TRULY GREAT NATION!

NOW—I WANT YOUR BEST PAINT JOB! WE MARCH AT DAWN!

SQUAW LIB!

SQUAW POWER!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE HELL SHE'S TALKING ABOUT—BUT AFTER SOME OF THE GAMES SHE'S TAUGHT ME—I'D FOLLOW HER ANYWHERE!

SQUAWS RULE!

BUSHY RUN. AUGUST 5TH, 1763

COLONEL, SORRR! D'YE KEN WHA' AH KEN DOON IN THA GLEN? AH SEE A GAGGLE O' BONNIE WEE LASSIES THA COLOUR O' THE PLAID O' MACLEAN O' DUART!

VAS IN DER NAME OFF GOTT IN HIMMEL VOS DER DUMMELKOPF IS SAYINK, LIEUTENANT?

MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE SCHLOSS.....

WHAT'S TAKIN' YOU SO LONG?

SHHHHH!

WELL? HAVE YOU LOCATED THEM?

QUIET! I'M CONCENTRATING! YES... I'M HOMING IN ON THE SIGNAL NOW....THEY SEEM TO BE IN NORTH AMERICA.....

IT'S COMING THROUGH AS CLEAR AS A BELL!

WE'LL GET 'EM OUT OF THERE QUICKLY— BEFORE ANYTHING ELSE GOES WRONG!

IF THIS DOESN'T WORK WE'RE ALL OUT OF A JOB!

THIS IS IT, PUSS-CAKE! A MOMENT THAT IS DESTINED TO SET THE SEAL ON AMERICAN HISTORY!

IF WE WIN THIS FIGHT THE FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES WILL BE A **WOMAN!**

THERE'S THE COLUMN!

CHAAA??

MOSTRESS! YOU'RE BACK! IT'S SO GOOD TO SEE YOU!

I DO HOPE THE LITTLE TECHNICAL HITCH DIDN'T INCONVENIENCE YOU?

YOU'LL BE PLEASED TO KNOW THAT EVERYTHING'S WORKING OKAY NOW, ILLUSTRIOUS ONE!

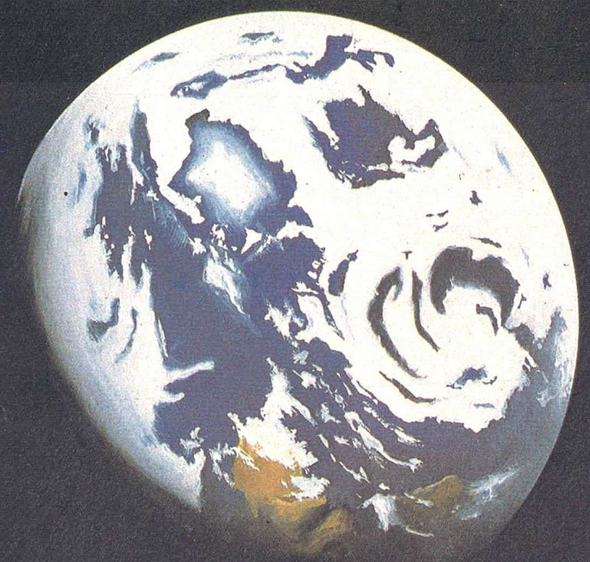
ER... ARE YOU DISPLEASED, MOSTRESS?

HAVE I INCURRED YOUR DISPLEASURE IN SOME SMALL WAY?

I... ER....

AHHGHHH

THANK HEAVEN WE'VE REACHED THE END OF THE INSTALMENT—BECAUSE THIS IS GONNA BE VERY MESSY! I JUST HOPE WE CAN GET IT ALL CLEANED UP BY NEXT MONTH!



In the realm of the exoticar, the simple beauty of Lotus is a perennial delight.

ESPRIT DE CAR

Thank you, Colin Chapman. I've always wanted to turn heads, and driving along a crowded street in the Lotus Esprit S2 sets off a wave-like effect of faces swivelling to follow the car's progress. It would be a flinty heart indeed which failed to succumb to the sleek sports car's

BY JOHN HAMPSHIRE

appeal, especially dressed as it is in the black and gold colors of the World Champion Car Constructors special series. When they say: "Standing still, she looks like she's doing a hundred", they're talking about the Guigiaro-designed Esprit.

The car is 002 in the series of 200 issued to celebrate Lotus's seventh constructors title and is being used to inaugurate the new Sydney dealership of rally partners Colin Bond and John Dawson-Damer. The differences between the normal S2 and the commemorative car are largely cosmetic. It's very hard to imagine what might have been attempted mechanically to set the series apart, because everything hangs together so well already. The Esprit is the Lotus with the greatest claim to pure exoticar fame, mainly a result of its uncompromising two-seater and mid-engine format which, with the transaxle gearbox, make it one of the closest things on the road to an open-wheeler racer.

This sensation is reasserted by the marvellous motor buzzing away happily behind the shoulders. The 16-valve, four-cylinder, 2-litre power plant has so many desirable characteristics that I'll begin by complaining because I couldn't take it over 4000rpm. That's still about 135km/h in fifth, so achieving speed wasn't the problem — it was the urgent desire to plant the right foot in the lower gears.

Part of the problem is that peak torque isn't achieved until the quite high engine speed of 4900rpm, so the engine really isn't cooking much below 4000rpm.

Most surprisingly for a car which feels so much like a road-going race car, and particularly in view of the late arrival of peak torque, the engine provides unfussed traction from as low as 1000rpm.

Fifth gear is a true overdrive and only useful for high-economy cruising, but the other four gears are so well matched to this flexibility that while the desire to boot the car along is overwhelming, it is not a necessity. One of the big reasons that desire exists is the stupendous handling. This is a car to use as a yardstick — or should that be metrestick? — when you talk about the willingness of a vehicle to go where it's pointed.

By all accounts the earlier S1 Esprit was a little disappointing because of excessive understeer, but no such criticism can be levelled at the S2. Using suburban roads meant it was not possible to push the Esprit terribly quickly, so it was a matter of finding the sharpest corners and punching it through tighter and tighter.

Many people, getting out of the family station wagon and into the Lotus, would find the adhesion incredible. They would simply not believe a car could hang on to the limits of the Esprit.

On top of this sharp-corner adhesion is the nimbleness and precision of the steering. These, and road feel, form a very important set of components.

Nothing even remotely like a "vacant" feel in the straight-ahead position, no feeling — as one might expect in a mid-engined car — that one was about to reach the cornering limits and suddenly find oneself staring sideways into a semi-trailer, plus superb road feel through the typically-Lotus softly sprung, firmly damped suspension; it all adds up to a level of driving enjoyment that many people probably don't suspect exists.

It's a little worrying to learn that importer James Smith feels there is a real demand for power steering, on the basis that the cost of the car — all three models in the Lotus range sell here for around $50,000 — puts it into an area where people demand these things, presumably on the basis that all the "best" cars have such frills. I just hope not all Lotuses imported will be affected, because the steering is by no means heavy and the sensation of feeling the wheel come to life under your hands is worth preserving. That intimacy is really one of the secrets of the appeal of the Esprit.

Almost any other car one thinks of in the same league as the Lotus — Ferrari, Lamborghini, Maserati, Porsche for instance — offer oodles of power, and can be almost overpowering in the refinements they offer. That's not to say the Esprit is unrefined so much as to say there's not an ounce of unnecessary flab on the car, a vital point with only a 2-litre engine, however smooth and willing.

This lack of flab, and the relatively small engine, make fuel consumption of 9.41/100km (about 30mpg) a real possibility. It will be interesting to see what effect turbocharging has on the Esprit in terms of increased performance/fuel consumption. I understand the turbo version should make an appearance before the middle of 1980, and that depending on how the regulations affect it, efforts will be made to race one.

No discussion of Lotus is complete without reference to the most visible aspect of the Chapman genius, the fibreglass bodies. Using a patented process, Lotus derives great structural strength from large box-section, fibreglass-clad beams of polyurethane.

In combination with other strengthening members, this produces a body of exceptional rigidity for a fibreglass construction and the Esprit was free of the rattles and squeaks complained about by owners of earlier Lotuses.

Other motoring writers have reported the ease with which Lotus bodies shrug off minor bingles — I'm happy to say I can't report personally on this aspect — and of course there is the great bonus of owning a corrosion-free car.

But the true bonus of being able to own an Esprit is the feeling of anticipation every time you get into it — or rather, put it on like a glove — to drive somewhere. Suddenly, there are more places you need to drive to . . .

"She's still conscious! Do you suppose she's playing hard to get?"

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DEATH ON THE OVERLAND

Continued from page 48

side of the building, and to reach it Nadine had to cross an open-air walkway that lined the two wings. She reached flat 504 and knocked on the turquoise door. Charles opened it with a welcoming smile, dressed as he had been yesterday in dark slacks and an open neck business shirt. A flat gold Rolex watch glinted on his wrist, hinting at a prosperity that was not echoed inside the flat.

Charles introduced his "wife, Monique", and his house-guest, Dominique, a thin, apologetic young man with a kind face and short brown beard.

The four of them sat drinking coffee. Ajay's bedroom door was closed. He was either still asleep or out. Sometimes he stayed overnight at the Hotel Malaysia. Nadine answered Charles's questions about the French community in Thailand while Marie Andree played with the dog. Charles was curious about the contacts Nadine had made through the Alliance Francaise and the embassies she had worked for. "Diplomats make wonderful customers," he said, offering a plate of sandwiches.

Charles told her that he was selling quality gems at wholesale prices, and that if she brought him customers, he would give her a 10 percent commission. Apart from the sapphires and rubies he bought at the mines in Chantaburi and the diamonds he got from Hong Kong, he had his own goldsmith in Bangkok who could design the settings according to his customers' specifications, or to his own.

"Well, think about it, Nadine, and we'll talk again later. It was lucky that we met, don't you think? Not that I believe in luck."

After her first visit to flat 504, its occupants became a part of Nadine's life and she dropped in every day. She was friendly with people from the airlines and embassies who were always looking for bargains to take back to Paris, so she agreed to work for Charles. Dominique who was still staying at the flat, seemed to be wasting away with his illness. One morning Nadine went up to find that the monkey Coco, had died. Marie Andree was very upset. "It's your fault, Dominique," she was saying. "You always leave your medicine around. Coco must have drunk it."

On October 18, five days after Teresa visited Kanit House, a fisherman dragged his small wooden boat into the gentle waves off Pattaya Beach. The red and yellow prayer flats knotted around the prow floated on top of the transparent green water as he threw his nets out and hauled them in. It was a rhythm Chid Chamuen had known since he was a boy. Looking to the left, he saw something floating in the water. He rowed towards it. Sometimes the turtles came in, turtles as big as men. Their shells were valuable. As he came closer, he saw that it was not a turtle, but the body of a girl in a bikini. She was floating face down in the warm green water.

At 8.30am the local police arrived. There was no sign of injury on the body except a small cut on the neck believed to have been caused by the fisherman's rope. The fingers and toes were already turning blue. The eyes were closed. The right earlobe was pierced, but there was no jewellery on the body, nothing to identify a tourist who had apparently drowned. The sergeant in charge took a photograph of the body with his Instamatic.

How did the body of Teresa Knowlton come to be floating in the water that morning? Later, in another country, Charles would offer a confession: knowing Teresa would check into the Malaysia Hotel, he had sent Ajay to pick her up with his talk of cheap gems. After the visit to his flat, Teresa had been delighted to accept his invitation to join him for a weekend at Pattaya.

"I hope all this won't hang me some time," he would say later. "Anyway, if the Thai police ever get hold of me, I'll deny I said anything."

With Ajay he picked Teresa up at the Malaysia Hotel. He could not remember the exact date. Teresa told him she was surprised that "Monique" was not going with them to the beach resort. Charles told her: "She has to stay behind at Kanit House to look after our house-guest. He's sick again." With Teresa sitting between the two men, Charles drove the rented Holden Torana south passing through rice paddies and black buffaloes plodding through the water. During the journey Teresa put her hand on his thigh, but he pushed it away, saying, "No, Teresa, not now." He thought: she was a nymphomaniac.

There could be few more romantic bars than the one at the spot where Charles would say he and Ajay took Teresa for her last drink. Under the roof of thatched palm leaves, the view from the bar swept across the South China Sea through the silhouettes of palm trees that lined the beach to the sunset behind the jagged offshore islands. As she looked across the bar, where the fishermen pulled their boats onto the beach, Charles dropped a sedative into her drink.

"I've got business on the strip," Charles said. "Let's meet back here at midnight and we'll drive to the bungalow. Maybe we'll have a swim before we sleep." He strolled away and filled in the hours until it was late enough to finish off his business with Teresa.

It was nearly twelve when he walked back to the car, where the smiling American girl and Ajay were waiting for him. They were leaning against the hood, joking with the strolling bar girls and the children hustling cut glass "diamonds from Burma". "Okay, let's go," Charles said.

He drove south again, and after about ten minutes, he turned the car right and bumped it across a field facing a long, grey strip of beach that stretched away endlessly to the horizon and down the coast toward Cambodia.

Charles would claim later that he could remember the conversation clearly.

"Do you know the reason I brought you here?" he asked Teresa.

"Yes," she said, "for a weekend at the beach."

"There is something else, too," Charles said. "For whom are you working?"

She was very surprised. "What do you mean? I'm not working. I'm on my way to Katmandu. I'm going into retreat at the Kopan Monastery, to teach the children."

He put his hand on her shoulder as if she were a little girl. "Teresa, I don't think you are telling me the truth."

"Yes, I am," she said.

"You know, this really doesn't interest me. I've been engaged in illegal matters for a long time now, and I know you came here to do a little business."

"Oh, well, sometimes I have done some business," she said.

"Yes, and many people who have lived in Katmandu like to take a little powder through," said Charles.

"You mean from here to there?" she asked.

"Yes. It's easier to take from Katmandu to Europe. From here direct is getting difficult."

"I suppose so."

"Tell me, Teresa, do you have to take something from here to Katmandu this time? Do you?"

"No," she said.

In the car that night, Teresa continued to deny that she was involved with heroin.

"Come, Teresa, I think you have to do a little business." His hand was still over her shoulder and he squeezed her harder. Ajay was staring straight ahead. Teresa must have felt foggy and confused from the capsule he had dropped in her drink. She kept shaking her head at his questions: "No, Alain, you're crazy."

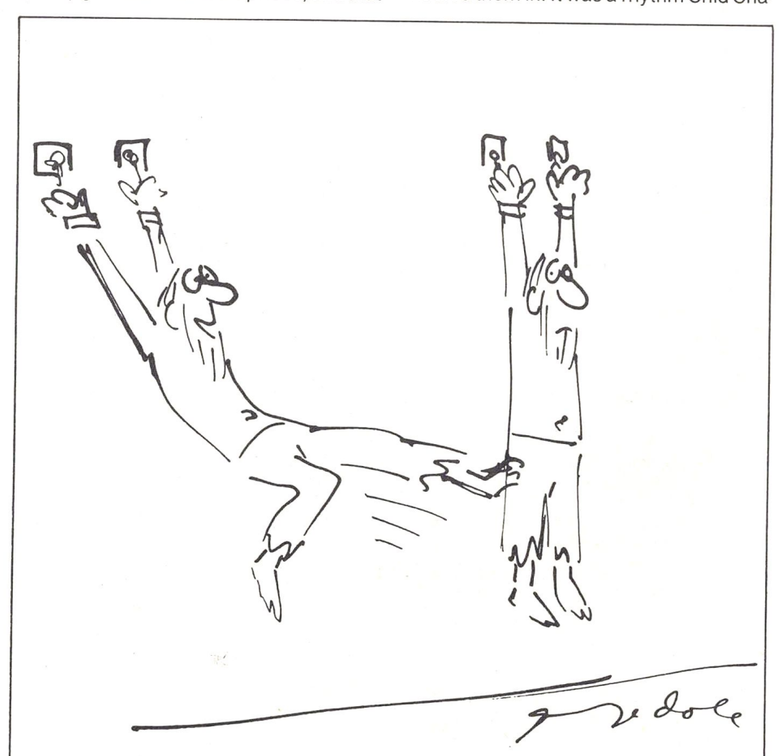
"I think you do have to carry some powder, Teresa, and you are silly to hide this from me. You see, I already know the one who has to give it to you."

"You do?"

"Yes, I know." They stayed silent for a while and listened to the waves. When you seemed to relax again, Charles said, "Teresa, how do you like Katmandu? How do you like the life there?"

"It's good," she said. "I can't wait to get back."

She was studying meditation so he asked her, "Don't you think what you are



"There! Now you're it."

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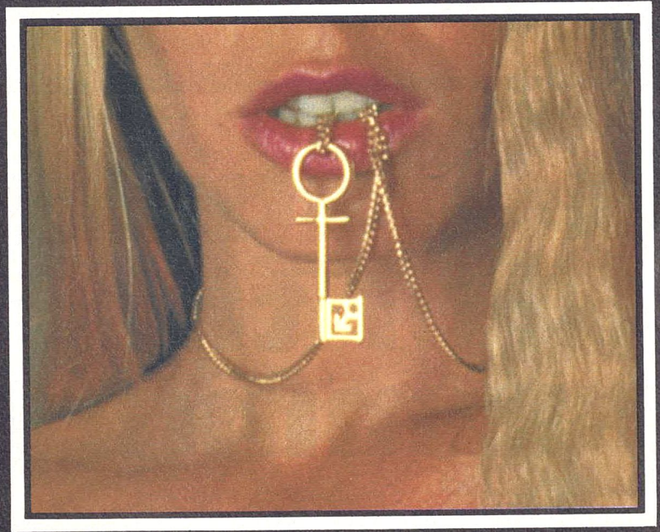

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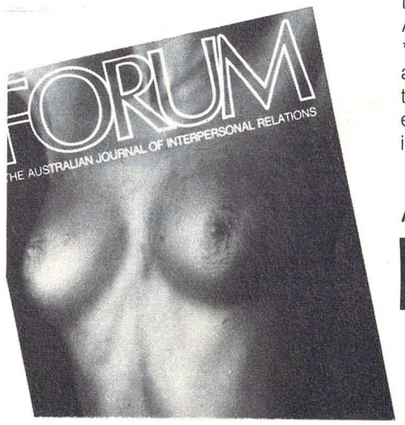
No thanks for the mammary

For some women, big breasts can be a very different sort of handful. Frustrating. Agonising. Even hated. In a fascinating article, December FORUM tells you why bigger isn't always better. **What's your love shape?** Sexual attraction has a lot to do with body type. Calculate yours with the chart in December FORUM. **Flaccid at 40?** Read the theory that suggests affairs might be just what over-40s need. **If you were raped where would you go for help.** A Sydney report on new counselling services for raped women *and* men. **Dark desires:** a revealing tale about the hypocrisy of South Africa's sex lawmakers. **Getting a nose job:** intrepid investigator, Liz Lill goes all the way! PLUS: *Relaxing & Biofeedback. *How to beat New Year head. *FORUM Adviser. *International News *Down Under. *Open FORUM — and our new personal contact section: Soul Mates. All in the new enlarged FORUM — December issue out NOW!



Australian
FORUM
Magazine

doing now can harm some human being? You know what it's like at the other end of the market. You know the harm. You say you study meditation, and part of this philosophy is to respect the human being. Don't you think that what you do is contrary to this respect?"

It was a game he loved — ensnaring people in their contradictions, and he would claim that Teresa answered him:

"Well, you know, Alain, that I do this only for the money." And then she said, "Did you put something in my drink? I'm feeling weird."

"It was only to relax you, Teresa, because I must tell you that I think I have to do something bad to you."

"What's that?"

"Well, you choose your way of making money. You know the risk of it. Sometimes the risk can be high."

"What are you going to do to me?"

"It's not my fault. I have the order to do something to you, and I have to carry out my order."

"Are you going to beat me up?"

"No, Teresa, I am not going to beat you."

"What are you going to do?"

"Something better."

Ajay opened a vacuum flask and poured coffee into a cup, then he took three capsules from his pocket. In each of these according to the story Charles would tell, was fifty milligrams of Mogadon, five tablets ground to powder and packed inside. Charles dropped these capsules into the coffee.

"Drink it," he commanded.

"I don't drink coffee."

"This time you will have to make an exception, Teresa."

"What will it do?"

"You will just sleep. I want to keep you asleep."

"What for?"

"We are going to visit some people now to talk business. I don't want you to see the way. Afterwards, we will ask you some questions, and you can go."

"Really?"

"Yes, Teresa. Just drink up and it will all be over soon."

Charles would later describe how he and Ajay undressed Teresa Knowlton, put her in a bikini and removed her jewellery. Then he took a two-way radio from the back of the car and walked through the prickly pear bushes and low scrub to the road. Ajay stripped to his underpants. Charles searched for signs of traffic or people, and then whispered the signal to Ajay who backed the car onto the road and parked it on the grassy bank by the beach.

He walked up to the car and said to Ajay, "Take her for a swim." She was quiet and didn't struggle. Ajay put her arm around his shoulder and his hand around her waist, helping her from the car and down the embankment. He dragged her

Face facts.

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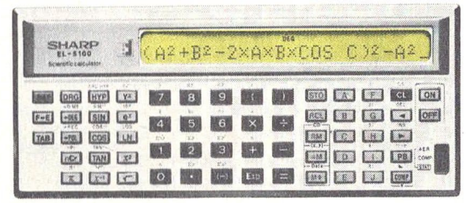

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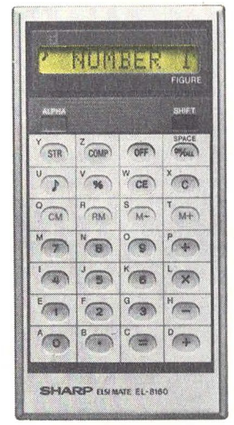

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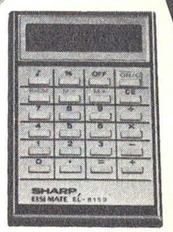

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across the sand to the water's edge, then picked her up, carried her into the water and swam out with her. After a few metres he let her go.

The unidentified corpse was wrapped in a plastic bag and buried in the local cemetery. On the day she was buried, her grandmother, Emma Knowlton, wrote to her at the Kopan monastery: "I am very worried about you. I haven't heard from you since you left, and I can't understand it. Anyway, we are fine here. Steve and Grandpa are getting on well, and the garden has been lovely, with a big crop of courgettes."

For seven months the body of Teresa Knowlton would rest anonymously in this overgrown field.

Charles read the *Bangkok Post* every day. "I'm waiting to see how long it will take the communists to control Asia," he would tell his visitors, who kept coming to Kanit House in increasing numbers. It was a continuing party. On November 5, the day after the picture of Teresa's body appeared in the newspaper — which Charles managed to keep from Dominique — two new house-guests were settling in. One of these, Francois Dubily, sat on the sofa as he went over in his mind the events that had brought him there.

Francois didn't like it when his life went out of control as it had since he arrived in Bangkok with his old friend Yannick Masy. It was more than irritating — Charles had not failed to make jokes about it — both men were ex-detectives and both had now been robbed on the same day. Francois watched Yannick who was talking with Charles about the gem business. His friend seemed happy to be here and not at all bothered that his passport and travellers' cheques were gone. Yannick's pale blue eyes were alive with adoration for their suave French-Vietnamese host, who called himself Alain Gautier.

Charles put Yannick in charge of his filing system. Tall and fair, the ex-policeman looked self-important as he clicked a tape of South American music into a cassette player. A hot breeze blew in the open window. In one of the armchairs sat a handsome Turk, staring at a non-existent point in the air.

Nadine came into the room. She had never seen a man so decoratively dressed as the Turk. He wore a black shirt covered with a design of gold stars, and a silver necklace and bracelets. His long, wavy hair was shiny and soft as though he really cared for it. They had talked yesterday, and Nadine liked him for his gentle manner and the far-off, quizzical look in his eyes as though he was starting to wonder what life had in store for him. He had been stoned then, but today he looked more than stoned. He was very pale and barely seemed to know where he was.

"Ved. Hi, how are you?"

"Nadine, good to see you. You know, I think I'm getting sick. It began, I don't know after dinner last night." With a weary gesture from his beringed hands, he pushed his long hair back from his face and neck. She touched his forehead. It was hot.

"Alain," she called, "Ved's getting a fever. You know, I've been in Thailand eighteen months now, and until I started coming to your flat I've never seen so many people sick."

"It's just because I look after them, Nadine. Do you expect me to abandon them to Thai medical care?"

"Maybe it's Quebec cooking," Nadine joked, "or perhaps you have some sort of vibration which provokes illness, Alain." Several people in the room laughed, even Charles.

Heroin dealers on business trips do not mix with strangers. Most choose middle-class hotels and keep to themselves. Later, his friends thought that Vitali Hakim's carelessness reflected his constant need for company. The flamboyant clothes and platform boots reflected his insecurity, and Charles Sobhraj, the Eurasian who held court over a flat full of nomadic Westerners, would have been very attractive to Ved — a glowing success.

The other guests in the flat had the impression that Ved was going with Charles and Ajay to the gem mines; apparently he wanted to make such a large order of stones that it was necessary to go to the wholesalers. It seemed strange that they chose to leave so late at night, it was at about 11 pm when Dominique noticed Ved leaving the flat, loosely supported by Charles and Ajay. He seemed to be staggering as though he was still sick.

Charles wanted this to be a different kind of murder. His instructions from Hong Kong, he would later say, suggested it was time to make an example of one of these amateurs. It was for this reason that he had already packed a can of petrol in the boot of his car — a maroon Holden Torana that was parked downstairs.

Vitali Hakim was still very drowsy, lying in the back seat, when the car came to a halt soon after they had set off. Charles and Ajay opened the back doors, rolled him onto the floor and hadcuffed him to the bottom of the seat.

Stuffing his mouth with a rag and taping it shut, Charles told his guest that soon he would be asking him some questions. Leaving Ajay in the back, he slipped behind the wheel and drove south. Later that night the car stopped at the fishing village of Sri Racha. He needed rest, Charles said, and he wanted to leave the Turk some time to think, a few hours of silent terror that would break down any resistance or loyalty. The Turk had names and addresses that Charles needed.

Late the next day they set off in the direction of Chantaburi. "Did you give him the Sodium Pentothal?" Charles asked Ajay, who was checking on the sleeping figure under the blanket. The Indian smiled back — he had Charles to thank for teaching him to use a syringe.

Dozens of dirt roads branched off the highway and Charles turned right on one of them, stopping when he spotted a secluded clearing through the trees. With Ajay's help, Charles ungagged Vitali Hakim and dragged him into a field where they placed his drugged body on the ground so his eyes were looking up at their moonlit faces. Charles began the interrogation by asking him the names of his contacts, but Ved rambled on vaguely, saying that he didn't have much to tell. "The operation was small," Ved protested, "only a family business."

Charles wasn't satisfied. He thought the man was sly, revealing a fragment in order to hide the whole story.

Ajay re-cuffed Ved's hands and squatted on the grass near him, watching. With others, Ajay could be lively, but working with Charles, he usually looked on silently, a mute grave-digger.

"We're professionals, Hakim," Charles said. "If you don't tell us, you will disappear and nobody will care. You're in Asia, so who's going to help you?" Later he would tell what happened next:

"When I had beaten him enough, I took off the gag. The first person he told us

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about was Stephanie Parry. We beat him some more, and then he said he had two people in Peshawar. I was writing the names and addresses down on a piece of paper about the size of a cheque-book. He said these two men could come anywhere to help him or the courier if there was any trouble. I beat him again, and then he told me about Spain. He had another Turk there, someone with a joint bank account. I wrote it down. This was the man who knew all about the Copenhagen operation. I beat him for about another twenty minutes, and he told me about Hong Kong, the name of a top dealer there. He used to buy hash in Hong Kong. And he also gave me one of his contacts in Amsterdam and some small fry, a few couriers he had used before. I just took all the names. I sent Ajay to the car for the scissors. This was in case the fellow had anything more to tell. He had long hair, and so to break down his last resistance, I cut it all off."

Charles and Ajay re-gagged Vitali Hakim, put him in the car and drove back toward Pattaya. Before reaching the resort, they turned right, off the highway, along the road to the Siam Country Club. After 5 kilometres they turned right on a dirt path and drove a few metres. When the path curved, it was hidden from the road by tapioca plants and palm trees.

"Ajay and I dragged the Turk out of the car, and — clack! — I broke his neck. I took out the petrol and left it next to the body. I reversed the car back onto the road and faced it in the direction of the highway, about 600 metres from the track. Then I came back to Ajay, and we threw some rags over his face and poured petrol on it. It burns better than way.

"I poured some more under the head and the body, and all through his clothes, soaking, otherwise it would have just burned the grass. You know, this is one job I wanted to be a message. Not for everyone — just the people who sent him. That's why I took him back to Pattaya. I wanted it to be in the same area as Teresa. I wanted it to be a deterrent to the others in the business.

"And so after the petrol had soaked through everything, I said to Ajay, "Okay, in one minute you light, and as soon as you do, run towards the car." Already I started hurrying to the car because I knew there would be a big flame. I got in the car, turned on the lights, and then I saw it. Whooooooosh! A big red flame, the sky lit up. Ajay came running, and we drove off."

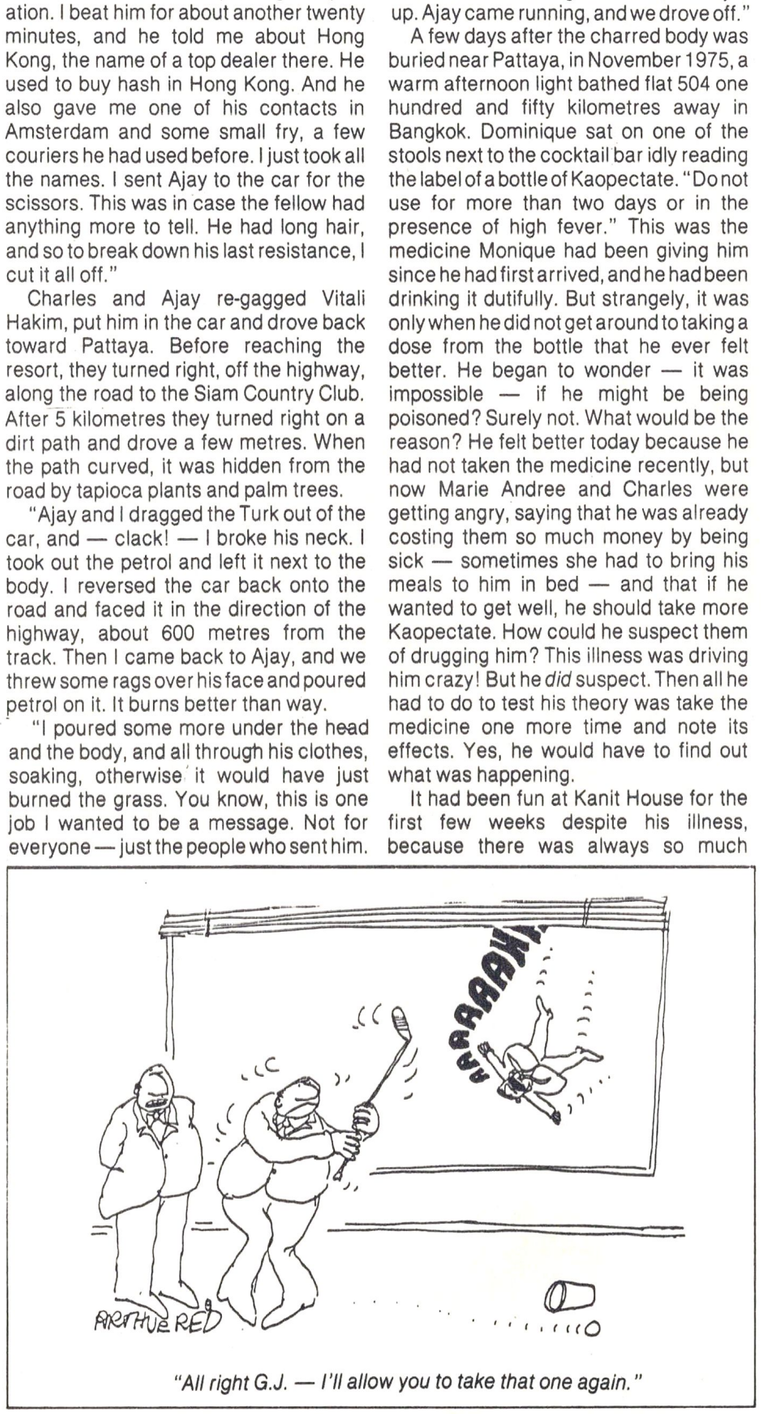
A few days after the charred body was buried near Pattaya, in November 1975, a warm afternoon light bathed flat 504 one hundred and fifty kilometres away in Bangkok. Dominique sat on one of the stools next to the cocktail bar idly reading the label of a bottle of Kaopectate. "Do not use for more than two days or in the presence of high fever." This was the medicine Monique had been giving him since he had first arrived, and he had been drinking it dutifully. But strangely, it was only when he did not get around to taking a dose from the bottle that he ever felt better. He began to wonder — it was impossible — if he might be being poisoned? Surely not. What would be the reason? He felt better today because he had not taken the medicine recently, but now Marie Andree and Charles were getting angry, saying that he was already costing them so much money by being sick — sometimes she had to bring his meals to him in bed — and that if he wanted to get well, he should take more Kaopectate. How could he suspect them of drugging him? This illness was driving him crazy! But he *did* suspect. Then all he had to do to test his theory was take the medicine one more time and note its effects. Yes, he would have to find out what was happening.

It had been fun at Kanit House for the first few weeks despite his illness, because there was always so much happening around Charles. He had a zest for life which the mild-mannered banker had never been close to before. Those first few days had been something out of a fantasy, nightclubs, discos, expensive restaurants, gambling, and trips to Pattaya and trips to Chantaburi.

It was on one of those very enjoyable weekends that the two ex-detectives, Yannick and Francois, had both been robbed of their passports and money. Later, when Nadine's two friends had lost theirs in similar circumstances, the coincidence disturbed him. Was Charles a passport thief? Well, it's none of my affair, Dominique thought. But I'd better get out of here as soon as I can.

It wasn't so easy. Each time he asked Charles to return his passport, he just made an excuse saying, "Oh, tomorrow, tomorrow, it's still in my safe at the bank." He had noticed that Ajay had started to carry a nine-inch flick-knife, which was not all that uncommon in Bangkok. The Indian was always asking Dominique to do the laundry or to make coffee. Actually, he and Francois did most of the daily chores now. The other policeman, Yannick had become more of a personal secretary to Charles. The gem business was booming. All over the flat saucers were filled with sapphires and rubies, and customers constantly streamed through the door.

The young Frenchman poured himself a half glass from the Kaopectate bottle. He knew he must be feeling a little better even to make his experiment. For the past eight weeks he had not had enough clarity to make any decisions at all. He had lost twenty pounds in weight. Sometimes he tried to force a decisive act, but in the end he just sat around, inert, unable to budge. Always there was the sensation of falling, falling. He would soon know. Dominique gulped down the chalky white liquid. He began counting. By the time he reached sixty, he felt dizzy again and began to sway. Then crash! Dominique Rennelleau fell to the floor.



"All right G.J. — I'll allow you to take that one again."

Behind the million neon lights of Kowloon the mountains of China were black, almost invisible forms against the night sky, but from Nathan Road and the windows of the Chung King Mansions all that could be seen were the lights of Hong Kong, doubled by their reflection in the wet streets and multiplied by the illuminations of Christmas. It was December 8, only seventeen more shopping days to go in the shopping capital of the world. Cardboard faces of Santa Clause hung between the vertical signs. All the store fronts glittered with artificial Christmas trees, and the record shops played carols over the din of the traffic.

Cocky Hemker and Henricus (Henk) Bintanja two thrifty Dutch travellers who had earlier stayed at the Malaysia Hotel, were waiting in their room with Cocky

writing to her sister and brother-in-law in Amsterdam.

"I have a white golden ring set with a deep blue sapphire and surrounded by 14 tiny little diamonds. It is so beautiful that I immediately wanted to write to you. Yesterday Henk started talking to a Frenchman, who seemed to deal in precious stones between Bangkok and Hong Kong. I told him I was interested in stones, but only in order to make a ring. After we went back to his room he got a white gold ring with a light blue sapphire. We got the setting at factory price, but not the stone, because that was the prettiest in the collection he had just bought. All in all, the ring was very cheap."

Henk was suspicious of the generous Frenchman. In his journal that weekend he wrote: "I was already wondering last night if our French friend was not a swindler who was adeptly cheating us by asking a high price as we don't know anything about precious stones. That's why we looked at the shop windows of the many jewellers nearby. I find out that we bought the ring for roughly half the price they ask in the shops."

"A girl was phoning here all day yesterday and asking for the Turk," Dominique said to Charles who had just returned to Kanit House from Hong Kong. "She phoned several times and she sounded worried."

Since his Kaopectate experiment, Dominique was trying to present his normal, everyday front to Charles. He was confused about exactly what had happened to him — or why. He waited for the chance to get his passport and go.

"Did the girl leave her name?" Charles asked as he threw his attache case on the sofa.

"Yes," said Dominique. "It was Stephanie, I think."

Charles went into his bedroom, shut the door, and called the President Hotel.

"Hello, Stephanie. This is Alain," he said when she answered the phone. "I'm a friend of Hakim's."

"Where is he?" she asked.

"Let's talk about that when we meet. Could you be in the foyer at eleven?" he asked her, explaining he had a message for her from Ved.

As Charles would later tell the story, it was 10.50pm when he walked through the revolving door and into the foyer of the President Hotel. Charles sat on a sofa opposite the lifts — he wanted to observe the girl for a few minutes before introducing himself. It was just in case she was under the protection of another organisation. A girl stepped out of the lift, wearing a mauve floral dress, without a bra. Her eyes were circled with black kajal and with her long brown hair and glowing suntan she stood out from the tourists in the lobby.

He watched her as she sat down and a few minutes later, he joined her. She said she was worried that Hakim had not returned the phone calls and Charles told her that her friend was on a short trip to the gem mines. "Actually, I'm going to Pattaya this afternoon, which is near the mines, and so I could take you to meet Hakim," Charles said to Stephanie, who agreed.

Much later she found herself sitting in a car on a deserted road south of Pattaya, with Charles and Ajay each side of her. Charles was not interested in questioning her. She was just a courier. The dose of Mogadon he had given her had begun to take effect. He looked across at Ajay, pointed to a spot and got out of the car. It all happened quickly.

Charles nodded to Ajay and he dragged the groggy woman out of the front seat of the car and propped her up against a tree on the bank of a tidal creek. "Okay, Ajay, let's get this done." The Indian squatted down beside her, his hands circled her neck, and then he choked Stephanie Parry to death.

"If some will ask me whether I feel remorse — and many will —" Charles would say later after describing the French girl's death, "I will answer: Does a professional soldier feel remorse after having killed a hundred men with a machine gun? Did the American pilots feel remorse after dropping napalm on my

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homeland? No. Society condoned the soldiers, telling them: You have the right to kill; it is your duty to kill — the more you kill the bigger the promotion — Don't I have the same right? In the interest of my own minority? "

Charles believed he did not have to justify the act with others, only with himself. "And I have found my justification," he would often say, "I never killed good people."

On Friday afternoon, December 12, three days after Stephanie Parry had checked out of the President Hotel, Nadine walked up the stairs at Kanit House, curious to meet the new arrivals. Last night Charles had mentioned that a Dutch couple Cocky and Henk, were coming to stay. She opened the door and saw a dark-bearded, heavy-set man in his twenties sitting on the bed talking with Charles.

The next morning, Dominique noticed that the bedroom door was shut.

"Shall I make coffee for the Dutch couple?" he asked Marie Andree who was fussing at the stove.

"No, don't. They're sick."

"Already? This place is becoming like a hospital," he said, immediately regretting his outspokenness.

"Oh, they take drugs," Monique said. "That's what makes them sick. Marijuana. And Alain doesn't like it." Everyone who came to Kanit House knew that Charles would not tolerate smoking hashish. Dominiqe remembered the night Ajay, the Turk, or some other travellers had shut themselves in the guest bedroom and furtively passed round joints.

"Why did he bring the Dutch here, then?" he asked Marie Andree.

"Oh, to sell them stones. They have money, and Alain will sell them more than they want."

"I could have easily hidden their bodies in the jungles of Thailand," Charles would say later. "I got a message to go to Hong Kong and pick up the Dutch. I didn't make a profit on that sapphire ring. It was just the bait. I had been told that they were on their way to Chiangmai to set up a smack deal. After that they would have sent back dates to Amsterdam to the couriers. I could have killed them in Hong Kong, but it's too small. Although many bodies are dumped in the harbor I wanted this cleaning to make a big impression. Another warning. Like the Turk."

Later Charles would tell the chilling story of the Dutch couple's last days: He said he drugged Cocky and Henk at Kanit House the day after he picked them up at the airport. "I told Yannick we had to keep them a few days, not to kill them, just to get some information. Because of the drugs, it was easy. I used psychology. The guy was a bit scared because he sensed after two days that something was wrong. They were so much under the influence of drugs they couldn't think coherently for long, and the questioning was slow. Sometimes Henk would get dizzy, and I'd shake him and say, 'Answer this man, answer this!' "

"By the time we took them from the house, they were down although they could just about walk. I'd said to the guy in the morning that they were sick and I'd take them to the hospital, so in the car they were convinced that's where they were going. Ha! Convinced in their dream."

Charles and Ajay helped Cocky and Henk down the corridor and across the walkway. The city was dark. Cocky's head lay on Ajay's shoulder. "Come on — it will soon be over," Charles said to her gently. "Where are we going?" she asked, hardly managing to form the words. "You're both very sick, Cocky. We have to take you to hospital," the gentle, caressing voice seemed to reassure her.

Charles drove fast. The car crossed a canal and passed a police check-point on the look-out for overloaded trucks. Traffic was scarce, and the rhythmic acres of paddy fields were broken occasionally by a well-lit junction or a cluster of shops and restaurants open late for truckers hauling teak from the north.

Cocky was sleeping deeply with her head on her boyfriend's shoulder. The back doors were opened, and Ajay and Charles dragged the couple out of the car.

"What's this?" Henk asked. "Where are we?"

As Charles would later recall it: "When the Dutch guy started resisting, I hit him in the stomach, and he fell down. He was stocky, and he started to move, so Ajay kicked him in the stomach and then choked him. But he began to move again. He was strong, even under drugs."

It had been raining heavily. Charles and Ajay dragged Henk over to a puddle of water and held his head under it. "The girl never really knew what was going on. Ajay bashed her over the head, I think. On the side of the road we splashed them with petrol."

As their car sped back to Bangkok, flames leapt up beside the highway.

At dawn on Tuesday morning a group of village schoolchildren saw the smoke rising from the long grass and found Cocky and Henk lying near the road, side by side, on their backs. The bodies were still smouldering and Henk's right arm rested protectively on Cocky's shoulder.

His face was the color of charcoal and his eyelids were drawn down. His expression had the serenity of a punchdrunk on the floor after a knockdown. The hair on the right side of his head was completely away as was the skin behind his ear and right cheek. His neck was broken in three places.

Cocky's knees were bent as though in fitful sleep. Her denim skirt, pulled above her thighs, was covered with mud. Her teeth were clenched.

The back of her head was burned to the skull. Singed of its long fair hair, her oval face seemed to reflect the horror of her last moments. Her lower lip drooped down, and her open eyes seemed glazed with terror as though she had seen the match about to strike.

At 11am on the same day, December 16, Dominique went upstairs and knocked on the door of 504 to retrieve his passport.

"Oh, Alain's expecting you, but, of course, he's still in bed." Marie Andree had answered the door in her dressing gown.

Dominique went into the bedroom, and Charles carefully put down the copy of the *Bangkok Post.* In it was a story about Stephanie Parry.

EUROPEAN GIRL MURDERED

The body of a teenage European girl was found lying on a bank of a tidal creek near Pattaya yesterday, and police are treating her death as a case of murder.

Police are working on the theory that a person or persons held her under water until she drowned.

It was only 2 months ago that the body of a second foreign girl was found floating in the sea off Pattaya. The police have still been unable to identify her.

"Here is your passport," Charles said, handing Dominique a manilla envelope, "but as you will see, I've been using it."

The young Frenchman opened the envelope and saw what was left of his passport. It was a loose collection of pages, all falling apart, in different shades of blue, and Charles's photo was stuck where his own should have been. He was embarrassed and didn't know what to say.

"Don't worry. I'll fix the photo for you in a minute." Charles said, explaining that he had removed some of the pages with the visas he required to insert them into other passports.

"So now I have taken some pages from other French passports and put them into yours, see?" Charles then cut a piece of one of the mis-matching blue pages off the passport. "I'll take this to Hong Kong where I've got fifty passports and I'll match the colours."

"But, Alain, I want to leave soon."

"Okay. Today's Thursday. I'll be back in a week — next Tuesday. Monique and I will go for Christmas to Hong Kong."

"But the picture?"

Dominique was still amazed. Charles had come out into the open now.

"I'll fix it up now for you. Have you got a picture of yourself?" Dominique handed him a passport photo he had picked up a few days before. "Okay, you wait next door while I do it," he said as he got out of bed.

Dominique knew that Charles kept a lot of seals and stamps and other printing equipment in the refrigerator.

"What about the Dutch?"

"Oh, they're not there any more. Last night I took them to the hospital. These people came to Asia and take too many drugs." He shook his head sadly.

Dominique went next door where he noticed that Henk and Cocky had left some of their bags in the room. A few minutes later Charles called him back into the flat and handed him the passport which now had his own photo inside and was stamped with the embossed seal of the government of France.

"It's not such a good job. I'll do a better one when I get back."

Dominique noticed a rubber hose pipe on top of the refrigerator.

"Listen, Dominique, could you do me a favor? We leave for Hong Kong tomorrow." He handed Dominique a pair of his trousers which were sopping wet and covered with mud. "Get these dry-cleaned, please, same day service."

The mud oozed all over his hands. He was usually so impeccable about his dress. Where on earth had he been?

Two days later, December 18, Dominique was downstairs alone when Yannick Masy burst into the room.

"Youve got to go! You've got to get out of here! Today!"

Yannick's new clothes were crumpled,

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COMING IN FEBRUARY AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

Jimmy and the Boys

Debbie Zullo

Trigger

Supper with the Devil — Richard Neville and Julie Clarke recount the final killings in the rampage of Charles Sobhraj. Death came to Freak Street in Katmandu in a way which sent terror through the hippie communes. Australian travellers helped police with information which was vital in capturing Sobhraj and his Canadian girlfriend. But what kind of man could perpetrate these crimes? Richard Neville tells of his meetings with, and uncomfortable fascination for, Sobhraj.

Jimmy and the Boys — Their game is shock rock, a development of punk. They burn babies, disembowel Malcolm Fraser and promote Hitler, homosexuality and youth revolution in their stage act. They have a huge following of kids. Why? The Australian editor of *Billboard,* Glenn A. Baker, finds what makes Jimmy and the Boys tick.

Trigger — Paul Fleeson used his band of runaway boys to commit crimes ranging from petty larceny to murder. But this small-time Fagin underestimated the independence of his star terrorist, a nine-year-old named Trigger. The seedy world of runaways and their mentors comes to life in this chilling excerpt from the novel *Nightmare,* by Richard Owen.

God's Own Monopoly Board — There exists in this nation a town created for the Beautiful People. They come to laze in the sun, be seen, pay outrageous prices for goods they could have bought at home for less, and to play monopoly with Australia's fastest rising land prices. They mix with hermits, nudists, and born-again surfies. Frank Robson details the remarkable behind-the-scenes story of Noosa Heads.

Pet of the Year Runner-Up — In September beautiful Debbie Zullo came to Australia for the launch of *Australian Penthouse.* She narrowly missed the title of Pet of the Year to our own Cheryl Rixon, but you don't miss out on her runner-up pictorial, shot by Bob Guccione. Plus another Australian Pet of the Month.

and his eyes were blazing. His long fair beard seemed scraggy and wild.

"I am going, Yannick," he replied a trifle coldly, "but why now?"

"If you don't go now, you'll never go. Look at this."

Yannick handed him a copy of the *Bangkok Post.* He was talking wildly.

"I've just come back from driving the three of them to the airport — Alain, Ajay, Monique. I bought a copy of the paper, and I just read this upstairs. Don't you recognise them?"

Dominique opened the newspaper and saw the headline:

AUSTRALIAN COUPLE
KILLED AND BURNED

"Australians? I don't know any Australians."

"Look closely. Can't you recognise the skirt of the Dutch girl?

Could it be? Yes. Oh, God, it was them. "It's Cocky and Henk," Yannick was raving. "Alain and Ajay took them out late last night. I opened the gate of the compound. They were both drugged. Look, read the story."

The partly burned bodies of a young Australian couple have been found in a ditch alongside a highway 58 kilometres south of Ayutthaya.

Police tentatively identified the couple as Johnson and Rosanna Watson who had apparently been touring the Central Plains.

A Made-in-Holland T-shirt worn by the young woman indicated they may have arrived here from Europe on their way back to Australia.

"You're fantasising," Dominique said, putting down the paper. "It's two Australians."

"I tell you that's a mistake. Look at this, it says the T-shirt the girl was wearing was made in Holland."

Dominique was confused. He was one of those who tended to believe what was printed in the newspapers, although Yannick's panic was catching.

"We've got to get out of Bangkok before they get back," Yannick said.

"I've got no money. Did he leave you any?"

"No, just a thousand baht to feed the stupid dog."

The two men were silent. Dominique kept looking at the picture of the two burned bodies. What about Francois? He had left for Penang three days ago. Oh, my God, Ajay had taken him to the bus.

The caption on the gruesome pictures read:

"They had come halfway across the world for a date with death."

Next month: More murders and Richard Neville's personal account of supper with the devil.

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40° ALCOHOL/VOLUME